July 6, 1935

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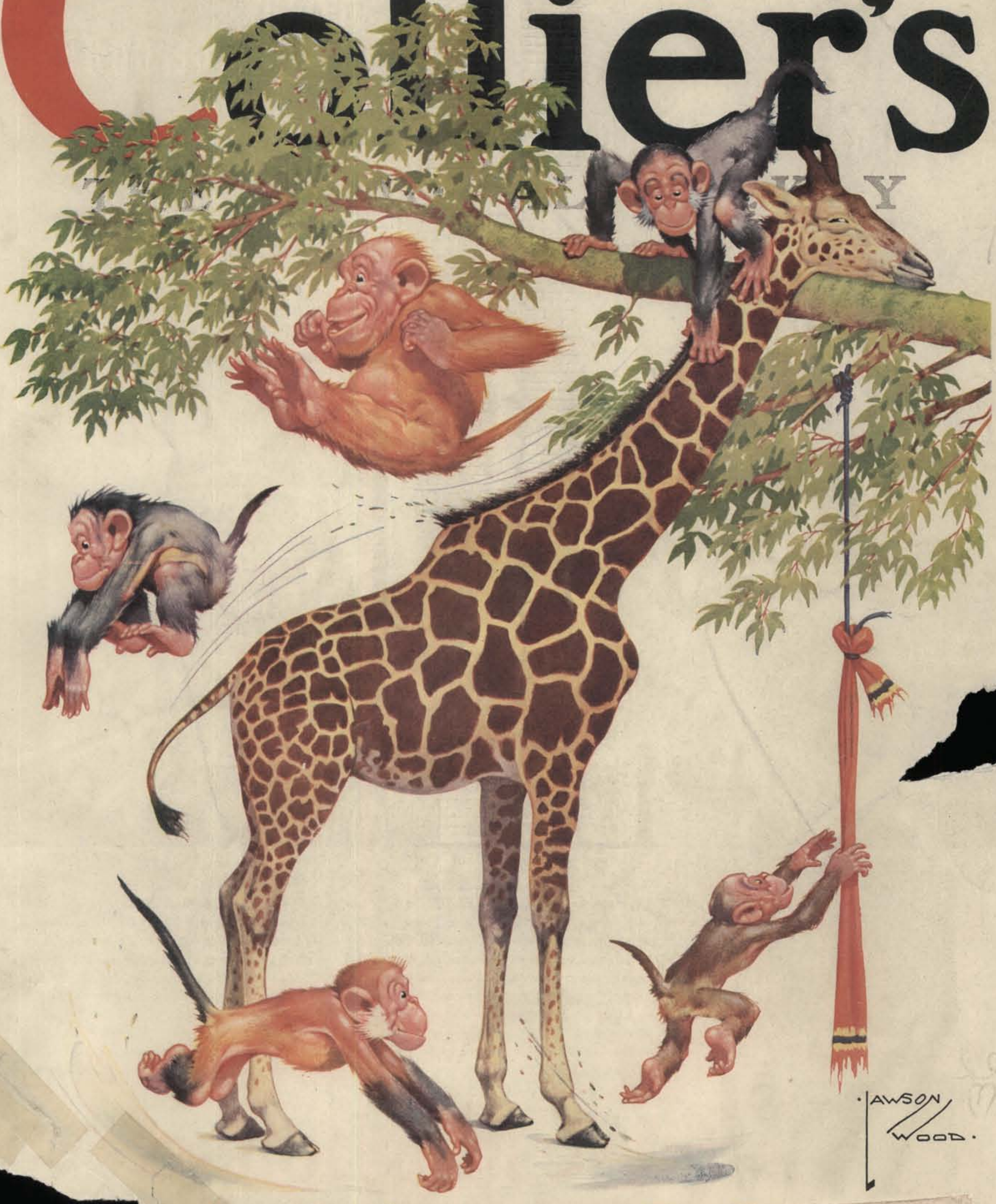
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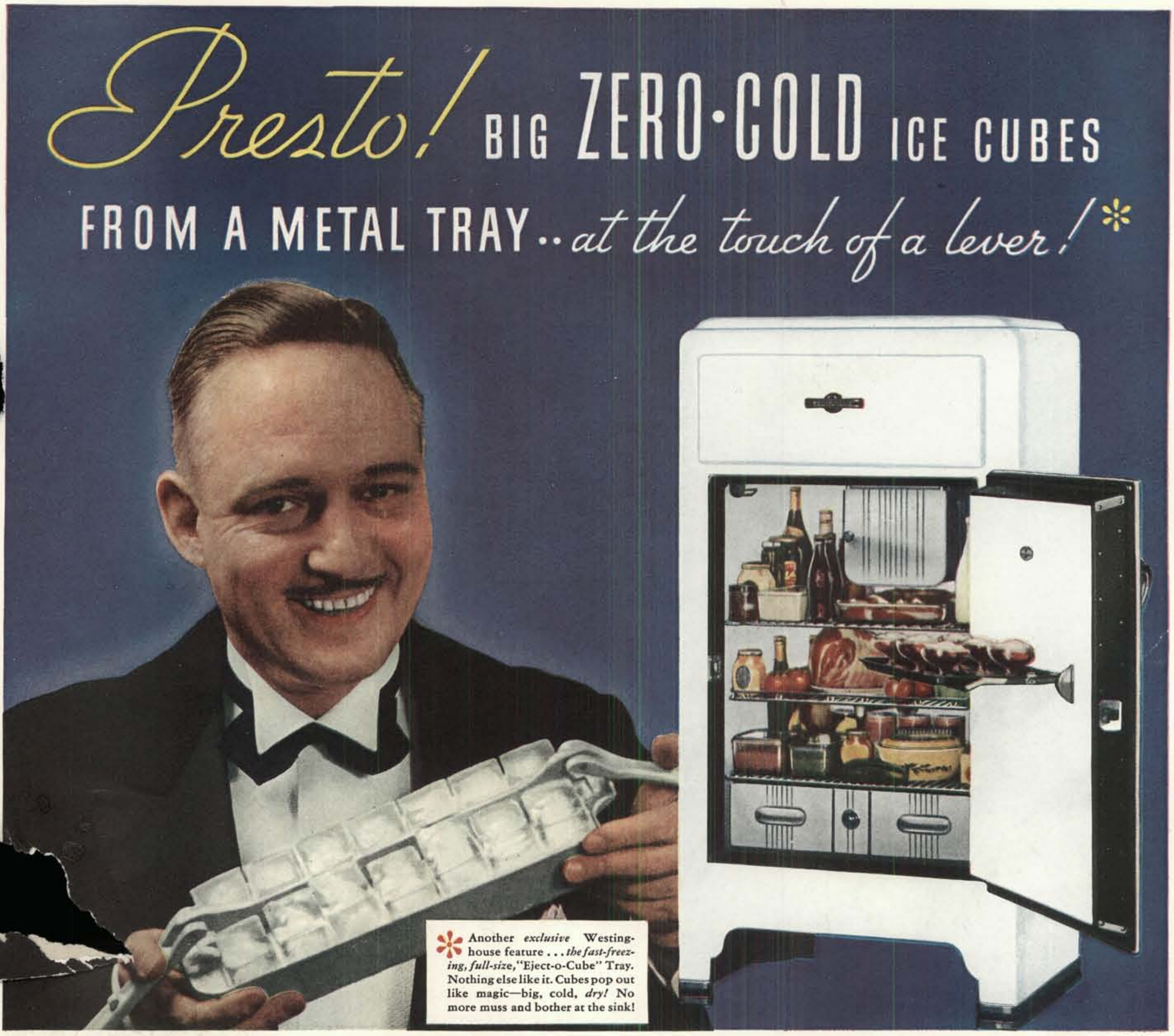
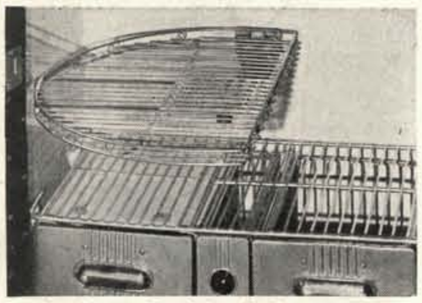
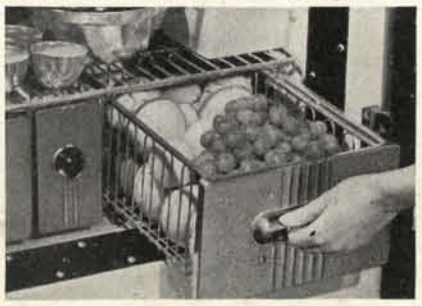


Presto! BIG ZERO·COLD ICE CUBES FROM A METAL TRAY.. *at the touch of a lever!* *

* Another *exclusive* Westinghouse feature . . . *the fast-freezing, full-size,* "Eject-o-Cube" Tray. Nothing else like it. Cubes pop out like magic—big, cold, *dry!* No more muss and bother at the sink!



See the new Revolving Shelf that brings everything within easy reach...increases the entire accessible storage space.



See the Triple-Storage Compartment with built-in Salad Crisper, Dairy Basket and Refrigerated Fruit Bin.

● You have a real thrill coming if you have not yet seen the new Westinghouse Streamline Refrigerators. Already thousands have visited dealers' showrooms . . . seen new Streamline beauty and convenience . . . marveled at the low prices prevailing throughout the complete Westinghouse line. And what is even *more* remarkable — these prices include $5 for five years' service protection on the hermetically-sealed mechanism of every standard Westinghouse model!

Just picture this wonderful refrigerator in *your* kitchen! Imagine the joy of delicious desserts — of ice cubes frozen *between meals!* It does things no other can do — and it *saves* more than it costs!

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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO., MANSFIELD, O.

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS WE

Westinghouse

Streamline REFRIGE

Hot Summer Suns raise havoc with your HAIR!

Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout keeps your HAIR healthy and handsome

LIFE OUTDOORS in the summer sun brings health to you—but it *can* raise havoc with your hair.

You golf, or tennis, and the searing sun that bakes court or fairway dries out the natural oils, leaving your scalp dry—your hair bleached, brittle, lifeless. Your swim or shower completes the damage, washing away the last trace of its necessary, nourishing oils.

Take special care of your hair in summer. Thousands of men have learned the modern way to protect their hair and keep it handsome—*Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.*

For massage and Vitalis' pure vegetable oils stimulate circulation, replenish the natural oils so necessary to hair health. Loose dandruff is defeated. Your hair remains lustrous, easily managed, with no "patent-leather" look.

Get the Vitalis 60-Second Workout habit today. Your druggist has Vitalis.

50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

July 6, 1935

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

MR. HAMILCAR WADE'S legacy from his uncle Xenophon, who was fond of a joke, was not a white elephant. It was worse: a red plush barber's chair, smelling faintly of witch hazel and hair oil, and altogether a bit disconcerting even to as resourceful a fellow as Ham, who was the descendant of a long line of horse-traders and who had a reputation to maintain. The story of how the embarrassing bequest, under "The Wizard's Touch," evolved into a college education for Junior is divertingly told by Clarence Budington Kelland.

IN 1903 we made 11,000 automobiles, and twice as many jokes about them. But look at that infant business now! Could we use another like it? Well, there's one right at hand, equally lusty and howling in its cradle. Its name is Prefabricated Housing, and though it's still an orphan it may some day outstrip its robust predecessor.

Low-cost housing is, today, a vast neglected market. Seventy-five out of every one hundred American families must live in houses costing no more than $3,000. Not all of them do—we've been busily creating a great national shortage of homes, and we need 10,000,000 of them right away. We're going to get them, too, at the right price; beautiful, modern and efficient small homes that will change the national complexion. In an eye-opening article, John T. Flynn presents the case for the packaged home.

JOHNNY CASON'S career had been blighted by a fast ball. The fast ball was his own; Lou Shaney discovered it just as Johnny was about to marry Kay and become a lawyer. So Johnny played baseball instead, and hated it. What happened as a result is told in a bright love story, "Pitch Your Own Game," by Marian Sims.

THE alluring girls and handsome boys who invite you to dally in the advertising pages of your favorite magazine are the stock in trade of a thriving business. They're "The Show-Offs," calipered, catalogued and card-indexed to the last inch and ounce, and B. F. Wilson will tell you about them.

FREDERICK H. BRENNAN writes the Short Short Story, and Thomas McMorrow's Astrologer Tarat prevents a great injustice. Quentin Reynolds, Sidney Herschel Small, George Creel and others contribute, while Courtney Ryley Cooper and Kathleen Norris continue to engross you. And only a week to wait.

This Week

●

July 6, 1935

Cover by Lawson Wood

HARLAN WARE
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WILL F. JENKINS
The Skipper. A lyric to a competent man. Page 10

OWEN P. WHITE
The Silver Mirage. The inside dope on our silver policy. Page 12

KATHLEEN NORRIS
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JIM MARSHALL
Tourist Heaven. How to enjoy your western tour. Page 16

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Perfect Alibi. Perfect, that is, until O'Malley becomes curious. Page 24

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The Fall Guy. Frank C. Walker, no-man. Page 26

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Keep Up with the World. A look at the facts. Page 44

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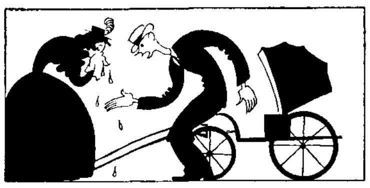
●

Any Week

WE CAN'T help being a bit skeptical. So many disillusioning things happen. For example, we were told a few days ago that a buggy was sold in Seattle, Washington, for taxes. A buggy, mind you. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of the rising generation would be writing in asking us what a buggy is. But that's not the horrid part. As a gentleman bought that buggy for thirty cents or something like that, a dear little old lady burst into tears right at his elbow. "It breaks my heart," she wailed, "to see it go. John and I went on our honeymoon in that buggy." So the old softie gave the dear little old lady the buggy. Within two hours she had sold it to another sentimental old-timer for two dollars. Never saw it before.

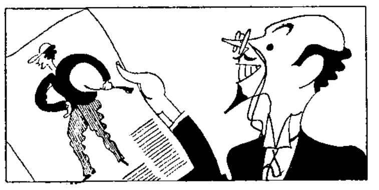


THAT we haven't done something drastic about "teeming hordes of red radicals who are tearing the body politic limb from limb" is the chief reason Mr. Jeremiah Granby of Chicago, Illinois, thinks we "are not the men we used to be." Mr. Granby has seen "with my very own eyes" signs of the presence of this horde and gives us a sample of one of their subversive activities: "The other day I was passing a bank on the outside of which the famous picture of The Spirit of '76 was posted. Some red radical had added the words Per Cent just after the figures 76. It is this kind of thing," says Mr. Granby, "that illustrates how the radicals are undermining our institutions with ridicule and if you were a man you would get busy and do something about it."

THIS is the last time we shall publish in this column anything written by Miss Margaret C. McPhall of Houston, Texas. We have caused the lady embarrassment. "Some time ago," writes Miss McPhall, "you published a witty letter of mine, at my own request. Ever since then my friends have expected me to be a comedian. I don't want to be a comedian. I am a serious woman. Please explain to them that from now on there is no call to laugh at anything I say. I want to be let alone. In fact, I would like to be married and have six or seven children, and if that doesn't prove that there's nothing funny about me, what would? Goodby and may you break your neck laughing."

TO Mr. John G. Laughlin of Concordia, Kansas, has come a feeling which, to us, is about the most dismal one man is heir to. Personally we've been through it a number of times. Mr. Laughlin decided to write something timely, stinging, revealing and comprehensive. So he wrote that "this might be called the Decade of the D, to wit: Dimes, Depression, Dust, Drought and Democrats." But it's the postscript that goes straight to our heart. Says it: "Rather sorry I wrote this now. Looks weak on paper. Sounded pretty good when I thought of it. Oh, well."

VERY difficult to speak your mind these days and avoid having your ears knocked down. Yet we've been of some assistance to Dr. Broughton of Mayfield, Kentucky. For years the doctor has been going around wondering what jodhpurs were. He kept his secret, just going his rounds with worry on his brow and in his heart. But then we published Kyle Crichton's piece, "The Champ's Place," and there was a picture of girls all done up in jodhpurs. And is Dr. Broughton happy! And just to demonstrate how grateful he is he sends an extra paragraph: "General Hugh Johnson came to Mayfield recently to make 'the speech of his career.' I listened. If that was the speech of his career his career is over."



PERHAPS it wouldn't hurt any of us to do a little thinking. A few days ago we met a gentleman who had devoted a single evening to it and the results were pretty astonishing. This gentleman has lived in Wyoming for fifty years, having gone there in a wagon train when ten. For forty-nine years and a few months he made three trips a day up a mountain side to fetch water from a never-failing spring. In due time he got tired of it. So a couple of months ago he sat down to think. The result was that he undertook a daring experiment. He carried some iron pipe up the mountainside and laid it from the spring to his house. "And look, mister," he said triumphantly, going to a faucet on his back porch. "Look." He turned the valve and, believe us, water flowed out—flowed right down the hill and out through the tap.

THINK of that!

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AWAY FROM THE HEAT AND HURRY OF THE CITY

Well-known to the city dweller is the recurrent longing for green fields and growing things. For the peace and comfort of a house by the side of a quiet road. Where the children may find greater health and safety. Where the air is fresh and clean and tall trees shade the day.

The telephone has helped to make that dream come true for countless men and women.

Long miles may separate your office from your home, yet you are never far away. It takes but a moment for you to call your wife or child. And they have but to lift the receiver to be in touch with you, with friendly neighbors, with guardians of their welfare.

Telephone service like this is the result of years of co-ordinated effort by the Bell System. Bell Telephone Laboratories contribute their research and engineering. Western Electric its manufacturing, purchasing and distributing. The twenty-four regional telephone companies, with the assistance of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, see to it that the latest improvements in the art are made available to all.

Because of this unified plan, today's telephone service brings families closer—friends nearer. It makes homes safer—life fuller.

The Bell System is more than poles, wires, cables, switchboards. Back of it are more than a quarter million workers—loyal men and women devoting their best efforts to the perfecting of a vital public service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Recipe for delicious iced coffee...

AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

Get yourself a can of vacuum-packed fragrant Sanka Coffee.

Use 1½ heaping tablespoons for each cup of water.

Make by your regular method. But give a few added minutes on the fire. Make *extra* strong on account of the melting ice.

Fill a tall glass with cracked ice. Pour your freshly made, piping hot Sanka Coffee over it. (Never, never try to use cold or left-over coffee.) Add cream and sugar to suit.

Then settle back to enjoy iced coffee at its delicious best. And drink all you want. For Sanka Coffee won't keep you awake. It's 97% caffein-free!

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

If you are one of the people who are affected by caffein, you ought to know more about Sanka Coffee.

It's real coffee—all coffee—a superb blend that ranks high among the fine coffees of the world.

There's nothing mysterious about it. First, 97% of the caffein is removed. Then the coffee is roasted to just the proper degree—ground just right—and vacuum-sealed in one pound cans that bring it to you fresh and full strength.

Make it your own pet way. Serve it hot or iced. You'll love Sanka Coffee for its goodness alone. And it becomes twice as dear to you when you see how kind it is to your nerves—how it never keeps you awake or does any of those things that have made coffee an enemy as well as a friend.

Make famous "Night Test"

Get a pound today. And try the night test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee late in the evening—as strong as you like.

Learn how delicious it is—and discover next morning that it doesn't keep you awake. Then you'll make it *your* drink for keeps.

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. It is a product of General Foods.

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE • DRINK IT—AND SLEEP!

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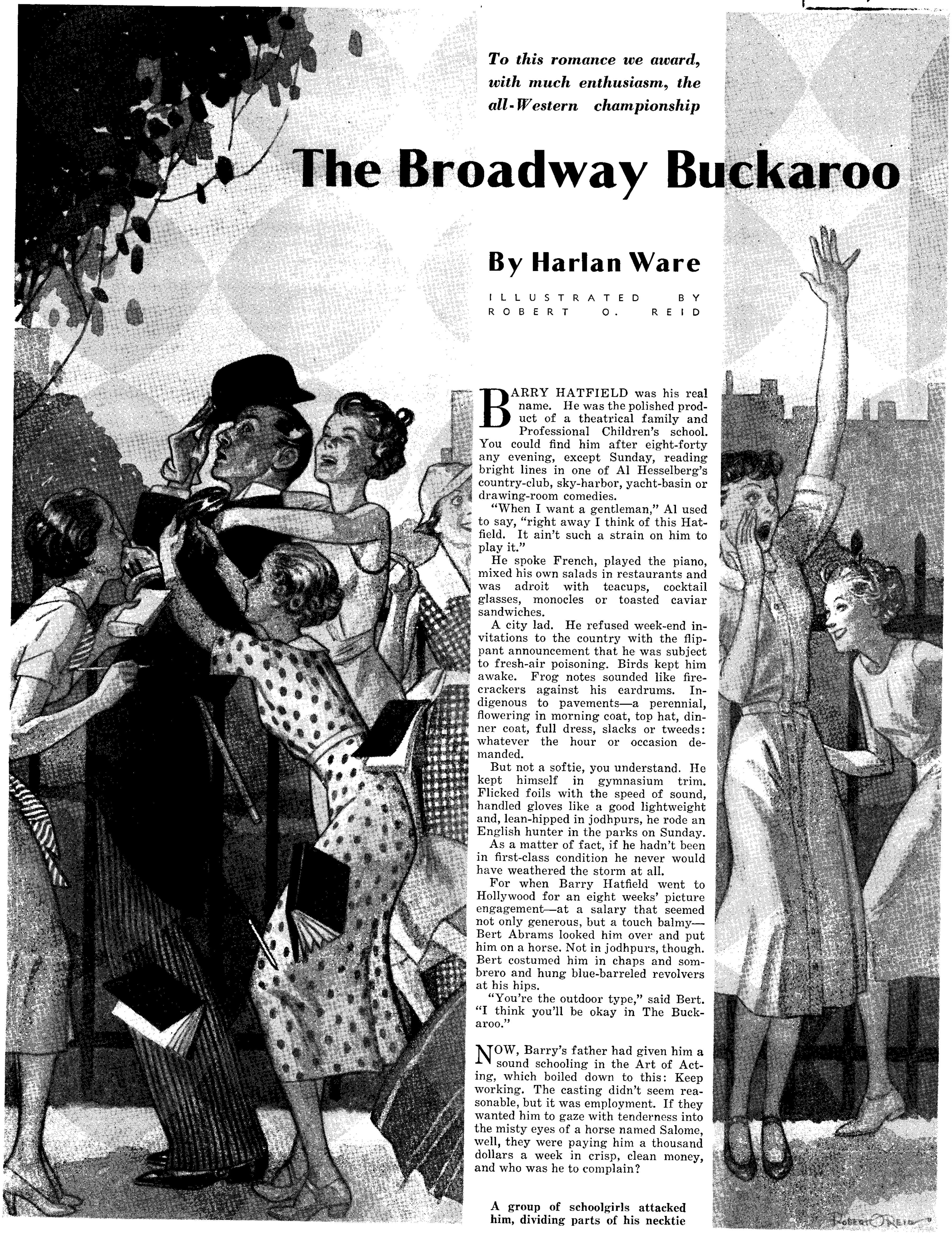


To this romance we award, with much enthusiasm, the all-Western championship

The Broadway Buckaroo

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

BARRY HATFIELD was his real name. He was the polished product of a theatrical family and Professional Children's school. You could find him after eight-forty any evening, except Sunday, reading bright lines in one of Al Hesselberg's country-club, sky-harbor, yacht-basin or drawing-room comedies.

"When I want a gentleman," Al used to say, "right away I think of this Hatfield. It ain't such a strain on him to play it."

He spoke French, played the piano, mixed his own salads in restaurants and was adroit with teacups, cocktail glasses, monocles or toasted caviar sandwiches.

A city lad. He refused week-end invitations to the country with the flippant announcement that he was subject to fresh-air poisoning. Birds kept him awake. Frog notes sounded like firecrackers against his eardrums. Indigenous to pavements—a perennial, flowering in morning coat, top hat, dinner coat, full dress, slacks or tweeds: whatever the hour or occasion demanded.

But not a softie, you understand. He kept himself in gymnasium trim. Flicked foils with the speed of sound, handled gloves like a good lightweight and, lean-hipped in jodhpurs, he rode an English hunter in the parks on Sunday.

As a matter of fact, if he hadn't been in first-class condition he never would have weathered the storm at all.

For when Barry Hatfield went to Hollywood for an eight weeks' picture engagement—at a salary that seemed not only generous, but a touch balmy—Bert Abrams looked him over and put him on a horse. Not in jodhpurs, though. Bert costumed him in chaps and sombrero and hung blue-barreled revolvers at his hips.

"You're the outdoor type," said Bert. "I think you'll be okay in The Buckaroo."

NOW, Barry's father had given him a sound schooling in the Art of Acting, which boiled down to this: Keep working. The casting didn't seem reasonable, but it was employment. If they wanted him to gaze with tenderness into the misty eyes of a horse named Salome, well, they were paying him a thousand dollars a week in crisp, clean money, and who was he to complain?

A group of schoolgirls attacked him, dividing parts of his necktie

Eight weeks lengthened into six months, then a year, then eighteen months. Never had he had such a workout. He lost twenty pounds and fell asleep whenever he wasn't moving. The Buckaroo made a fortune, The Lazy Ranger topped it, and The Sheep War broke records from Newark to Azusa.

It seemed a bit odd to be leaping corral fences when gates were handy, or riding bucking horses when trained ones were easier to find, but he was too exhausted to think. Hollywood social life was just a rumor to Barry: he worked ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day and saw almost no one, save the people he worked with and the cashier, who always had his check ready on Wednesday.

THEY raced his schedule until he hardly had time to take off his chaps and put on his pajamas. He was married to the horse.

Of course, the thing that happened is breath-taking when you pause to think about it. Barry Hatfield in sombrero and chaps turned out to be the world's idea of what a cowboy ought to look like.

He didn't fully realize it. By June he was moving in a fog. Fan mail piled up, unopened. Press agents went their inspired way, but he didn't get the clippings. Those items he saw in the Los Angeles papers gave him the momentary relaxation of happy laughter. He didn't take it seriously. The important thing was that he had laid away nest eggs the size of coconuts and was prepared for a flood. He drove to and from work, dozing in the tonneau of a sixteen-cylinder car.

He did say to Bert Abrams, one day: "These Westerns seem quite popular, don't they, old man?"

"Oh, quite," said Bert. "Want to see the next script?"

"No, thanks. I remember the last one."

Because the stacks of fan mail indicated that somewhere people were actually paying to see his pictures, he took a long chance—when the time came to discuss a new contract—and mentioned a staggering sum. He was in Bert's office at the moment, on the chaise longue, just toppling back for forty winks.

Bert replied slowly.

"Well, Cookie, maybe we'd better fly down to New York and talk it over with the boys. You've mentioned money."

Barry's eyes popped open and he tried to sit up.

"N-New York—" he dampened his lips. "My dear chap— *When?*"

He got to his feet, but his knees buckled under him.

"Didn't realize I was so tired," he said when he woke up at home.

FOR an hour after landing at the airport he was in a happy trance. Bert posed him in chaps and sombrero, gazing open-mouthed at the towers of Wall Street. Two-Gun Hatfield visiting the city for the first time.

Barry thought the stories pretty fair publicity. After resting at his hotel, he donned an afternoon coat, bowler, gloves, caught up his cane, and sauntered toward some of his old haunts down the street.

There were a few minor irritations along the way. A newsboy asked to see his gun. A mounted policeman galloped up, greeting him with loud, happy cries of welcome and showing off his horsemanship. A few young girls walked at his heels like bird dogs.

He retreated to a cab.

At a street intersection he was recognized and a dozen mature people tried to get on the running board, begging for autographs. He sat in a corner, the shade down and his hat over his eyes.

But the first genuine shock came when he ran across Al Hesselberg.

"H'ya, boy!" called Al. "Whah's yo' hoss?"

Barry gritted his teeth but took it in good spirit.

"Domestic difficulties," he explained solemnly. "Separate maintenance. You old chiseler, how are you?"

Al teetered on his heels.

"And to think you used to work for me," he mused in an awe-struck tone. "Hatfield, I didn't think you had it in you. You're a range-riding buckaroo, ain't you, now? Boy, you must be *rich!*"

With mounting distress Barry lapeled him.

"Look, Al," he said earnestly. "I'm no cowboy. Find me a play in my line and I'll work for cigarette money."

"Ain't been anything in your line since Rio Rita," Al assured him. "Stay with it while you can."

"No, no. Al, listen—"

"Don't try to kid *me,*" muttered the great producer suspiciously. "What're you trying to do—act modest?"

A crowd had rolled up from Broadway. Barry escaped by sprinting down an alley. He walked the streets with his hat down and his collar up, like a hunted man. Toward evening he was dodging around Gramercy Park on his way to the haven of the Players' Club, when a group of screaming schoolgirls attacked him and divided parts of his necktie for souvenirs.

He waited for darkness on a park bench and then tiptoed into his hotel through the alley door.

The boy in the service elevator said: "How do you like New York, Mr. Hatfield?"

The floor clerk wouldn't give up his key until he'd told her about his horse.

"Salome, you know," she begged. "What's her real name?"

"Hazel," he assured her, staring about with wild eyes. "My key, Madam."

A LONELY dinner in his room. An alien city sparkled and rumbled below him. He was all mixed up and couldn't find the Hudson River.

At nine o'clock he tried to reach Bert Abrams to inform him that American Pictures didn't have enough money in the banks to get Hatfield aboard another horse—but Bert was out.

At ten o'clock his fame dawned upon him and he began to fear for his reason. In self-defense, as a last hope, he donned tails and top hat and marched down Forty-second Street to the Hi Diddle Diddle Club. No use. Even in this disguise he was recognized. As he entered the orchestra struck up The Last Round-Up.

He wheeled to depart, but a squad of girls deserted their escorts and surrounded him, asking questions about ranch life in the West.

In a shaken condition, with perspiration rolling down his neck, he shook himself loose and escaped into the men's room. Removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves, he plunged his throbbing wrists into cold water. A black-faced attendant stood by with an armful of towels and eyes like saucers.

"Not a word out of you!" shouted Barry. "*If you please!*"

A pleasant-faced, gray-haired and very tanned gentleman dropped his comb at the sound of Barry's voice.

"Well, well," he boomed cordially. "Visiting New York for the first time, Mr. Hatfield?"

Barry did not see red. Everything went black and the sound of hard fist against chin was what returned him to consciousness just as the stranger went under.

Barry caught him on the way down and eased him to the scales, nipping off a neat 190.

The man shook his head from side to side.

"What a punch!" he said admiringly. "But why?"

Barry dropped to one knee.

"Dreadfully sorry, sir." He took a wet towel from the attendant's hand, saying to himself: "You've gone Hollywood, you unutterable ass!" He went on: "Won't attempt to explain. Don't understand it myself. Do anything in the world to make it up."

An unhappy silence, but brief.

"Help me up." The man thrust out a big hand, saying warmly: "Name's Adam Carmody, Mr. Hatfield. And I don't mind telling you I'm one of your admirers." He beamed, shook hands again.

"You're more than kind," said Barry contritely.

"Yes, sir! As a matter of fact, we all are! And I can think of nothing nicer, sir, than if you'd come out to the table and meet Mother and Diana."

"Charmed," said Barry, bowing from the hips.

"Yes, *sir!*" said Adam Carmody, linking his arm. "I'd like to have 'em see what a cowhand is really like!"

THE band struck up The Little Cowboy and the spotlight caught him square in the eyes. But Adam Carmody waved away the autograph seekers with an imperious hand and led him safely to a table in a far, dim corner of the room.

Here was a mature, white-haired woman, separated from the rest of the Hi Diddle Diddle crowd by a lorgnette, and a carefully coiffured, simply gowned girl, with a healthy, pleasant face and friendly eyes. She made him think of the nurse in Indianapolis who mothered him through a tonsillectomy when he was on tour. Cool fingers and soothing voice. He was drawn to her at once.

"How nice, Dad," the girl said. "We didn't know you'd met Mr. Hatfield."

"Bumped into him in the washroom," explained Adam proudly.

They were charming women, the sort who consider it bad form to discuss business at the table. Out of the first fifteen minutes there was but one uneasy instant.

"Western stuff is my hobby, nowadays," Adam began. "Read all the books, see all the pictures—"

Diana thoughtfully interrupted:

"Perhaps Mr. Hatfield would rather not. You look very tired, Mr. Hatfield."

"Tired—" Barry said suddenly: "Were you ever a nurse?"

"No, but I'd like it. Helping people and all—" her voice was as refreshing as water over pebbles. He felt an overpowering urge to ease his head to her shoulder and take a little nap.

"You'd be a splendid nurse," he said. "Splendid!"

HE HAD actually begun to enjoy himself when three flashlight bulbs exploded and a half dozen newspapermen swarmed the table.

"Sanctuary!" cried Barry excitedly. "I'm on a holiday!"

When he attempted to rise his knees buckled under him again.

Diana's pleasant voice came from a distance.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. Hatfield?" she asked gently. "Dad, let's take him home. I believe he's been tippling."

The outlines of the room came into sharper focus and he realized he was awake. For a long time the phone had been ringing. The operator said that a Mr. Bert Abrams had called about a meeting.

"I'll be there," said Barry grimly.

Under the door were some newspapers. A bold headline banding the front page of a tabloid shocked him into wide-awakeness and brought sharply back to him a memory of the Hi Diddle Diddle Club:

"Two-Gun Man's Fiancée Not
Peeved at Pater Slapping

Comforts Hero After Hi
Diddle Diddle Fracas"

And there was a three-column picture of himself resting his head on Diana Carmody's shoulder.

He shuddered under the shower.

"Must apologize," he said, over and over. "Must see that girl again."

The Carmodys, according to the newspaper, were out-of-towners, stopping at the Glorioso.

He phoned. They would return at noon. He left a message. Then he marched to the office of American Pictures and made brief business of the meeting.

"I'm through, gentlemen," he told Bert and the others. "Walking over here, I saw a ten-foot photograph where I'm whispering into the ear of that damned horse. And there's a twenty-four sheet at Times Square where we're sleeping out, side by side, under the stars. All through, boys."

"What's this?" said Bert. "Ain't a twenty-four sheet big enough for you? So you found out how famous you're getting, Hatfield. Now, he'll go high-hat on me, too. Look, I've just been telling the boys, you're the most reasonable, businesslike actor we've got."

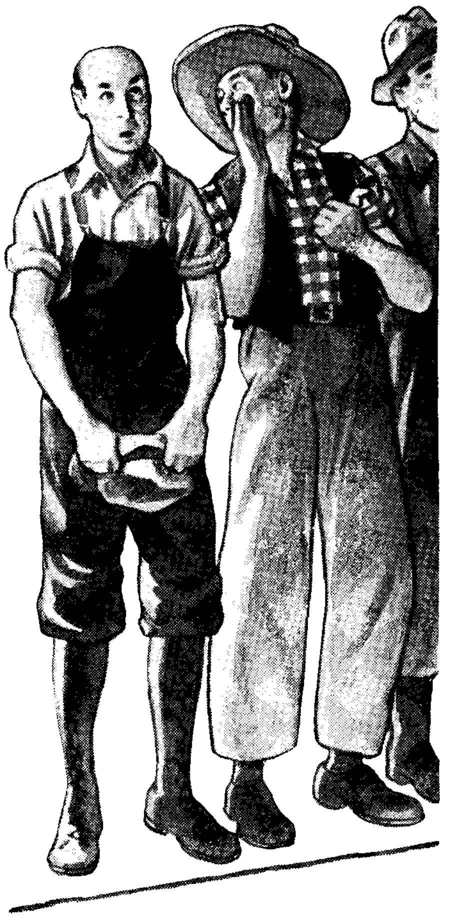
BARRY felt that curious weakness coming over him again, but he was able to make them a long speech, with gestures. It was an excellent speech, about the scripts he'd been working in, and it sparkled with pithy references to horses, sheep wars and the West.

"That stuff has been dead for years!" he bellowed, thumping the table. "Nobody believes it! Besides, I've ruined my whole career!"

Mr. Kauffman spoke up in a resigned voice:

"Okay. Make it three thousand, then."

"No, no, no!" Barry started for the door.



"Four thousand then, eh, Mr. Kauffman?" said Bert.

"No!" screamed Mr. Hatfield, and walked out.

ADAM CARMODY opened the door. "Well, look who's here!" he said happily, throwing it wide. "Come in! Who are these folks—friends of yours?" He pointed to the crowd in the hall.

Barry ducked in and slammed the door.

"They just followed me," he panted. "Where's Diana?"

Diana came in from another room, looking fresh and restful.

"I'm here to apologize," he began nervously. "That fiancée thing. Striking your father in the washroom. The pictures in the paper. . . ."

Diana smiled in a kindly way.

"Of course. I understand," she said. "It's very sweet of you to come, though."

The phone rang. Mrs. Carmody answered it.

"It's for you, Mr. Hatfield."

"For me? How could it be?"

He listened.

"Barry. This is Bert. Now, I'm downstairs. Forgive me, but I followed you over. Listen, kid, anybody's liable to get excited in this business. Mr. Kauffman, even, says he can't blame you. Anyhow, we go to forty-five hundred. So that settles it eh, Cookie?"

Barry hung up. He watched the room revolve and felt himself fall. When he opened his eyes Diana Carmody was bending over him with a wet cloth on his forehead.

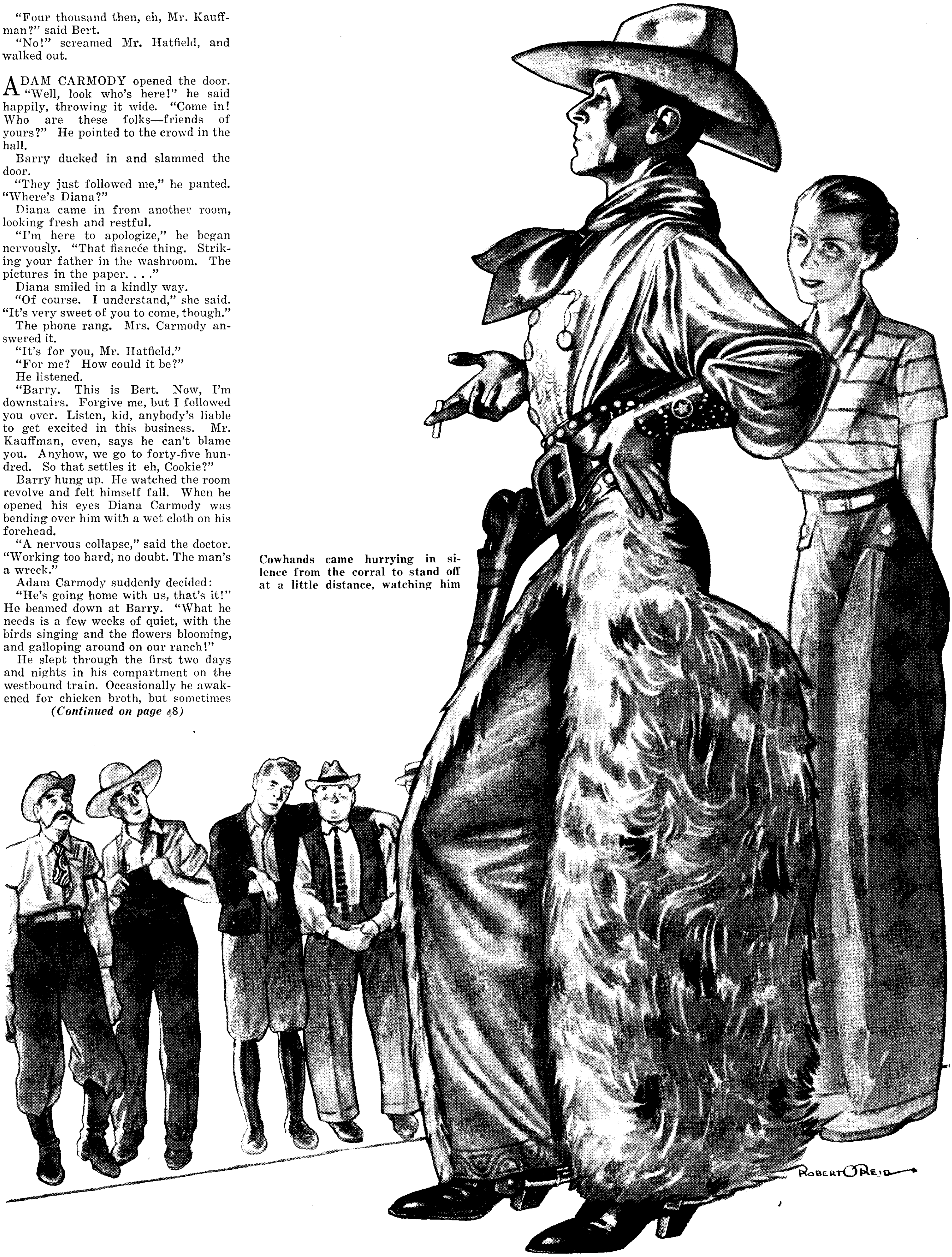
"A nervous collapse," said the doctor. "Working too hard, no doubt. The man's a wreck."

Adam Carmody suddenly decided:

"He's going home with us, that's it!" He beamed down at Barry. "What he needs is a few weeks of quiet, with the birds singing and the flowers blooming, and galloping around on our ranch!"

He slept through the first two days and nights in his compartment on the westbound train. Occasionally he awakened for chicken broth, but sometimes

(Continued on page 48)



Cowhands came hurrying in silence from the corral to stand off at a little distance, watching him

The Skipper

If he had known a little less about the sea or a little less about himself, this story never would have been written

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"The westerly drift" (of the equatorial current) *"will be found to extend considerably north of the equator . . . It is very swift in places . . . It has been recorded as attaining a velocity of more than 4 knots." Pacific Islands Pilot, p. 45.*

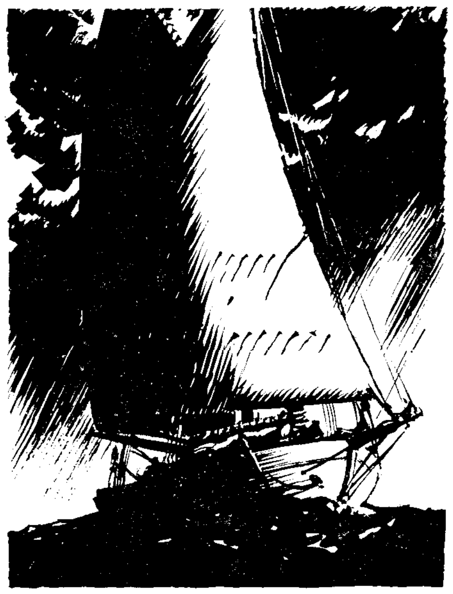
HE FLOATED soggily in the water, but he was a skipper. More, he had been skipper of an Islands schooner which had traded in every small lagoon of the Carolines and Paumotus, and had gone to pieces only at the very tail end of the hurricane that now sped on westward. Nothing remained of the schooner, now. Water stretched out to the horizon in every direction. It was two hundred miles to the nearest speck of land. A sensible man would have stopped struggling long since. But this man was a skipper, even if now he commanded no more than an oar and his own body.

He floated soggily. One does, with only an oar for buoyancy. That oar lay crosswise of his body, and his arms hung down on its other side. The waves lifted him heavily to their crests, as if to tantalize him with a sight of empty sea before dropping him into the steep troughs to dazzle his eyes with the green water which intended presently to swallow him.

It seemed as if the sea were playing with the skipper, toying with him like a cat with a mouse, jesting in an unlovely maliciousness. Two hundred miles from the nearest speck of solid earth. An empty sea and a blazing sun. Hunger and thirst and exhaustion ahead. Death to follow when no more diversion could be had from the spectacle of his suffering. The sea seemed to gloat over the helpless figure, though his head lolled as if he were unconscious.

Actually, he was asleep. His arms over the oar were deliberately and rather cleverly caught in his clothing so that even with all his muscles lax he would not let go. He could not.

THE sea played with him. It had amused itself for many hours. Now, as if annoyed that he could sleep in spite of it, it set to work cunningly upon the oar. A twist of the wide blade. Another twist. Bit by bit and very gently, it edged the oar to one side. It took a long time, but the sea was very patient. Presently the oar slipped the last fraction of an inch which was needful, and the slight buoyancy no longer balanced. One end of the oar sank. The sleeping man's head went under water.



He struggled, only half awake until sea water filled his mouth when he would have gasped. He writhed frantically to loose his arms from the tangle in which he had engaged them. He came up again and swam in purposeful circles until he had located the oar once more. He clung to it, now, and blinked his eyes clear of sea water. When thoroughly awake, he glanced at the sun as if at a clock. Then he gazed intently as the sea lifted him upward. He did not try to sweep the horizon. He inspected one segment only, not of the edge of the world, but of the waves about him.

Many times, in the next few minutes, he watched that one part of the sea. He saw a waste of tossing pinnacles which stretched on to infinity. Two or three times he glanced upward at the sun, as if to verify a direction. A little later he paddled to face in a new direction.

Again he quested the waste of water, with a patience seemingly as invincible as that of the sea. It seemed as if he were deliberately restricting his search to one certain area and watching that area until the tossing, distant waves must have brought up to their tips any smallest floating object.

Again he turned himself and watched. Again. But it was a long time before the mocking waves showed any other thing than the reflected glitter of the sun. Then it was but a speck, an irregularly-shaped dot of blackness tossed for a bare instant on a faraway wave peak.

The skipper watched carefully, patiently. His eyes lifted to a floating, distant trace of scud to westward, the last trace of the storm which had made these waters chaos some few hours since. He hung motionless, his eyes fixed in the direction in which he had seen that speck of black.

When he saw it again he glanced quickly at the sun to fix the direction. The sun was two hours high, now. He continued to watch. He saw the speck a third time.

Then he began to move toward it. His progress was painfully slow. More, it was leisurely. He seemed not to exert himself unduly. He swung the oar lengthwise to his progress, and now he swam with something like indolence, and now he kicked fitfully with his feet alone, or paddled with one hand. He seemed in no hurry. He took much more than an hour to reach the thing he had seen, and when he was perhaps three quarters of the way he stopped and rested composedly and watched again. He changed his course a little, then, and went on.

HE WAS not at all exhausted when he reached it, and he gave no sign of disappointment. It was the crushed and splintered half of a boat from his own schooner, now deep down on the ocean floor. It was shapeless. It was useless. The racked and twisted boards moved one upon another as the swells lifted and dropped them again. There was no more buoyancy in it than in the oar. But the skipper swam around it and inspected it meditatively.

Something floated overhead and squawked. It swerved wildly aside as the skipper moved. The skipper glanced at it. It was a long-winged gull, such as fly hundreds of miles from shore. The skipper returned to the contemplation of the shattered half-boat. Every plank was crushed. The ribs were broken, and there was less than half a boat here, anyhow. Long, jagged splinters projected from the planking. With the movement of the waves, the planks separated and closed together again like pincer jaws.

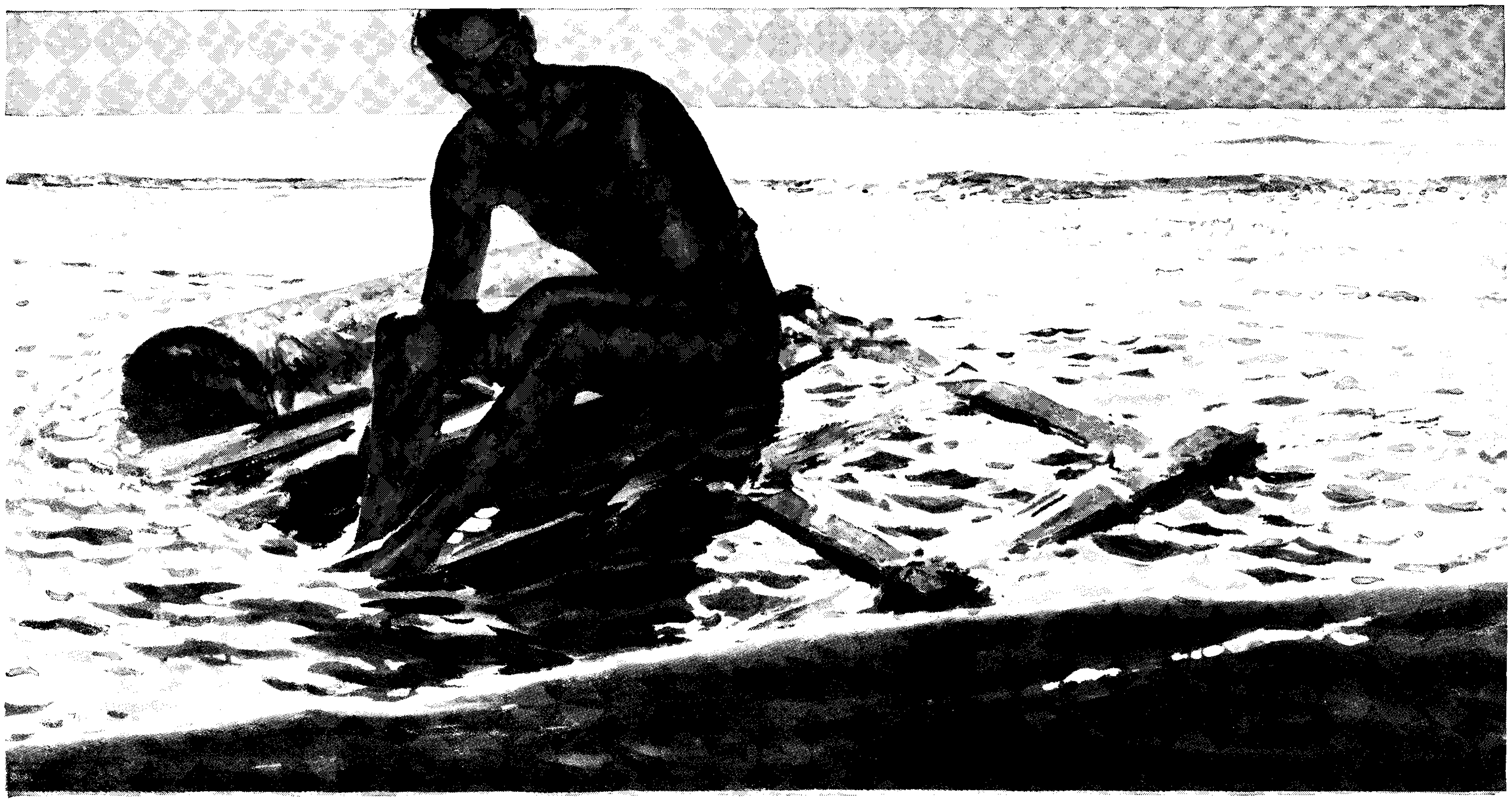
The skipper wedged his oar in one of those cracks and set to work. Quaintly, his purpose seemed to be destruction. Bracing himself, he dragged at this plank and that. One came away with a sickly, wettish, ripping sound. A second, then a third and fourth.

IN HALF an hour the skipper had an assemblage of frayed, crushed, narrow planks. He assembled them into two bundles of uneven length. He tore painstakingly at his clothing, under water. He bound the two bundles into an untidy V. But only when he wedged his body into the narrow part did it become apparent that he had made a soggy, unimpressive source of buoyancy which was nevertheless better than the oar because he did not have to hold on to it. It would hold on to him. He did not have to entangle his arms anywhere to keep from letting go when he dozed.

The skipper rested. Presently he was searching the waves again. But he saw nothing. Nothing but water and once a flight of shimmering small specks which he watched meditatively. They were flying fish. The skipper seemed merely to be waiting.

"From 5° N. to 5° S. the equatorial current runs westward at the average rate of 43 miles a day." Pacific Islands Pilot. (Supra.)

The sun rose higher. Its rays grew warm, then hot. They beat down upon the skipper with a fierce intensity. The sea exposed him to the heat with a malicious delight. It was as if it delighted in tormenting the man it held in its power. Sun and thirst would wreck this man; would reduce him to babbling lunacy while the waves tossed him,



showing him now wide wastes of empty sea, showing now only the translucent depths into which he would presently sink.

But the skipper took long splinters from the crushed planks and wedged them into place in his bundles of planking. He writhed loose the shirt from his body. He spread it upon the half-inch splinters to form a sunshade. His manner was composed and intent. Already his eyes were slightly bloodshot from the continued irritation of salt water. Already, past doubt, he knew both hunger and thirst. Mildly, so far, but he would know them fully later on. Yet he showed no fear, no despair, though two hundred miles of empty sea lay between him and the nearest speck of land. He had been the skipper of an Islands schooner.

"Near the . . . limits" (of the equatorial current) *"the set is almost due west (true). . ." Pacific Islands Pilot. (Supra.)*

In the afternoon he dozed. During the night he slept much. He seemed to invite sleep, as if deliberately concerned with saving all his strength for a definite trial of endurance. But the sea was only amused. Two hundred miles of open water, to a man floating upon shattered planks, was a sentence of death. The floats, themselves, merely guaranteed that his agony would be prolonged and hence satisfying to a malevolently playful ocean.

NEXT morning the skipper's eyes were definitely bloodshot. There were hollows under his eyes. The water was warm, of course. The equatorial current is bound to be warm, and the schooner had gone to pieces near its northern edge. He did not suffer from cold, but the long immersion in salt water was weakening. Bit by bit it would soak the strength from him. He was thirsty now, too. But his face was calm and his expression intent, though small cracks were starting at the edges of his lips.

He watched the waves intently, beneath his absurd sunshade of a shirt. A long, a patient, a painstaking survey of one quarter of the sea. Then paddle-strokes, and another quarter of the sea came under his patient vigil. Once, on this day, he saw a small wisp of smoke far below the horizon. He watched it calmly for a length of time and then paddled about to survey a new quarter of the ocean. It was nearly an hour when he turned his head to look again at the trail of smoke. It was gone.

The skipper showed no emotion. He splashed water on his sunshade and tried to sleep. It was difficult. Where the plank floats rubbed against his body there were blisters, and those blisters had broken. The salt irritated them hideously. He tore strips from the few cloths he had remaining and bound them about himself. They became cemented to place by the clotted blood, but not firmly. Still, at times he suffered no pain from them for twenty minutes and more at a time.

It was nearly dark when he sighted another object floating on the water. It took him two hours to reach it. He rested more often, today, than he had done the day before. Exhaustion was one of his enemies. Hunger and thirst were two more. There were others, many others. But he found the floating object just before it became too dark for him to see anything at all. It was a round steel drum, just barely awash and badly rusted. When the man reached it, sharp things raked his flesh. Barnacles.

The skipper floated beside it all night. It had a round steel bung in its side, which inevitably floated at the bottom. The top of the drum would have floated perhaps one inch—at most two—above the surface of still water. In these swells at times it was entirely submerged and at other times it seemed nearly half exposed. He fastened it to his wrist with a narrow strip torn from his sunshade and tied to the bung.

When the sun rose, the skipper was not in as good condition as the day before. He had been two days without food or water. He had minimized the lack of the first by avoiding all possible exertion. He had helped himself to endure the second by the sunshade, ridiculous as it was, which at least kept the sun from frying his brain in his skull. But his immersion in the water helped somewhat too. While it drained his strength, at least it supplied some moisture to his body. But this morning the skipper was in something of a bad way.

He was not impressive to look at, the skipper. He was a naked, emaciated figure of a man, oil-smeared and foul to look at

He ate the barnacles from the drum. Very composedly, very deliberately, he crushed their shells and swallowed the improbable bits of protoplasm within, picking out the hard parts with his tongue and teeth. There was little enough nourishment in them, but they were moist and they did not increase his thirst. Then he examined his prize.

HIS fingers found holes rusted in the drum. They were in the bottom, of course, or the drum would have sunk. The skipper stirred the drum experimentally. It turned readily, proving that if any of its original contents remained, they were liquid.

The skipper slipped loose from his float of planks. He let himself sink down below the drum, his lungs distended with air. He put his lips to the rusted hole his fingers had found and which one finger had enlarged a little. Air trickled up into the drum. He put more in, and more. After the fifth such trip under water he rested for fifteen minutes. The drum floated higher. Five more trips. The drum was markedly more buoyant.

The skipper considered for a long time. He reflected upon the position of the sun. He knew the direction of the wind, of course. It was the southeast trade. He calculated absorbedly upon his fingers. Then, using the oar once more to support his weight, he disassembled the float which had maintained him. He selected such planks as could be flexed a little. He wove seven of them, well separated, over and under each other, and made a sort of grating which was a little over four feet across. He was not as strong as he had been, and this took a long time. But it gave him back some of the cloth stripping with which he had kept the planks together. He used that cloth to fasten the drum to the grating so that it would not roll over. The balance he applied to the fastening of all his remaining strips of wood to the other edge of the grating. He had, then, a sort of catamaran.

It took him two hours, after that, to get the drum really buoyant. He had to go underneath and put air into it by placing his lips to the largest hole he had found. When the drum was a little more than half out of the water, oil began to seep out as the air went in.

It was clear, then, how the rusted holes happened to be so nearly in a line at the bottom of the drum. It had originally contained oil. It had been washed overboard, perhaps, from a tanker carrying oil in drums as a deck load. There had been some water mixed with the oil—it would be salt water, too—which when it separated out settled to the bottom and started rust spots on the inside to meet rust eating in from without.

The skipper rested for a long time, considering the oil. Then he began to clamber up on the grating. It went under water with his weight, of course. But it was in some sense a pontoon. It did keep the drum from rolling, and at long last the man was astride it and the slight buoyancy of the planks made balancing a not impossible task.

He sat there, panting and resting carefully. A long time later he began to strip off what rags of clothing remained to him. A money-belt next his skin he suffered to remain, but otherwise he sat naked in the sunlight while heat beat upon him and the trade wind dried him. His skin, everywhere, was bleached and shriveled by his long immersion. But before the sun could scorch his naked skin, he was shifting his balance again.

"The southeast trade wind's northern limit is always north of the equator, reaching as far as 8° N. in July and August." Pacific Islands Pilot. (Supra.)

The pontoon rose out of the water once, as the skipper balanced, and he swiftly shifted his weight to put it back

(Continued on page 42)

The Silver Mirage

By Owen P. White

CARTOONS BY HAROLD TALBURT

We've raised the price of silver. We've embarked on a silver-purchasing program that might require 60 years for completion. China is in confusion and misery. In many silver-using countries the silver in coins is worth more than the coins themselves. It doesn't make sense until you realize that the "silver crowd" in Washington has stopped squawking

PERHAPS the most significant single fact in connection with the now widely discussed subject of silver is that seven hundred million inhabitants of China and India, basing their suspicion on centuries of unhappy experiences with politicians, have more confidence in the durability of a piece of the hard, white metal itself than they have in the paper promise of any government to pay them some of it in the form of a coin at some future date and some predetermined value.

For this reason, from as far back as Biblical times, and from the very mightiest of the moguls of India to the very lowliest of the coolies of China, these Orientals have been hoarders of silver. It is kept everywhere and in every form. The Indian princes beat it into trappings for their elephants, melt it into massive plate for themselves, and store large quantities of it in bars in their vaults. The coolies decorate their wives with it, hide it away in the walls and rafters of their huts, and bury it in the ground, all to the end that, although no man knows how much of it is held in the two countries, everyone agrees that the total must run up into a tremendous aggregate of billions and billions of ounces.

These Orientals, especially the people of India, who across the centuries have seen many governments rise and fall and who are even now struggling with a gold bullion standard inflicted upon them by London in 1926, do not take kindly to the attempt of politicians to force the use of politically created currency upon them. Silver, and silver alone, according to the opinion of every authority I have consulted, satisfactorily meets the daily monetary needs of the people of the Orient.

In contrast, here in the United States we are not so realistic and hard-boiled. With our childish faith in the infallibility of a majority vote in Congress still undiminished, we continue to cling to the belief—regardless of our negative record thus far—that by passing a law, and annexing a promise to it, we can make either a coin or a scrap of paper stand up to whatever mythical value we choose to ascribe to it.

Again, as was pointed out to me by the world's largest dealer in actual silver bullion, there are two other very important differences between the Oriental's and the American's attitude towards the white metal. The first is that to the man in the Far East silver is real money: to us it's a commodity. The second is that the word "stabilization" has an entirely different meaning for Asiatic rice growers on the one hand and American congressmen on the other. When the rice growers, for instance, say that they want to stabilize silver they use the word exactly in accord with Webster's definition of it, because the desire next to their hearts is that the value of their hard money in relation to their hard-won rice crops be made secure against the assaults of politicians. Our American congressmen have no such feeling. What they mean by stabilizing silver, as a review of all American oratory and legislation on the subject readily discloses, is to *raise the price.*

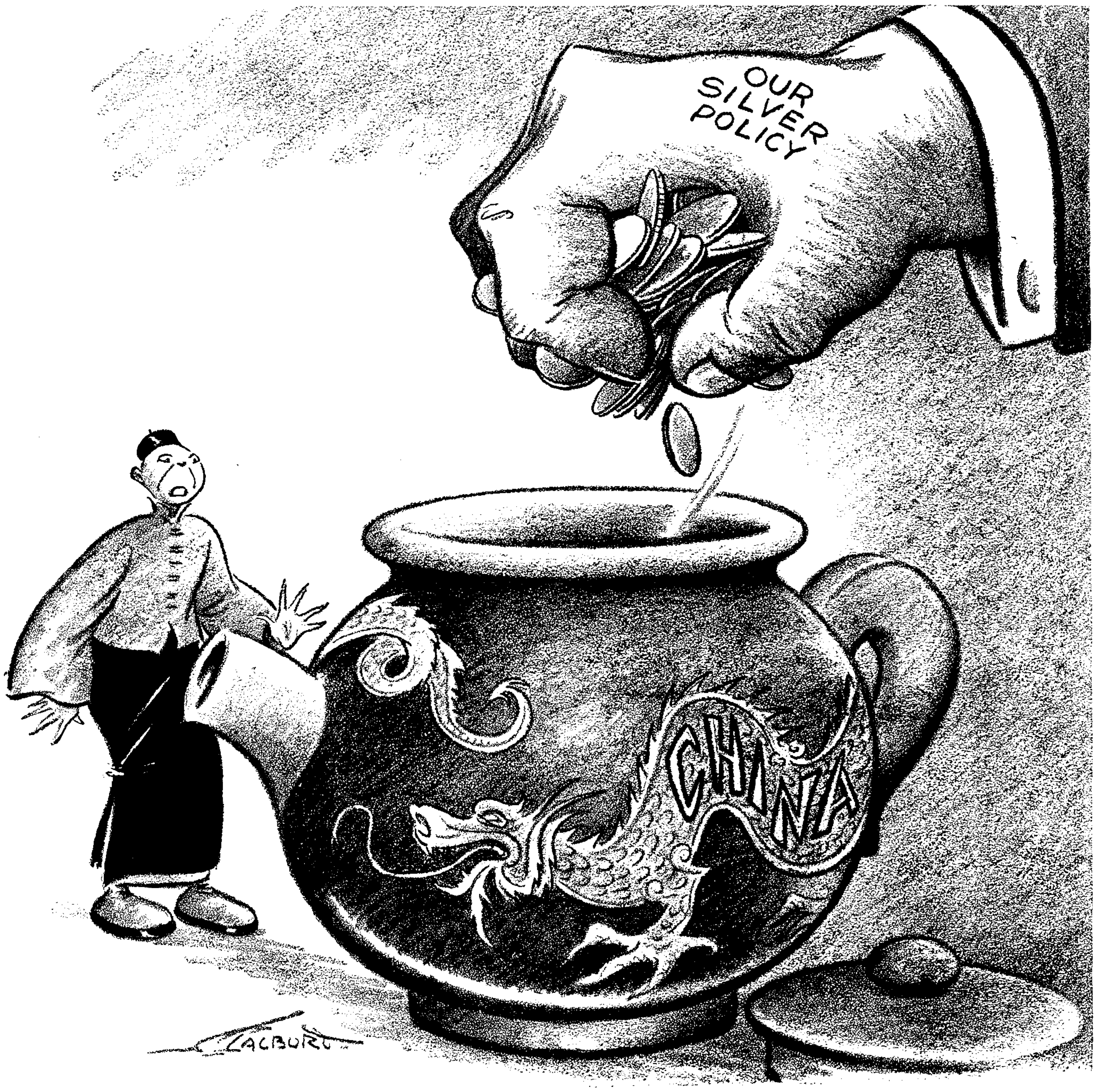
Clearly then, if the above statement is true, and, as I have said, it comes from the highest nonpolitical authority in this country, it is easy to understand why informed men in many quarters now refer to silver not as a "problem," but rather as a "racket."

Questions Without Answers

But is silver a racket? For this reporter to endeavor to answer that question definitely would be presumptuous because despite diligent inquiry, extending from the doorstep of the White House on down to the humble citizen of the street, he is still deeply mystified as to just what it means for the future of *our* money for *our* government to have taken the silver bit in its teeth, and by a series of presidential edicts raised the price of the metal from 43 cents an ounce in December, 1933, to 77.57 on the day of this writing. Nor does he know what it means for this government, after it had manipulated the price up to 64.64, to jump suddenly in, nationalize the metal, and confiscate many millions of privately owned ounces, including even the stored stocks of companies that use large quantities industrially.

Now of course when a reporter asks the Treasury Department to solve the riddle for him he receives a courteous reply. But it means nothing because all it amounts to, or at least all it has amounted to up to the present moment, is that he is told that the President and Mr. Morgenthau are merely carrying out the mandate of Congress, which, in an Act approved June 19, 1934, stated that it was the policy and ultimate objective of the United States to have and maintain three fourths of our monetary stock in gold and one fourth in silver.

As will probably occur to you before you have finished reading this article, there are several reasons why such an answer is just about equal to no answer at all. For the moment, however, suffice it to say in that connection that



It would seem that we have robbed some helpless peoples of the savings of generations when I asked an internationally known metals and coinage expert what he thought about our attitude towards silver his reply was: "If the sole objective of this government is to establish a three-to-one ratio between the two metals then certainly it would be much simpler, and perhaps far more profitable, gradually to sell gold, than to rush in and accumulate silver at an artificially inflated price."

In pursuance of that last remark, if we will now examine a few bare facts regarding silver we shall see that if the United States is really in dead earnest about carrying out its three-to-one ratio plan it has taken on quite a sizeable contract. For example, on the basis of the average amount of metal money we are now carrying in stock, as nearly as one can get it, we will have to buy silver to the amount of approximately $1,500,000,000 in order to comply with the Act. Of course, now that we have hardened ourselves to the contemplation of rows of figures that take five minutes to pass a given point, this doesn't seem to be very much silver, but where will we get it? Mine it, you will probably reply: dig it out of the ground. But will we? Let's look into that.

A Look Behind the Smoke Screen

In 1934, *after* government manipulation had so raised the price and so stimulated the activity of our silver miners and silver congressmen that many of the latter almost expired from high blood pressure, we produced only 31,508,609 ounces, or so little that if future production remained at that level, and if the Treasury bought it *all* in every year at the present price, not leaving an ounce for anybody to make a teaspoon out of or use industrially in any way whatever, it would take it something like sixty years to achieve its avowed aim. Now look at the world's silver production. In 1929, which was a big year in the mines everywhere, the entire world produced 260,970,000 ounces. Calculate this on the same basis as the domestic production and you will find that if Uncle Sam were again to follow the procedure of buying it all in and not leaving any to any other country for coinage, reserves or industry, and surely none to China and India for the embellishment of brides and the decoration of war elephants, it would take him seven years at the continued high rate of production to comply with the congressional mandate above referred to.

Naturally the foregoing facts relating to silver production, especially domestic production, are never brought strongly to the fore in any of the high-powered speeches delivered by the ardent silverites on the floor of the United States Senate or House of Representatives. Neither do the members of the altruistic silver bloc ever take the trouble to tell the general public that the silver mining industry, taken alone, is practically no industry at all.

On the contrary, what they would have the public believe, and what they have been making it believe ever since the late Mr. Bryan almost scared us into sending him to the White House by telling us we were about to be crucified on a Cross of Gold, is that silver mining is a tremendous business, involving tremendous investments, and employing whole armies of men. Such, however, is far from being the case.

Here in the United States, where all the present rumpus about it is being kicked up, instead of producing nearly all the world's silver, as the local disturbance would indicate, we produce only about one seventh, of which eighty-five per cent is a by-product of lead, copper, and zinc mining, and is of such slight value in comparison with the other metals named that at a recent congressional hearing a representative of the miners, who repeated his statement to me, told the lawmakers that if they would only quit fooling with the price of silver and raise that of the non-money metals five cents a pound, the lead, copper and zinc men would be only too glad to give Uncle Sam practically all the silver produced in this country for nothing.

They could well afford to do it. Look at the figures. In 1933, which was a year in which silver had to seek its own level of value because the government had not yet started to manipulate it, the total silver production of this country was worth only $8,031,661 as against a value for lead, copper and zinc of almost ten times that amount, or $73,717,000. Furthermore, as an added indication of the comparative unimportance of our domestic silver industry, it is stated by the Bureau of Mines that twenty-five mines—seven in Utah, five in Idaho, three each in Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico, two in Colorado, and one each in California and Montana—are responsible for eighty-six per cent of our silver, "most of which," it concludes, "is derived from base ores."

Assay that last phrase and it is apparent that, although it carries no word of comfort for the silverite, it runs rich in meaning in another direction. If silver is a by-product of base metals which in the aggregate are normally and commercially worth ten times as much as silver, then it naturally follows that if the government stimulates silver production by raising its price it automatically lowers the value of the base metals by causing their overproduction. Due to the opening of abandoned mines which were not rich enough in base metals to operate on them alone this has already happened with the result that no shouts of joy are coming from the small group of men who produce most of our silver, and who, as we will see later on, must continue to do so.

Silver Tongues Make Silver Profits

Taking into consideration all the foregoing facts, it will perhaps be easy for you to understand why a gentleman in Washington, who has been sitting next to the mining business for so many years that he knows it from the grass roots on down to the bottom of the hole, was very emphatic in expressing himself to this writer. To begin with, he said that for a long time, in his opinion, the primary motive of most of the rabid silverites and their representatives in Congress had been to produce *not* substantially more silver, because they know they can't do that, but a silver boom.

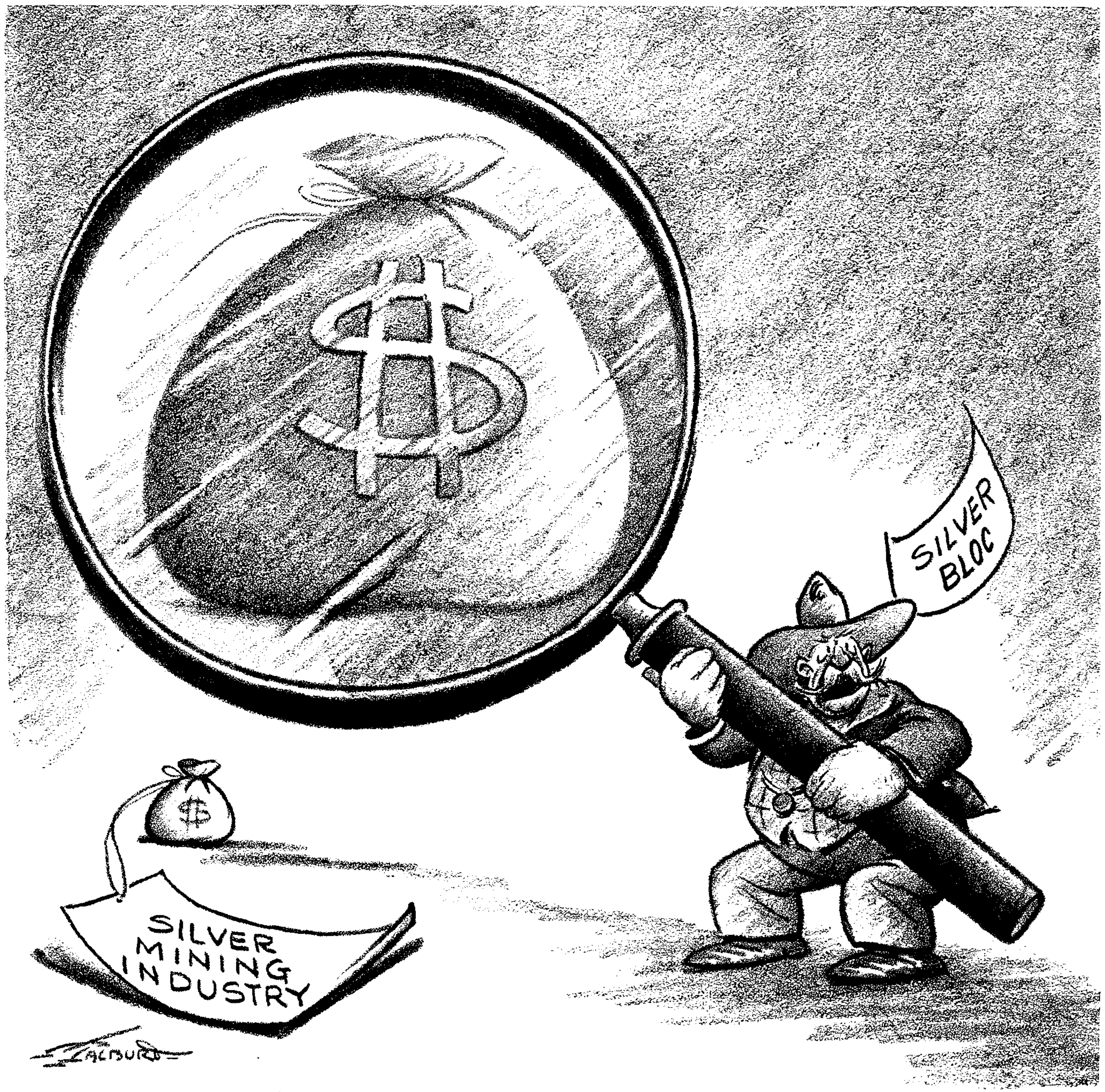
"They succeed there," he continues, "and then what happens? You know the answer as well as I do. It's always the same old game. Silver oratory—from Oklahoma maybe, where they don't produce an ounce of the metal; silver publicity, silver excitement, and silver stocks. The people buy them; the mines do not pay; the bondholders take the properties over; the stockholders take it on the chin, and for them the silver boom's over. The Western promoters are at it now, and somebody, I think, should warn the people that the chances for them to make any money out of silver are very, very remote."

But is that a fact? Is it true that with the government boosting the silver price, and thereby encouraging prospecting, that no new silver mines that will be big producers and hence big money makers will be located? Not being able to answer that question myself, I went to the Bureau of Mines, where I obtained the following information. The days of the honest silver boom in this country, I was told, are all over. The entire United States has been prospected, geologized, analyzed and assayed so thoroughly that today there is very little possibility that any more rich, free silver deposits, which are economically workable, will ever be discovered.

As to old mines which were heavy producers in other boom days, and which are now being cleaned out and pumped out and restocked for the benefit of the unsuspecting public, hardly anything at all, I was informed, can be expected from most of them. They were gouged out years ago and robbed of their real wealth so that now all that remains is not large bodies of ore but rather mere streaks of attractive high-grade stuff that will make wonderful returns at an assay office but practically none at all to an investor.

But even with that statement I wasn't quite satisfied. After all, it was merely a government bureau which was providing the evidence; and so, in order to check it, I called at the offices of the

(Continued on page 60)



Silver production in the United States is not as important as it is being made to seem

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1935, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Mary Burleigh's widowed mother dies, she and her elder brother, Peter, receive another appalling shock. Their mother's safe-deposit box, at old Bernard Meyers' bank, is almost empty—a batch of bonds, part of the estate, is missing!

In addition to Mary and Peter, the family consists of Barty, a younger brother; two young sisters, Chrissie and Lindsay; and eccentric Aunt Joan, who has lived with the Burleighs for years. Their income very small now, they must, Mary fears, move to an old country house in near-by Green Oaks, which their father had bequeathed them. Before they make the move, young Calvin Tait, who works in Mr. Meyers' bank, calls on Mary, offers to try to find the bonds, and give her a box of flowers. When he leaves, Mary's thoughts are troubled. She is, somehow, strangely excited and disturbed by the scent of the flowers—and the visit.

II

WELL, then I think Barty had better stay in bed, of course," Mary said, hurt to the soul. It was surprising to find oneself so often hurt to the soul without any corresponding concern on the part of the other members of the family group. A father always knew it when an eldest daughter was being unfairly treated; a mother sensed it instantly, and was tender with understanding comfort. Now nobody cared.

Mary could have wept heartbrokenly, as Chrissie did when angry, as she led Barty upstairs. Of *course* if Bart was ill he must stay in bed; it was only if he had been fooling, if he had been shamming a sore throat and a headache to get out of going to school, that she had meant to make him go. Lindsay, with her timid, "He really *is* hot, Mary," and Peter's blunt, "Gosh, he's sick!" had been equally maddening. They had talked as if Mary were a tyrant, imposing upon the motherless younger children!

"How did it all happen, anyway?" Mary thought, as she stripped from Barty's burning little body the clothes he had so recently put on. She had been busy at the head of the table, pouring coffee, and thinking of the hundred cares that were to fill the day; Peter had come down late, Lindsay had come down late, Chrissie had come screaming in latest of all to say that Barty felt sick and was not getting dressed.

THIS, Mary had thought, was dreadful. How could she and Lena and Agnes run the house at all if everyone was going to act like this! Mary had gone out into the hall.

"Bart!" she had called. "Get up at once and get dressed. You know there's nothing the matter with you. You weren't too sick to go to Mickey Mouse Saturday and to go on the Scout picnic yesterday. You come straight down!

"And I wish," she had said heatedly, coming back to the table, "that all of you'd be a little prompter. I do my best—"

It had been a long speech, so long that she had found herself wandering in it a little, and had caught the sharp complaining accents of her own voice. Peter and Lindsay and Aunt Joan had listened patiently; even though Mary had begun to feel like a scold and sound like a scold—of all things one *didn't* want to be! And just as she had started to catch herself up, just as she had been getting ready to say, "Don't mind me, I'm tired; I think I'm doing too much," Barty had come in.

A flushed, dizzy little Barty, stumbling along to his place, and muttering: "Gosh, I've lost my joggerfy again." Mary really had not looked at him; school opened at ten minutes to nine, it was already half past eight; she had been sugaring and creaming his cereal, filling his glass with milk, when Lindsay's gentle reproach had reached her, "He really *is* hot, Mary!" and Peter had said, "Gosh, Mary, he's sick!"

They had said it to her, at her. They had not made the frightening fact that the adored youngest was sick the important thing, but that Mary did not believe he was sick, Mary wanted him to go to school. Instead of being with Mary in this first moment of terror they had been against her. "Please be just ordinarily humane," their voices seemed to say. "Please don't drive this feverish child out in this bitter January weather to his death!" Mary, taking him upstairs, had hated them all.

"There, my darling," she murmured to the child, when he was back in his pajamas, and the tumbled bed had been made smooth. "Get back in there, and I'll pull down the shades, and give you something for that head—or I wonder—perhaps we should have the doctor," Mary added, thinking aloud, for there was something entirely uncharacteristic of rough little Bart in the way the invalid dropped his head on the pillows and shut his eyes. She laid her hand on his forehead. It was dry and hot. "Now, I wonder if we are going to lose Bart!" Mary thought.

PETER and Lindsay, who had finished their breakfasts, while her own coffee remained scarcely touched, came into the room. Peter thought that they should telephone Dr. Poett.

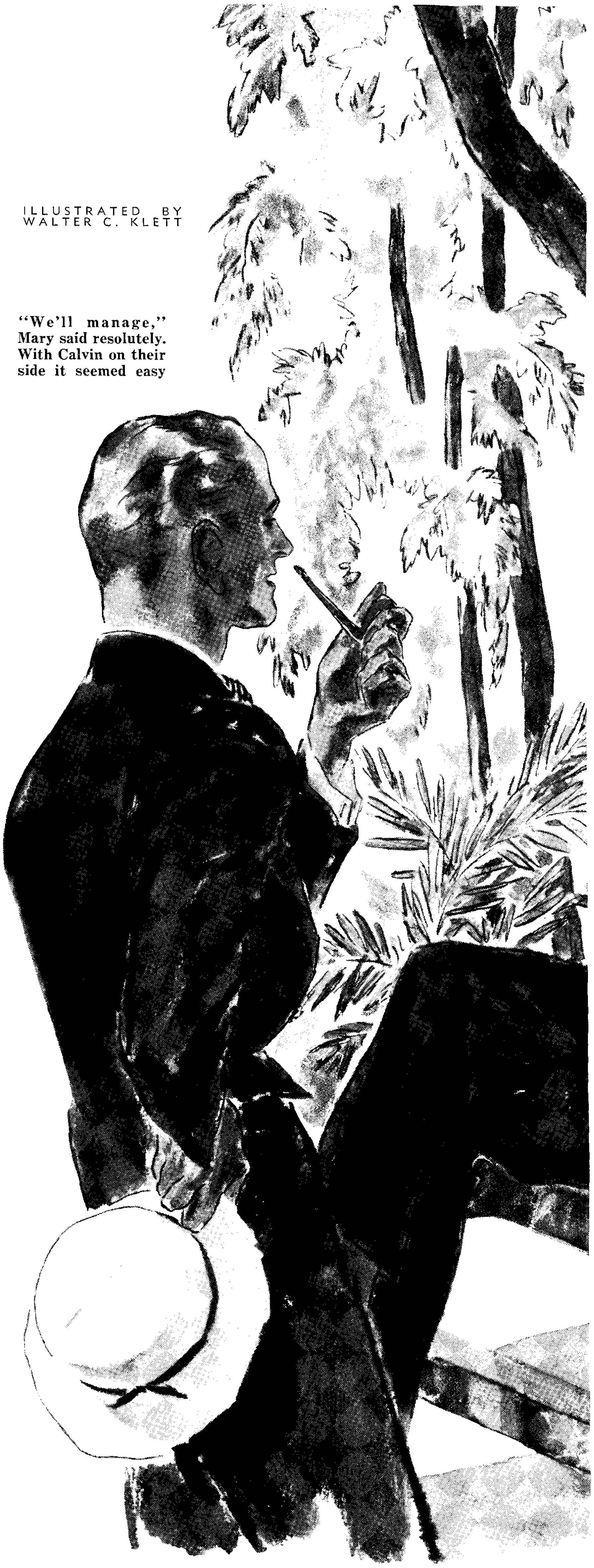
"He oughtn't go to school today; he couldn't," Peter said, still reproachful.

"Darling, you oughtn't to have gotten out of bed at all," Lindsay crooned, kneeling on the other side of the bed, with her lips against Barty's hot, little brown hand.

"Mary told me to," Barty whispered, not opening his eyes. "And I tried to. But my head kept going round and I felt sick. I'd go to school if I *could*—"

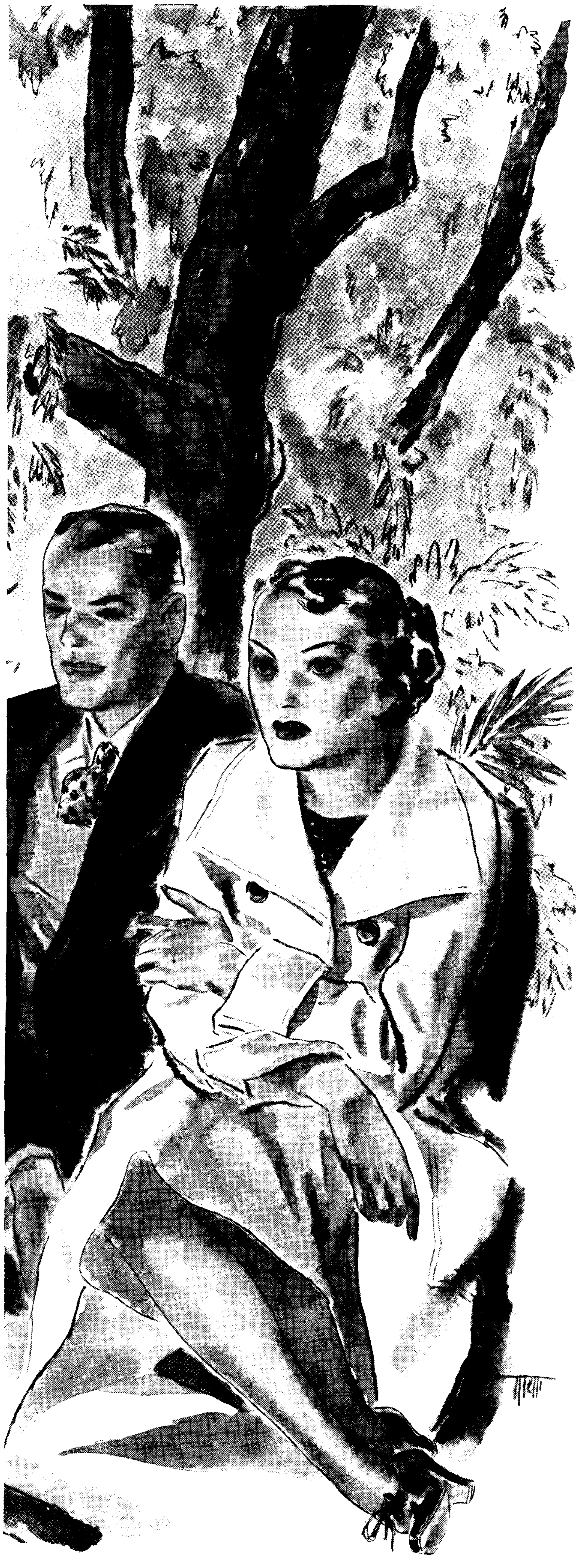
"We know that, sweetheart," Lindsay murmured. Mary felt that she could box all their ears in turn. In these days when she was living only to please them all, satisfy them all, keep them all together, in these days when she was worrying herself sick over money matters which she could neither mend nor understand, in these days when she seemed to have no liberty, no entity of her own, but was always at the beck and call of Peter and Aunt Joan, Chrissie and Agnes, tradespeople and business advisers, lawyers and tiresome old friends, it was too hard to have them protecting Barty from her hardness, pleading with her to be fair!

Dr. Poett came. There was nothing the matter with Barty except what might be expected to follow over-indulgence in frankfurters, and standing around a ball field with wet feet. He must not play water polo for a week and he must stay in bed today and tomorrow. The tension died down. Peter took the car to do some marketing, and



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

"We'll manage," Mary said resolutely. With Calvin on their side it seemed easy



to see John Tait at the bank. Lindsay went off for a class; Chrissie had gone off first of all. Mary was left to settle her ruffled plumage as best she might, talk to Agnes, answer the telephone. Quiet hours went by. Barty slept, the collar of his pajama top soaked with perspiration. Mary wrote letters; finally came to bills.

She fluffed the bills with her fingers. There they were; she knew the look of each one; the typewritten ones, the ones in varying inks and handwritings. Undertakers, doctors, nurses, oxygen, sexton, X-rays. There were others, too: grocer, butcher, dentist, telephone, electric light, gas, garage, milkman. And there were two or three quite odd-looking ones from the assessor's office: bills on large sheets of paper crossed by many lines; bills that had arrived in envelopes without stamps.

Nothing to be done about them until the young Burleighs knew where they stood financially. And sometimes it was beginning to seem that they stood upon rather boggy ground.

Peter came in while she was dreamily regarding them, and thinking a little wearily that too much responsibility and authority was not so much fun after all, and suggested that they walk out to the White Step and talk. The White Step was a little stile between the paddock and a narrow lane that ran from the Moulton property out through the Burleigh place to Winchester Street.

"The kid's all right; I've just been in there," Peter said. "The sun's out; it's hot. Come on out where we can talk. I don't want Agnes or Aunt Joan or anyone else to hear!"

MARY had had time since breakfast to recover her equanimity. They had been horribly unjust to her about Bart, but that was the way children were with their mothers; they expected everything and gave nothing, and Mary was the head of the family now. It made her feel gentle and strong to forgive and forget, to say mildly, "I'll just take a look at him, Peter," instead of bursting forth with the upbraiding toward which she had been so tempted a few hours earlier; she felt like a real mother, self-sacrificing and loving, as she went out with Peter into the sunshine, and walked beside him under the bare trees up toward the White Step. The peppers wore shabby foliage; the oaks were stripped; only the eucalyptus trees still upheld their dark banners against a pale blue January sky.

Mary, sitting on top of the stile, huddled herself in her loose old polo coat; she blinked at her brother.

"That sun is warm!" she said. "Go ahead, Pete, what is it?"

Peter stood regarding her. He looked a little pale, Mary thought, but he spoke cheerfully enough.

"The thing is, Mary, we'll have to give up this place!"

It was a blow, but she felt instantly that she had known it was coming; she made her face serene and her voice quiet.

"Think so?"

"Yep. Meyers and Tait both see it."

A spasm of love for her home came over Mary and made her feel faint for a moment. Suddenly she seemed to hold it all in her heart—the old roof with the sunshine lying on it, the brick garden paths, the big trees, the room with the two bays that had always been "Mother's room," the linen closet and the back stairway with roses pressing against the window halfway down. Oh, they couldn't live anywhere else! Surely the Burleighs could not be anywhere else but in the old house in Birch Street!

"Where would we go, Peter?" she asked simply.

"Well, that's the point."

"It wouldn't be cheaper to stay right here?"

"No."

"We'd rent this?"

"Well, in a way. You see it's mortgaged—twice."

"Yes, I know. But it seems to me—I was saying to Calvin that we ought to pay off those mortgages just as soon as we can put our hands on the money."

"If we ever do," Peter said. He was not trying to frighten her. He was just trying to tell her some bad news, and she knew it, and felt her heart flutter a little with fear.

"We may not have even that much?"

"Even that much! It's thirty thousand."

"But—but isn't this place worth three times that?"

"Where," Peter said, not disagreeably, but with a certain forced patience, "where'd you get that idea?"

MARY felt dashed. She was pretty sure she had gotten it from Peter himself, but this was no time to say so.

"You mean we have to sell?" she asked, trying to be wise and self-controlled.

"I mean that we'll pretty nearly have to give it up for the mortgage," Peter answered. "Property's gone down. It's a buyer's market."

"But we don't pay any rent here, Peter."

"Oh, yes, we do! We pay more than two hundred a month in interest and taxes. We ought to, that is. It hasn't been paid for seven months."

"Agnes hasn't been paid since September," Mary said.

"Tell you so?"

"I asked her. Or rather, she asked me if she could have twenty dollars to send to her sister in Iowa, and then I asked her."

"Ha!" Peter said, and was silent.

There was a step on the gravel; Mary looked toward the sound and the sun came out and flooded the world with glory. It was Calvin.

"Hello!" he said. "How's your sick child?"

He sat down on a fruit box, smiled at the brother and sister.

"We're having a conference of war," said Mary, her heart on wings.

"I'm lunching with old Moulton. I'm early. I just stopped in for a second and your maid told me little Bart's upset."

"Nothing serious," Mary said.

"You looked so darned serious as I came up that I was scared."

"It wasn't about Bart. It was finances," said Mary.

"Rotten luck!" Calvin said, with a glance from face to face again. "I've not talked to my uncle, but I knew he was worried about you."

"We've always thought there was plenty," Peter said frankly. "It appears that we're—in a jam."

"WHAT are you going to do?" Calvin asked, with that quietly practical and friendly manner that in the very beginning of their acquaintance had won Mary's heart.

"Well, we're wondering," Peter admitted, with a laugh.

Calvin looked down at his foot, looked up again, pursed his mouth.

"You'll work out of it," he said. "But—it'll take some working."

"We'll manage!" Mary said, resolutely cheerful. With Calvin on their side it all seemed easy. "There are Dad's books. We could sell Dad's books," she added.

"You're a sport, Mary," Calvin said reflectively. He did not look at her when he said it. He stayed with them only for another minute or two, and then went across the stile and down the

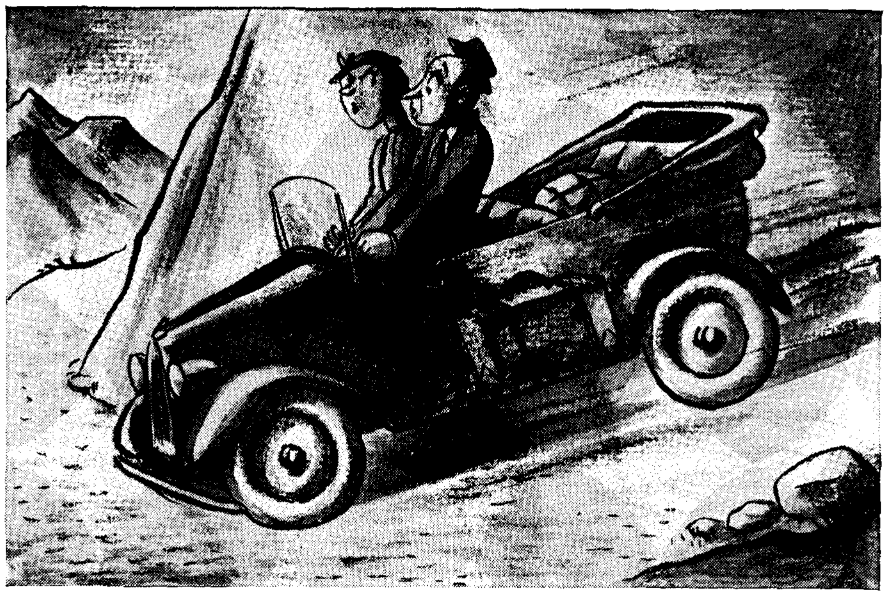
(Continued on page 50)

Tourist Heaven

By Jim Marshall

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM STEIG

This year, the East's riding herd again on the West, seeing what's new—and here's what to look at, where to go, what to eat and how to enjoy yourself in those wide open spaces

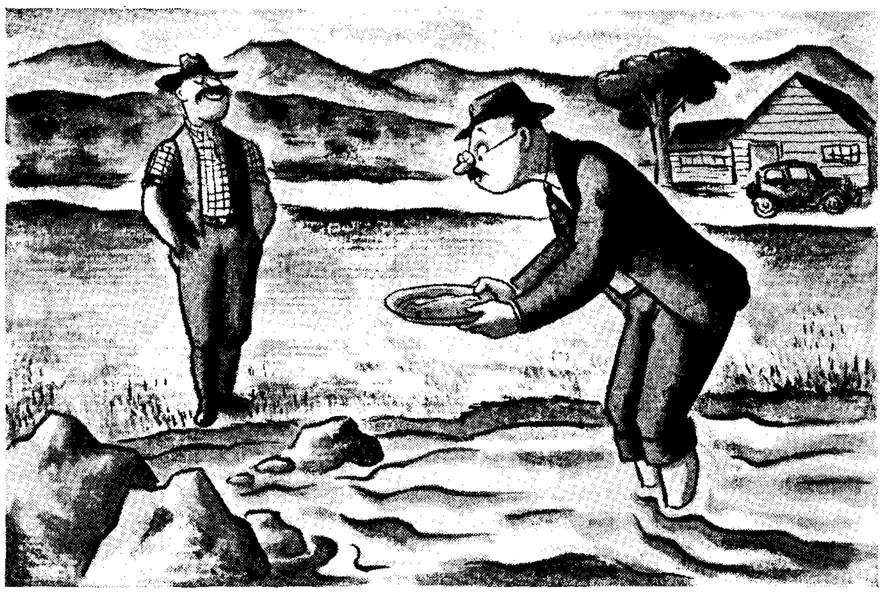


Natives zoom handsomely over mountain passes; tenderfeet are advised to play safe on the downgrades

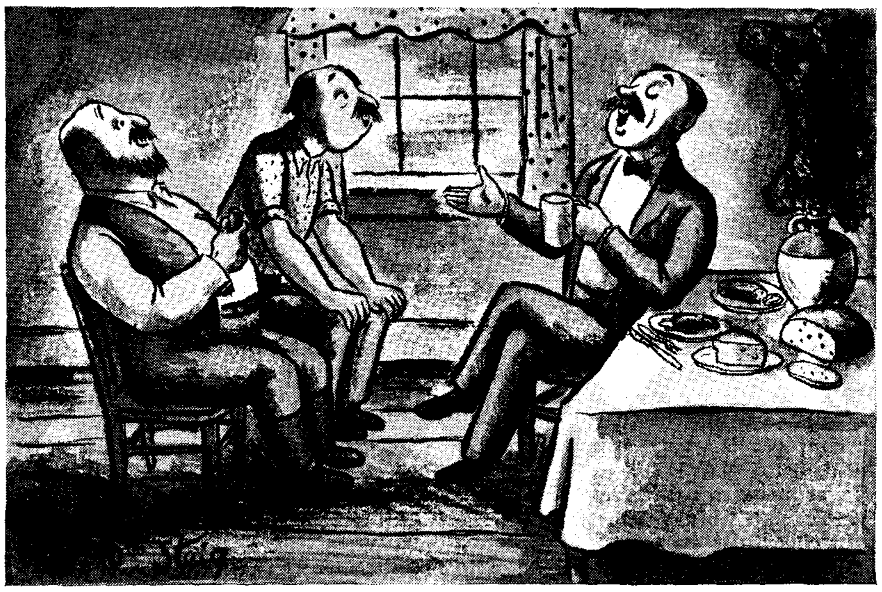
MAYBE you could get an idea from the Scotsman out in Seattle. He wanted to tour through the East and South. So he sent up to Juneau for a pair of Alaska license plates, got a free Alaska handbook from the Chamber of Commerce, and set out. Alaska's still a land of romance to most people and every place he stopped folks clustered around and asked questions. The Scot merely reeled off suitable sections of the guidebook and accepted such hospitality as was offered in return.

At last reports he was 108 free meals, sixty-three beers, five overnight stops and a quart jar of corn—ears, not likker—ahead. The latter gift, he reports, was the only disappointment.

If you're rolling through the West this summer, maybe you could reverse this idea. All Westerners are intensely—not to say morbidly—interested in what's going on in Washington, D. C., and Louisiana. A pair of plates from either place, a slightly southern accent and a couple of anecdotes about Congress or Huey Long—and you're all set. Just stop anywhere, tell your stories and accept what invitations you like.



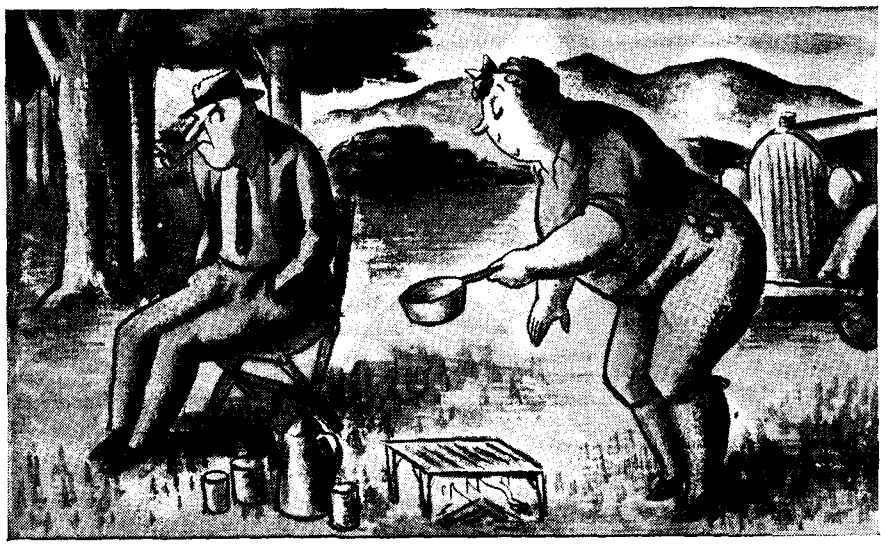
You can pan a little gold for yourself in almost any western creek, but better get a miner to show you how



With back-roads folks who aren't used to tourist wiles, anecdotes are negotiable for food and drink

Of course, if too many people do this it will sort of crab the act—but you can always think of new places from which to get plates. Take Patagonia. A motorist with Patagonian plates could practically tour for nothing, with the help of a trifle of Patagonian patter and a promise to send a picture postcard after he got home. Too late to get Patagonian plates this year, but cache away the idea for next summer's trip.

Cheapest way to travel around the West is to roll your bedding inside a stout tent and start out. That way, it's possible for two people to make about two hundred miles, eat regularly and take care of incidentals on five dollars a day. Some folks do it on less. Others do it de luxe, stopping at hotels and running up the cost. Finding a place to camp is never a problem. There are forest service camps, state park camps, national park camps and a few million miles of wild country. Just sweep away the rattlers and lie down.



The worst menace of all in the old days was the fat lady from Missouri with khaki pants and silk stockings

Most of the camps are free and have cooking and sanitary arrangements. Food is cheap anywhere along the road, if you like to cook your own. If you cook, watch your fire. In the timber country, folks are pretty tough about fires. They've seen too many homes and too much fine timber go up in flames. And don't toss lighted cigarettes or matches out of the car, either. It's against the law in most states. The old western rules are to break a match before tossing it away; stamp on a cigarette after you drop it.

Western water is usually excellent. Sometimes, however, a change of water will upset a traveler's internal economy. Best antidote is strong black tea without cream or sugar. In western states springs along the roads are often marked. If they're not, chances are the water is good. Bad water's usually flagged for you with signs.

Nearly everywhere in the west, fruit is plentiful and cheap in summer. If you buy along the highways, wash off the spray unless you get an esthetic kick out of arsenic.

In the cow country you'll be sure of real steaks—and none of that old dairy-cow stuff. There's all the difference in the world. If anyone in Montana or Wyoming tries to feed you dairy cow, wire at once to "Hell-Roarin' " Jones at Miles City. Mr. Jones will appear posthaste upon a mustang and commit the necessary assassinations. For forty years, he has divided his energies between the suppression of sod-busters and of the quaint idea that dairy cows are edible.

If "Hell Roarin' " is busy, just tell the editor of the nearest cow-town paper, who will blast the universe with a front-page editorial about it. One Custer County Greeley last summer blazoned: "Easterner Fed Dairy Cow for Beef Here!" across page one—and there were four new graves on the lone perrairie that night.

Anywhere on the coast, fill up on fish. It's fresh and good. Salmon, halibut, red snapper, cod, bass, oysters, flounder, sole and clams. You may dig clams almost anywhere. Every west coast village has clam-guns for rent, with free advice on how to use them. In early days, Seattle babies were raised on clam juice and the city now has a population of almost half a million. Some of the settlers, though, got in by train and boat.

Inland, nearly all the lakes and creeks have plenty of trout, but you need a visitor's license, usually rather high in price. Polish up the Louisiana plates

(Continued on page 40)

Right: General Walter von Reichenau. Below: General Werner Freiherr von Fritsch

Below: General Werner von Blomberg, ardent Nazi War Minister in Hitler's Cabinet

The Invisible Army

You can't pull an army out of a top hat. Yet Hitler made a speech, snapped his fingers and there was the army—large, efficient, well-equipped. Mr. Ybarra introduces the men who created it, a triumvirate that makes German soldiers—and they're good at their trade

By T. R. Ybarra

WHEN Adolf Hitler defiantly told the world early this year that Germany already had an army much larger than the forces allowed her by the Treaty of Versailles, and had reverted to the system of universal military service expressly denied her by that treaty, he spoke in the full knowledge that certain hard-faced, close-mouthed, iron-nerved German militarists had been, for months, shaping that forbidden army into one of the most formidable weapons of warfare in the world.

He knew, as he flung out his challenge, that those men were still working, with silent and sinister efficiency. He knew that, in a somber stone building—a mile or so from where he lives on Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse—which is the military nerve center of Germany, the dawn often surprised them at their labors; that, even then, despite weary muscles and pale cheeks and heavy-lidded eyes, they still stuck to their job, with a concentration taking no account of the passage of the hours.

All this Adolf Hitler knew well; had he not, he never would have dared hurl such defiance at neighboring nations only too willing to build around his Nazi Reich a ring of watchful soldiers and shining bayonets and deadly cannons.

Ever since that speech by Hitler, these men—there are three of them—have gone right ahead providing the Reich with a military organization fashioned in accordance with old Prussian traditions, yet, at the same time, in harmony with new ideas.

Though their importance in the Nazi realm grows daily, they are little known even there, scarcely at all elsewhere. Like good soldiers, they shun notoriety. They prefer action to talk. While most of the limelight goes to others—to the Fuehrer himself; to Hermann Goering, of the resplendent uniforms and striking attitudes; to Joseph Goebbels, arch-propagandist of Hitlerism—the trio whose achievements were in Adolf Hitler's mind when he proclaimed that, so far as he was concerned, the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty were dead and buried, continue to toil behind the scenes, hidden away in the shadows.

Three That Think as One

Here are the names and official titles of these men, the Big Three of Germany's military rebirth:

General Werner von Blomberg, War Minister in Hitler's Cabinet.

General Werner Freiherr von Fritsch, commander-in-chief of the army.

General Walter von Reichenau, head of the Army Department in the War Ministry.

All three are of the old German army caste, entitled to the prefix "von," which denotes noble blood. All three are sons of officers. All three, before they found themselves leaders in the Third Reich's new army, had seen service in the German prewar and wartime armies, as well as in the little postwar Reichswehr to which the Versailles Treaty limited their country. All three have specialized for many years in staff work, which has made them experts in solving problems of organization. And, finally, all three are in their fifties—not so young as to heed tradition too little, nor so old as to revere it too much.

Of the Big Three, General von Blomberg, Hitler's War Minister, has been most in the limelight since Nazi Germany embarked on its career of rearmament. But he, like his colleagues, has no use for notoriety. He has the reputation of being ardently pro-Nazi; at the same time, though, he is averse to letting the army get tangled up in politics. He is no politician in the sense that von Schleicher was.

Von Blomberg's pro-Nazism is deemed by some people in Berlin the main reason for his having been placed at the head of the War Ministry. Indeed, it is whispered that he is there "because he was the first regular army officer to take Hitler seriously." He was stationed at Koenigsberg, in East Prussia, far from the German capital, when Hitler went there on one of the whirlwind speech-making tours which marked the days before he came to power. He was introduced to von Blomberg; and heard, it seems, from that martial individual some highly flattering things about himself and his program.

A Strong, Silent Man

Soon after, Hitler became head of Germany's government. Soon after, von Blomberg became head of the War Ministry. And Hitler said of him, with much enthusiasm: "Von Blomberg is a man of honor from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

He is tall and thin. As you would expect from one who has been a soldier since boyhood, he carries himself stiffly. His features are sharp, his usual expression severe.

(Continued on page 56)

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING found gold in the wilds of Northwestern Canada, Jack Hammond leaves his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, and visits the girl he loves—Kay Joyce, who lives with her widowed mother and Bruce Kenning, an old friend of the family, in Seattle. And the newspapers learn his story—and scream it to the world!

Among those who join the resultant rush is a woman—"Around-the-World" Annie, who, accompanied by a number of girls, is planning to entertain the prospectors. Among them, also, is a girl of mystery who, calling herself Jeanne Towers, is obviously in a desperate frame of mind. Police Sergeant Terry, in charge of the contingent, doubts her statement that she is going to the gold area to open a grocery store. Whereupon, taking pity on her, Hammond, who happens to be a member of the party, lends her some money, a team of dogs, and enough supplies to launch her in business. In the course of the long mush which follows, he often wonders who she is —*what* she is, and why she seems so anxious to bury herself in a mining camp.

The mush ended, Hammond sets to work with Mackenzie Joe. Daily they dig; daily they observe new log cabins going up. And presently, Hammond receives a surprise. A fresh band of gold-seekers has just arrived. Jeanne Towers, seeing Hammond approach her cabin, rushes out. "I've got two hundred dollars!" she cries. "I've sold my claim—now I can begin paying you back!" She turns as a stranger steps out of her cabin. Then: "Here's the man now."

III

THE sentence was cut short. Hammond had said:

"You look like someone I met in Seattle."

"And you look like—why, you're Hammond, aren't you? My name's Bruce Kenning."

"Yes, I remember." For an instant Hammond traveled far away, back to the dock in Seattle, with the sun throwing its morning gleam on smooth waters, with Kay in his arms—

"You didn't happen to bring me a letter—or anything?"

Kenning laughed. He was a sure-appearing man, muscular, at home in breeks and boots, just as he had been at home in dinner clothes.

"No letter—but a lot of messages."

"Do you know each other?" Jeanne Towers asked.

"We're old friends of the same family," Kenning explained. "Good to see you after this long trip—we'll have to spend some time together."

"Just in, eh?"

"Yes, with today's bunch. I tried to fight the gold fever. Couldn't. So here I am."

Hammond glanced again at the money clutched in Jeanne's white hand.

"I'll say this for you: you work fast."

"Don't I?" His smile was disarming. "Queer how it turned out. I went into Miss Towers' store for some tobacco. Got to talking about the district, of course. I asked what you were doing."

Hammond laughed.

"Always check up on the fellow who's made the strike?"

"Certainly—first job of a good geologist. She told me about how you were working on some test shafts off the usual run. What's your theory on that?"

Hammond made no answer.

"But I told him you thought my claim wasn't much good," Jeanne interrupted. "And that I staked out in the snow. Nobody knows what's underneath."

"Mostly bench land, I'm afraid," said Hammond. He eyed the girl approvingly. "So you're a real prospector now, Jeanne! You've sold a claim."

"Oh, it's all legal—we just came from the recorder's tent."

Kenning laughed.

"Don't worry. I wouldn't try to welch. If Hammond hits it rich, any old claim in the neighborhood will be worth money."

"You know your mining, eh?" Jack jerked his head. "My cabin's right here. Walk over?"

"Glad to," Kenning answered.

"Fine. I've a drop or two of Scotch left." Impulsively he laid a hand on the shoulder of Jeanne Towers, as she took the moose meat he had brought her. "You'd better sharpen up your pencil and see what you're going to buy for your store when break-up comes."

"But I wanted to pay you—"

"That can wait." He patted her shoulder again. Still somewhat dazed by sudden wealth, Jeanne Towers returned to her cabin. Hammond caught eagerly at his companion's arm.

"Listen," he said. "I can't wait. Tell me all about Kay. Is she well? Is she coming up here? Did she really mean it—you know—treating me like she cared something about me?"

Weeks later, he still was asking the same questions. He and Kenning stood on a sidehill, where forget-me-nots bloomed at the edge of retreating drifts, and the blue of lupin contrasted with the first buds of mountain rhododendron.

SPRING had come as if a book had been opened and a chapter turned. The streams, only ten days before constricted by mounds of ice, now roared to the outpouring of a thousand mountainsides. Every gully contributed its rivulets, every rockslide sprayed a plumelike waterfall. Below in the village, the sound of hammers echoed endlessly. With waters at flood stage, halting much of the gold-seeking, the thoughts of a new civilization had turned to building. That is why Hammond and Kenning had come up here on the hill. Back of them stood a new cabin—the one Hammond had promised Kay Joyce he would build for her.

"Great view from up here," Kenning said at last.

They could look down on the big lake; a moose feeding in a far-away, shallow bay, a few miners fishing in the clear water just off the inlet.

"You can't kick on the one you get from your place," Hammond answered. Kenning had built his cabin on the next hill.

They went there for a drink, the last of Kenning's supply. Then with another prideful survey of Kay's house, Hammond dropped down the hill. At last, he walked through the lush grass along the bubbling course of Loon Creek, and toward Jeanne's tiny store. She was alone there.

He paused at the door to watch her, sitting on a rough bench, half buried in a collection of clothing; miners' shirts, their worn and torn breeks, old garments belonging to the various women. She was sewing; darning rather, with varicolored, carefully cleansed yarns which she had unraveled from the thick, woolen socks which she had worn on the trail. Sewing materials were scarce here; Jeanne, as the camp darner, was working up quite a business. Then she noticed Hammond's presence, and with a quick smile disentangled herself.

"Hello!" she said. It was a welcome, a greeting and an obeisance all in one.

"Hello," he answered casually. "Still got your two hundred dollars?"

"Oh, I've hidden it." Then: "You missed the excitement. Sergeant Terry just got a customer for the new jail."

"No!" This was news. "Who?"

"Oh, that Jorgenson fellow. He got in a fight with his wife. He must have beaten her up terribly."

"Too bad. She complained, eh?"

Jeanne shook her head.

"No—she stood for it. Somebody else told Terry. Her kind is always afraid to complain. People say they're not married."

Jack laughed.

"Well, she's lucky at that. Not being tied to him."

Jeanne came forward and leaned against the door. The brightness was gone temporarily from her features, she looked thoughtfully out toward the new, raw camp.

"Oh, I don't know, Jack. Sometimes a woman who isn't married is tied tighter to a man than if she were his wife. You see, she hasn't anything else —she lost it when she went with him. Maybe that's why she stands for so much—" She halted suddenly, and attentively turned her head upward. "What's that?"

"Sounds like a motor boat. It couldn't be—"

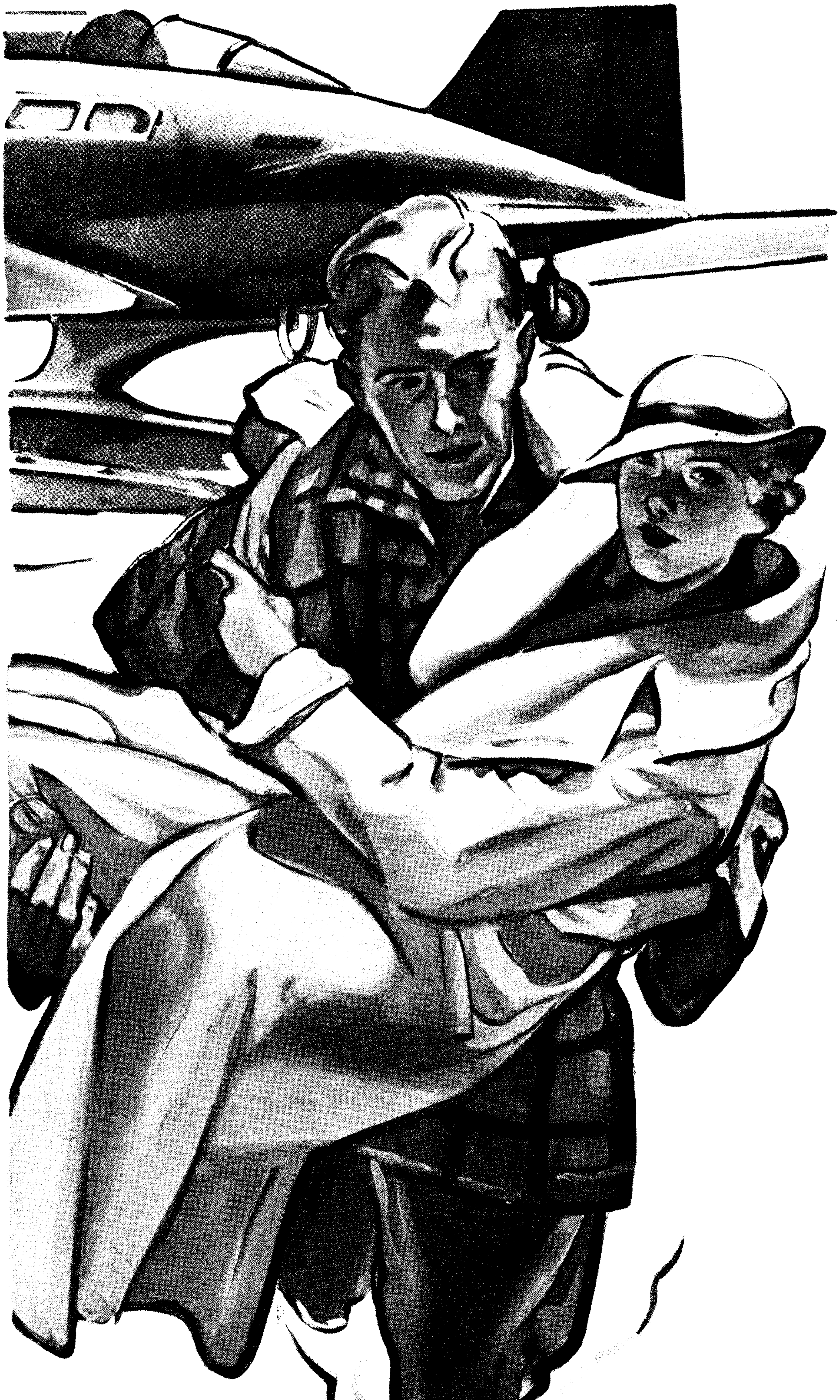
THEN a faint shout came from far away. It was picked up by a dozen voices. The fishermen, down at the inlet, cried out—faintly, Jack caught the words:

"Airplane! Airplane coming. There's an airplane!"

Doors were banging as Jeanne and Hammond ran from the store. Everyone was running, for that matter, or standing, hands over eyes. Far down the valley, where Lake Sapphire merged with the sky, a great, wide-winged bird was limned against the sunset, moving swiftly into sharper delineation. On it came, growing bigger, until it had passed over the inlet, and then, with the throttle cut, gently began a curving descent.

It circled the town, and traveled far down the lake, dropping lower, lower. At last, with its trailing-edge flaps cutting down its speed, it slipped still nearer the lake; its engine snarled anew, and cut off again. Spray scattered like plumes of jetting steam from its pontoons; swishing and splashing, it skipped the water in great leaps, settled again, plowed onward, then with the engine roaring anew, began to taxi toward shore.

Men ran into the marshy shallows to greet it, pawing wildly about, then wading frantically to get out of its way. The pilot rose in his cockpit, to motion furiously, warning excited watchers against the danger of the propeller. Jack Hammond gave an exultant shout. He leaped from the side of Jeanne Towers, and splashed into the water.



It was Bruce Kenning, however, who finally carried Kay ashore

"Hello, Timmy!" he yelled. "You made it, Timmy!"

The man in the cockpit, veering from side to side as he watched the water depths about him, raised a hand in answer, then swiftly returned to his task.

Now Jack could see the cabin windows. Two persons were inside; Hammond saw that Kay was one of them. He cupped his hands to his mouth, and shouted at the height of his lungs. He jumped up and down in the water, until he was dripping. He waved his arms. He jerked off his hat and threw it at the cabin door—at last it opened.

Kay Joyce, trim in polo shirt, fawn-colored breeches, riding boots and red nails of an equal luster, leaned out.

"Jack!" she called. "Don't splash around like that. How in the world will you ever carry Mother and me ashore? We'll be simply dripping, you old silly!"

IT WAS Bruce Kenning, however, who finally carried Kay and her mother ashore. Hammond, all of a sudden, had realized that he was a sodden mess. Then, with the landing of the party, everything became confused; gold seekers crowded about, placer miners waded out to catch the rope which Timmy Moon had tossed to them that they might knot it to a pontoon and anchor the ship. After that, the progress through the slatternly little settlement and on up to the cottage became a jumble of excited half-sentences, unanswered questions, broken explanations; everyone jabbering at once and no one listening. Now Hammond was back in his own cabin, talking excitedly as he changed his clothes.

"Kay's crazy about the cottage," he volunteered.

Mackenzie Joe, squatted on the doorstep, turned his beaverlike head.

"I figured she would be for a while."

"What do you mean—a while?"

"They're city people," said Mackenzie Joe quietly.

Hammond laughed, tightened his belt, stood immobile a moment, then clawed about him in the half-dark room for a necktie.

"Don't worry about that. Kay can take it. So can her mother. They like the outdoors."

Mackenzie made no direct reply. He only eyed his partner.

"Kind of dressing up, aren't you?"

"Well," said Jack with a grin. "You know—their first night here. We're all going to the Slumgullion to eat. Come along?"

"Nope." Joe said it half brusquely. Then he made a jerky turn and sat looking out over the valley, across the stretches of marsh grass to the black line of thick forest, running down from the slopes of the pinnacled hills which hemmed in this little world of hopes. Hammond, his tie in place, came behind him.

"Little abrupt, aren't you, Joe?" he asked at last.

"Not particularly."

"You know, I've told Kay and her mother all about you."

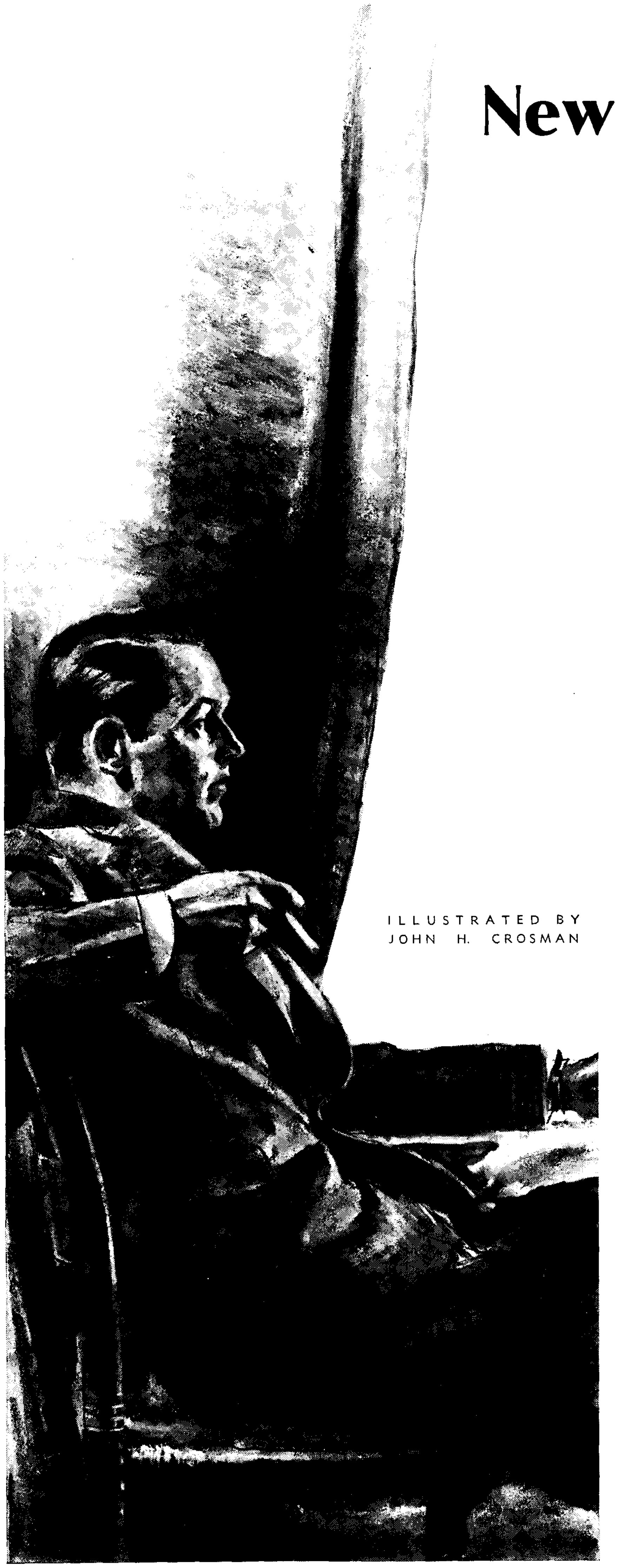
"Sure," said the older man. He picked up a stray piece of stove wood and with ill-concealed embarrassment

(Continued on page 28)

New Spanish Custom

By Malcolm Reiss

Ensign Nicoll, U. S. N., was in love—in a land where a girl cannot marry until Father says yes. It took a revolution to make this story possible



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN H. CROSMAN

He leaned back. Only old Señora Zaballa was lacking

THE tall young American gazed about him. He sighed, he smiled, and then he settled back. The world moves on—even San Sebastian—but the Garigori was still the Garigori. Still the stiff small chairs beside stiff small tables, the feel of polite warmth and the smell of good round baking. The same herd of fat little girls on their afternoon off from convent. The greedy small boys—three boys who might have been Carlos and Pepe and himself nine years before.

Carlos and Pepe, wondered the American, and the revolution?

Six o'clock struck in the Old Town across the boulevard. The windows grew bright black with rain. And as if a signal were given, the doors of the Garigori swung wide and people swept in. Idle gentlemen. Intensively groomed ladies. Officers in scarlet-lined capes, but olive-drab underneath. Eager girls in white impermeables and berets with the yacht club insignia—so many white raincoats and berets that it was almost a uniform itself.

The American leaned back. Only old Señora Zaballa was lacking, then the picture would be complete. He was thinking that when the door opened and a girl stepped in. A moment she stood waiting for her escort. There was a touch of airiness about her as if she could have strolled through heaven with just that look of soft amusement. She had lovely hair, the tawny shade you get beside a misty sea. It had a warm way of growing about her face.

Three young men followed and all four moved towards the raised part of the room where the tables stood. As the girl took her chair her eyes lifted and met the American's eyes. Her glance deepened. Then instantly both looked aside.

The girl had picked well. Her young men were the best-looking, the smoothest young men in the place. Saville Row had tailored them and England had educated them. Something familiar about one— It puzzled the American. But just then Señora Zaballa entered. She swept between the tables, a vast overlapping figure, nodding to each patron as she passed.

The young man watched her quizzically. Her shrewd eyes took him in. She nodded—a polite double nod—the one reserved for strangers. Two tables beyond she hove to. She turned. Her face wrinkled into a tremendous frown.

"*Dios mio.* Don Davee!" she cried. "So you would fool Misia Maria?"

Back she came. The tall American sprang to his feet, laughing. "Hello, Misia Maria."

They gave each other the embrace. She patted him until the moles on her cheek grew lively.

"Still the most fascinating woman in the world," said the young man.

She clucked at him. "You have come to stay, eh? And your dear mother?"

"For a few weeks," said the American. "To see you. To see San Sebastian. Mother's fine. She didn't come."

"So little time? How you have changed!"

"Davy. *Amigo mio!*" A third voice mixed up in it.

Past Señora Zaballa the American met the handclasp heartily. "Carlitos!" It was one of the tall young men.

"Don Carlos, have you ever seen a change such as this? He was such a beautiful little boy."

"Beautiful?"

"And you are in the Navy? Your mother, it was always her great wish."

"She's very pleased. Carlitos, it's ten years since we were the scourge of the Concha. You must have been up to a lot of things in ten years?"

"Sufficient," said Carlos. "Davy, why did you not let us know? You must sit with us."

THE young American felt himself being urged between the tables, propelled through space towards the girl whose eyes rose a second time to meet his.

"Elena, remember?" asked Carlos.

Elena!

Carlos introduced him to the young men.

As Dave took his chair the girl said, "I might just as well have been a Japanese."

"You were so very small the last time," said Dave.

"And shy," she added.

"Not noticeably," said Carlos.

"Yet I knew you," she said.

"How?"

"By the haircut."

Dave chuckled, running a sunburned hand along his neck. It was probably Carlos' sister's way of merely being gracious, but of one thing he was certain—she hadn't known him from the man in the moon.

For a long time the three of them sat

eagerly reminiscing, Elena and Carlos and Dave. The two other young men grew bored, excused themselves. Elena did not seem to mind. But at last they arose to go and as they did so Señora Zaballa came rushing up. She held a box magnificently wrapped in rich creamy paper, tied with a fluffy bow of confectioners' ribbon.

"It is for you, Don Davee, a present. You always loved it—turon of Alicante—when you were a little boy," she said wistfully.

The gray eyes of the American warmed. "Misia Maria," he said, "you make a baby of me."

Out of Misia Maria's deep bosom came a booming pleasant laugh. "What are you but a baby, you and Señorita Elena and that Carlitos there? Now go along," she ordered, "but see you come back."

BUT Dave found little chance of getting back to the Garigori. Life in San Sebastian moves as continuously, as imperatively, as the assembling belt in an automobile plant. It picks you up and swings you along, attaching small pleasures. And so the days marched until almost a week had passed. Carlos and Dave were swishing through the damp grass of the golf links one afternoon when Dave remembered something he had meant to ask.

"Tell me, what ever became of Pepe?"

"Pepe. That lucky fool is well out of this. The old man put his money in British Consols long before the king left us and this republic came down on the landowners. Now they're living in Surrey. They have five baths."

"Five baths," Dave said.

Carlos paid no attention.

"You've noticed perhaps," he said, "how many of us there are this winter in San Sebastian. Nowadays the frontier is very precious."

"Well, why stay in Spain?"

"Why! How far could you get on the five thousand pesetas you're allowed to take out of the country with you?"

The yacht club gave a dance that evening. Dave was standing at the entranceway, smoking, as Elena swept in.

She turned to Dave. "Do I look nice?"

The black dress she wore was cut casually low in back, and the color, contrasted with her fresh skin and tawny hair, was pretty effective.

Dave said, "You look 4.0."

Her eyes laughed at him: "Is that quite wonderful?"

"It's the best," he said. "It couldn't be better."

He took her bare arm. "Dance?"

DAVE'S dancing was a credit to the Academy; that is, it was serious; no nonsense, and fine for war. Elena kept from giggling as long as she possibly could. "Davy. Davy," she cried.

Stiffly Dave offered, "Shall we sit out, then?"

The club was small and there seemed to be people everywhere. Out of doors there was no one. Together they walked to the rail. Stars dribbled the water and you could follow the luminous white beach, scalloped with lights, all the way to Monte Igueldo.

The club itself was a modern conception of a ship. It looked more ship than a ship does. As they stood by the taffrail, the wind moving against their faces, Dave could not help being reminded that his leave would soon be over.

Elena had been watching. "You love the sea, don't you?" she said quietly.

"The sea? I'm not sure. But I know I like the Navy. For me it's the only life worth living. I was lucky to fall into it."

"Yes," she said. "Carlos and I—we do not know."

At that moment their glances met, and held. It was almost the same look that had passed between them that first day in the Garigori, yet now it meant so much more, for they no longer had the formalities to hide behind.

"I know for you," Dave said. His mind was so mixed up in all the things which this suggested that his body left it behind. Elena was in his arms. A tendril of her hair touched his cheek. He shivered exquisitely and then the stars and the wind and everything else was locked outside of them except themselves.

She pushed him away to read his face. Her hands loosed his shoulders and he became aware that he had been hearing the muted music, the pennants flapping at the truck, had been hearing them all the while.

"Davy dear! But we've been away a long time. They notice everything."

"Let them notice."

"This is Spain," she said.

As he followed her across the deck he had the feeling that their clear flight together was blocked by some dark barrier below the horizon. A barrier that he could only sense but that she could see and feel.

At the door to the saloon she turned unexpectedly and fled once more into his arms.

"Now we must stop," she said at last. "Now we must go down."

Dave smiled into the darkness, knowing that it was not a stop. And she would know it too.

THE next few days, Dave saw Elena often but never alone. It began to bother him. He wanted terribly to talk to her again. And then one morning, coming from Cook's, he ran into her.

"Well," he said, "it's you."

"Dave." The warm smile came into the corners of her eyes. She waved toward the long black car, the chauffeur in livery. "Come shopping with me."

"I don't want to come shopping," said Dave. "I'm tired of fooling around. You walk with me."

They turned off the Avenida and down the Calle Prim, walking quickly, and now and then exchanging glances as if this were something special.

"Elena," said Dave, and suddenly freckles stood out along his cheekbones, "I have something that I've got to tell you."

"Wait, Dave."

They were coming out on the little park of umbrella tamarisks. Nursemaids in starched caps chatted sidewise, watching their children. Elena looked straight ahead, a worried expression on her face.

"But I have to know," Dave said stubbornly.

They stopped before an empty bench and Elena turned.

"Papá—has other plans for me."

"Oh, that," said Dave. "Is that all?"

Elena made an impatient gesture. "Stop being so American."

"I shall report to Papá immediately," Dave said stiffly.

"Please!"

"But I shall," he insisted. "I'm on my way now."

The face she raised to him was faintly pathetic. "If only this were America," she said.

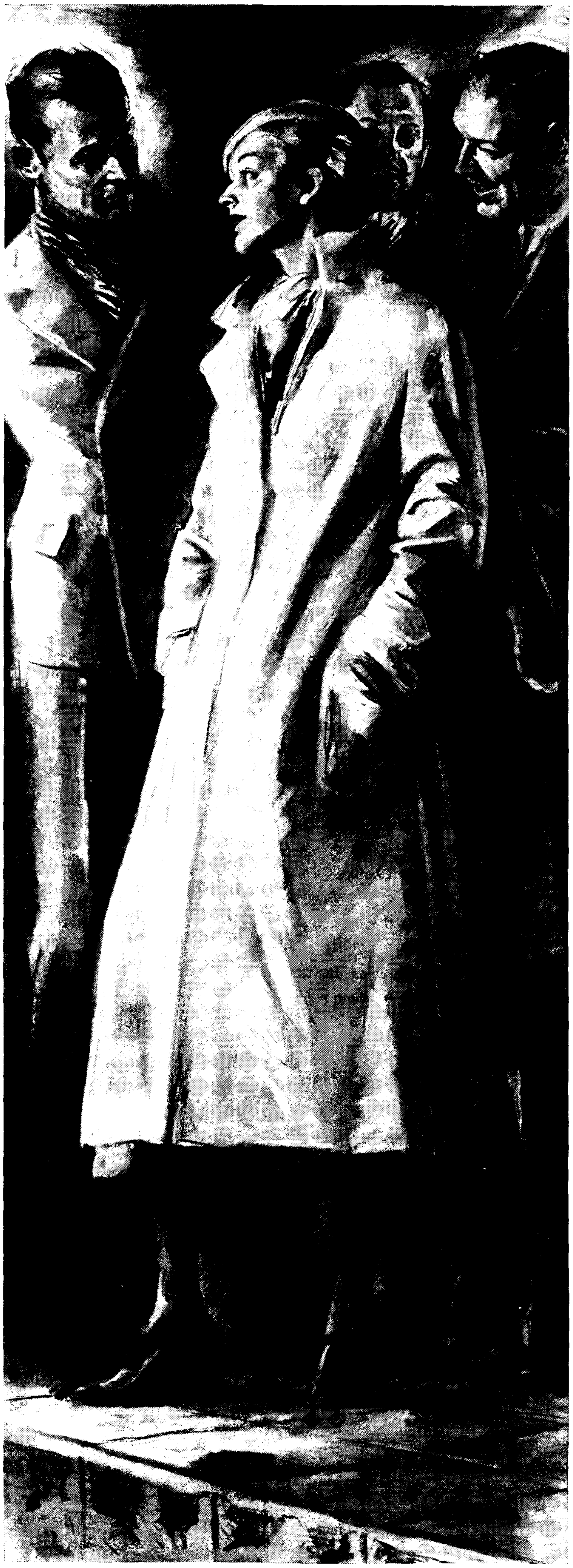
ELENA stood raising and lowering the lid of a cigarette box, waiting for Dave to come from his conference with the Marques. Finally the doors broke to an outward thrust, Dave marched forth, and on his face there was a hard, incredulous expression.

"What?" she said. "Quickly, Dave."

Her slim body was poised so tense that it seemed to vibrate. "You might not expect it," she said, "but I, too, am concerned."

"You know what happened? Your father laughed at me," said Dave. "He

(Continued on page 45)



Her young men were the best-looking, the smoothest in the place

Tennis is big business at Wimbledon, where champions from all over the world play to the game's most ardent fans. Below, rolling the center court

Center Court

By John R. Tunis

Here they are, the champion tennis players of more than thirty nations, gathered at Wimbledon. America's Davis Cup players are here, competing against the world. A few weeks hence, they will be fighting for the Davis Cup. It's a great spectacle. Take a look

"SILENCE, please . . ."

A chill descends suddenly upon the 16,000 tennis fans packed about the center court at Wimbledon as they obey the umpire's request. Bunny Austin, England's star player, is leading Frank Shields 2 sets to 1, 5 games to 4, and 40-30. Match point! On this shot depends the championship.

The crowd sits tensely quiet. In the Royal Box back of the players the Queen is nervously fingering the sun glasses on her nose. Next to her, the King—he's the man in the gray suit and the gray derby—leans forward, his hands clasped tightly about his stick. At his side, Alfonso, former ruler of Spain, twirls his mustache anxiously, while down below in the front row of the gallery a young American girl rolls and unrolls a damp handkerchief in the palm of her hand. She is the fiancée of Shields.

Austin serves and dashes toward the net, crowding the sidelines to cut off his adversary's favorite backhand drive. Cool as a veteran, Shields steps boldly into the ball and with his powerful wrist smacks it across court at the gap left by the Englishman. Austin sees his mistake, turns, tacks, dives frantically and misses the shot by a foot. The crowd rises, cheering this stroke of a champion. Although the score is only deuce, the match is really over. They know it, so does Shields, so does Austin. For the first time in two hours a wan smile comes over the tightened face of the American girl in white as she watches Frank race on to victory.

This is Wimbledon week in London. What is Wimbledon? Once it was just a tennis tournament, the first of all tournaments, the father of tournaments, to be sure, but nothing else. Now it's an institution. Want to go? Well, you can't. Last February all reserved seats were sold in advance for the fortnight's play. Not only that, but the committee of the All England Club (which is the official name for Wimbledon) returned $350,000 to disappointed applicants.

The Passport to Fame

What sort of a show attracts almost half a million spectators in twelve days merely to watch a couple of hundred young men in shorts and flannels smack a tennis ball across a net? What's the secret of its growth from an intimate family party back in 1876 when you paid a shilling and stood on a brick to see over the top hats of the gents in front, to this enormous athletic pageant of 1935?

Wimbledon, now in its 59th year, is more than just a championship. It's the peak, the goal of every star, the one tournament all the cracks aspire to win. If you can even say, "I played at Wimbledon," that's your passport to fame. That means you must be good. Hundreds try to enter each June but only a fraction of the best in each land are chosen. Moreover, tennis, Wimbledon's game, is played the world over, the rules are everywhere the same, and the champion is the leader of a universal sport.

Let me take you into the dressing-room at Wimbledon this week during play. The English don't go in for comfort and this place tucked away under the stadium seems barren and cold compared to the luxurious accommodations our athletes are accustomed to. But what it lacks in comfort it makes up in color, for during this fortnight it is thronged with the representatives of over thirty nations from all parts of the globe.

The man in the turban holding the two rackets is an Indian prince—and a good player, too. Here are dark-skinned Annamites from Indo-China, swarthy young men from Egypt and the Far East, blond Germans and Scandinavians, husky South Africans and New Zealanders, tanned youngsters from Argentina. In the far corner Harry Hillman, the trainer of the American Davis Cup team, is talking earnestly to a tawny-thatched youth who is lacing his shoes. That's Sidney Wood, hope of the American side. Near the next locker is Jack Crawford, the New South Wales farmer who won the title here in 1932, and who is captain of the Australian team. He is giving a last word of advice to his young protégé, Vivian McGrath, the lad with the famous two-fisted backhand. The blond boy at the door? You never saw him? No, he hasn't yet played in the United States, although he expects to next September. He is Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the German titleholder, and one of the most dangerous contenders here at Wimbledon.

"McGrath and Wood, Court Number 2!" An official wearing a badge and

(Continued on page 34)

PHOTOS & PLAYERS
PHOTOS & PLAYERS

Above, the ball-boy squad, and below, the King and Queen, in the royal box, who get scant attention from a crowd with but one thing in mind—tennis

Our first day together

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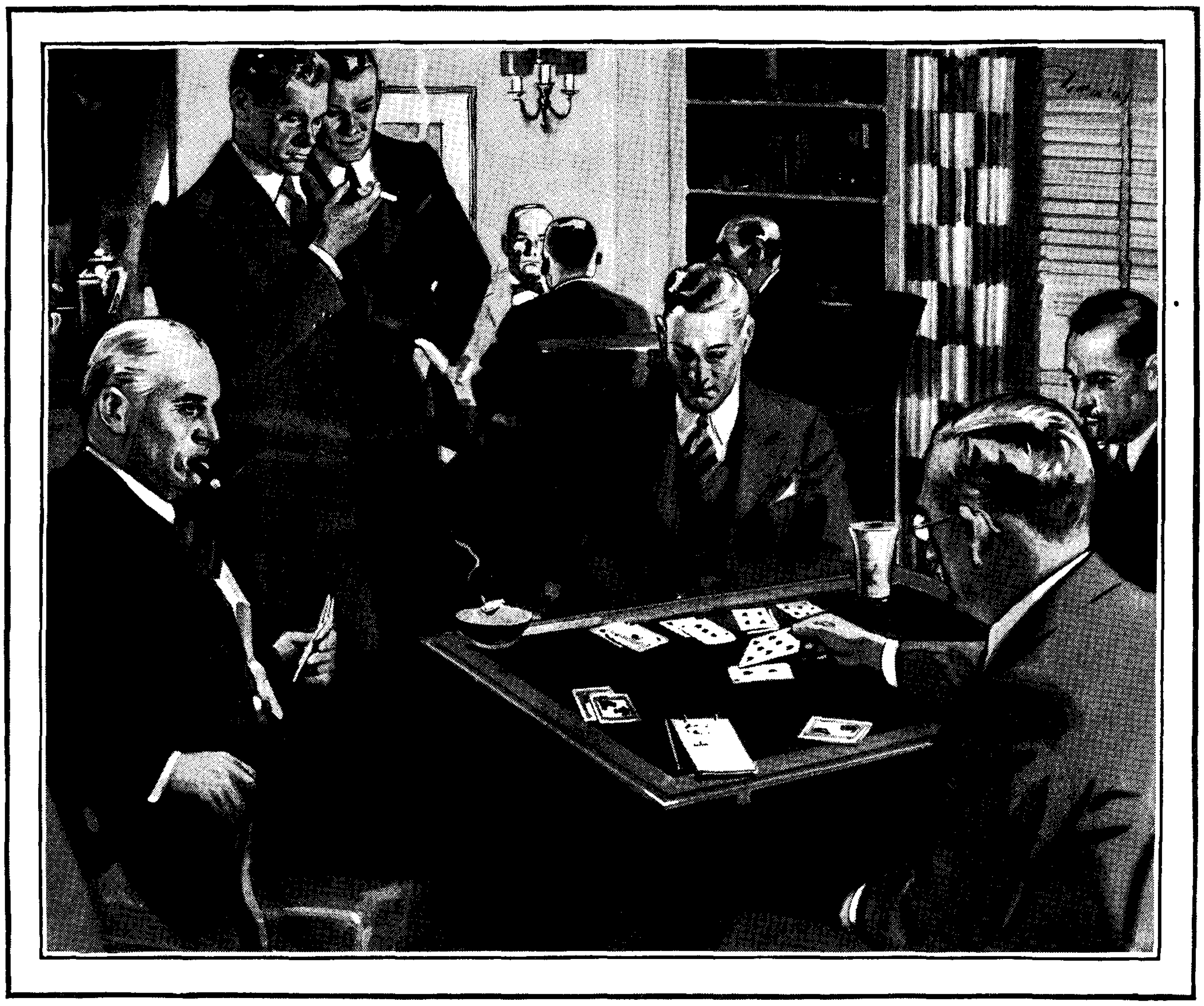

"You're not fooling me at all," I whispered derisively. "You didn't come here to see the game"

Perfect Alibi

Another serious problem for Detective O'Malley, which is somewhat complicated by a man who tells no tales

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"THIS one," O'Malley said, "is supposed to be a suicide case, but they wonder if it might be murder. A young guy named Mr. Ellanson got found dead in his apartment. There was a gun there that belonged in his desk at his office and he was shot in the head. He was an assistant cashier, and he was short in his accounts and they found out now he played the horse races."

"That sounds like reason enough for him to kill himself," I remarked; "so why do they suspect it may be murder?"

"They don't exactly suspect nothing. It just don't look like a suicide had ought to."

"Was there any reason for murder?"

"They don't know any. Him and his boss, the cashier, had a quarrel about a girl, but the cashier was somewhere else when the guy got killed. He was at a bridge party and about a dozen people swear that he was there all evening. The cashier's name is Mr. Clovel. He's a bachelor and he was going with a girl named Miss Norring and he introduced Ellanson to her, and she got engaged to marry Ellanson. The talk is, Clovel got sore about it. Well, I got to do something with the case, but I'll probably work my head off and all I'll find out is that it was a suicide."

We went to see Ellanson's apartment. He had a single big room on the East Side. No one had heard the shot and Ellanson had been found by a maid who came in to do up the place. There were no building attendants. There was a lot of racing-form sheets in a closet. The police had found the room neat and they had left it that way. They had discovered no evidence that anyone but Ellanson had come there, but the maid had found the door unlocked.

"A man usually locks his door when he intends to commit suicide," I commented.

"He might not, if he didn't generally keep it locked."

"There doesn't seem to be much here to help you."

"Them other cops didn't find nothing and that's what I find."

WE CALLED on Miss Norring. She was in her early twenties and decidedly good-looking. Several days had passed since Ellanson's death, but she was still so distressed that we disliked to question her.

"You see Mr. Ellanson that night?" O'Malley asked her.

"No. I usually saw him in the evening but he told me he couldn't meet me that night."

"He seem troubled about anything?"

"Yes; something seemed to be disturbing him greatly, but he wouldn't tell me what it was."

"You know about his shortage?"

"Not then. Of course I know now, but I can't believe he took the money. It isn't like him. He never made any display of money when he was with me."

"A guy that uses his money to bet with don't waste it spending it. You knew he played them horses?"

"I knew he made small bets on them."

"Listen, Miss Norring; do you think he done this himself?"

"I've had to try to stop thinking about it. I can't believe he did it, but who else would? He didn't have any enemies. There wasn't anything taken from his apartment. I can't understand what can have happened."

"We'll see 'em at his company," O'Malley decided, after we had left her.

It was a large building-construction company. We were referred to the cashier. He was a big, handsome man with an easy manner.

"What was this about you and Ellanson and Miss Norring, Mr. Clovel?" O'Malley asked him.

"That has been exaggerated. It was mostly a piece of office gossip. It is true that I was fond of Miss Norring and I felt that Ellanson had been rather underhanded about it, especially since it was I who selected him for his position and he had expressed gratitude to me for it. I did have some talk with him about Miss Norring, but I am not one to fly off the handle because a woman prefers some other man to me."

"You think Ellanson knocked himself off?"

"I can't very well doubt it. There is no one else who would have done it. In fact, I feel that his death was partly my fault. He told me privately that afternoon that there was something he wanted to tell me but he did not want to discuss it at the office. He asked to come to my home. That was Thursday. On Thursday evenings a group of about a dozen of us play bridge regularly at Mr. Bieren's apartment. I told him it was a bridge night and I could not see him. The next morning he was dead. If I had seen him that night he might not have done it."

"YOU figure he meant to tell you about the shortage?"

"Unquestionably. Indeed, I realize now that he did actually confess that there was something wrong with his accounts, but I failed to understand what he was talking about. I had complete trust in him. Of course, none of us here suspected there was a shortage until after his death, when we investigated."

"You found out yet how much it is?"

"It is at least fifty thousand and may run to a good deal more."

(Continued on page 36)

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FRANK COMERFORD WALKER, executive director of the National Emergency Council, and head of the Division of Applications and Information in the five-billion-dollar set-up, has come to be known as the "mystery man" of the Roosevelt administration. He makes no speeches, grants no interviews, holds no press conferences, abhors publicity, and has a complete assortment of false whiskers for getting in and out of the abandoned fox den that he uses for an office.

With other public men sweating to make the front page, struggling savagely for radio time, and stiffening like pointers at the sight of a camera, the Walker type is bound to baffle and bewilder. As a matter of truth, however, never was anyone less mysterious, more wide open or in a job so absolutely obvious. Simply and frankly, he is President Roosevelt's "fall guy," the "boy that takes the rap," and the Man with the Iron Jaw. His silence is not due to taciturnity, for he was once Notre Dame's prize debater, nor does his secretiveness spring from natural modesty, for he ran for office six months after getting his license to practice law. The poor fellow is just punch drunk, that's all.

To Frank Walker, as chief of the Division of Applications, come all those who want to dip their arms elbow-deep in the five billions that are to be spent in one great, gorgeous year. Senators eager to turn local creeks into mighty rivers able to bear ocean liners on their broad bosoms; congressmen urging platinum post-office buildings; governors and Chambers of Commerce with schemes for transforming deserts into orchards or vice versa, and inventors, scientists, nuts and freaks, advocating everything from making gold out of orange peel to more and longer lessons in eurythmic dancing.

It is Frank's task to say "No." His job is to pick out the good projects, and turn thumbs down on the worthless, crazy and impractical. In plainer words, he is the "mean partner," the "bad brother." When a frenzied applicant carries an appeal to the White House, the President is in a position to say, "Of *course* it's a fine idea. One hundred per cent! But what can I do? That Frank Walker's a tough hombre. Never in all my life did I see such a stubborn man!" As a consequence, it's Mr. Walker's ample chin that takes the wallop, not Mr. Roosevelt's.

Sugar-Coated Rejections

Washington is so full of yes-men that one has to be careful where he puts down his foot. On the other hand, a good "no-man" is a rarity. By "good," of course, is meant one who can say "no" in a way that will not draw blood and make an enemy for the next campaign.

There can be no question that President Roosevelt stood in dire need of a dependable "no-man." When Secretary Ickes, for instance, rejected a proposition, he accompanied his refusal with a baleful glare that plainly intimated, "Well, you derned slicker, didn't put that one over, didya?" Harry Hopkins, nervous, hard-driving and non-political, never took the time to apply soothing unguents, and Madame Secretary Perkins' "no" buried so deep that a surgeon had to cut it out. As for Rexford Guy Tugwell, he gave all who approached him the very distinct impression that they were lower forms of insect life not worth his study.

Not so with ol' Frank Walker. Ears akimbo, he listens to every caller with the patience of a psychiatrist, only wagging his head sympathetically, and making soft clucking noises now and then to indicate understanding and complete agreement. As he leads his visitors to the door, his right hand massages their shoulder blades with the sure touch of an osteopath, and many are miles away before they come out of their happy trance, and realize that Mr. Walker has turned their projects down.

A Western product, of course. They don't grow jaws like Frank Walker's east of the Alleghenies. True, he was born near Scranton, Pennsylvania—that was back in 1886—but before he was three, his parents had shaken the coal dust from their feet, and were inmates of Montana. Butte was a real town in those days, with a pay roll of a million a month roaring over the bars, and the great copper kings fighting for the right to rule, buying up legislatures and flooding each other's property.

Young Frank Walker saw it all and knew them all, and learned early in life that it was just as important to be able to "take it" as it was to "dish it out."

Four years at Gonzaga University in Spokane, and then four years at Notre Dame, where he took his law degree in 1909. Both "Fighting Irish" universities, but as those were times before the good fathers realized the importance of football as an educational force, Frank had to express his competitive instinct as a member of debating teams. Affirmative or negative, it was all the same to him.

Returning to Butte, he swung his shingle to the breeze, and within six months was coyly occupying the job of assistant district attorney of Silver Bow County. What else could be expected? A Gael and also silver-tongued. *And* persuasive! Out in Butte they still claim that Frank Walker can jolly a wildcat into standing still and letting its chops be slapped. By 1913 he was in the legislature, and also the possessor of a nice, fat practice. It was out of the motion-picture business, however, that he made his very comfortable fortune. An uncle owned a nation-wide string of theaters, and Frank, getting in on the ground floor, soon worked himself up to the parlor suite. As a consequence, New York called him in 1925, and from that day his downfall has been rapid.

It seemed an innocent thing for him to take part in the 1928 campaign, helping elect Franklin D. Roosevelt governor of New York, but it was like some devilish drug. Disregarding the pleas of his wife and two children, he plunged into the 1932 presidential primary, and it was Frank Walker, as much as Jim Farley, who lined up Western delegations for F. D. R., and aided in bringing about the break at the Chicago convention. Frightened at the extent to which the habit was growing on him, he tried to quit and go back to his home and work, but they got around the poor, weak man with honeyed words, and he found himself treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

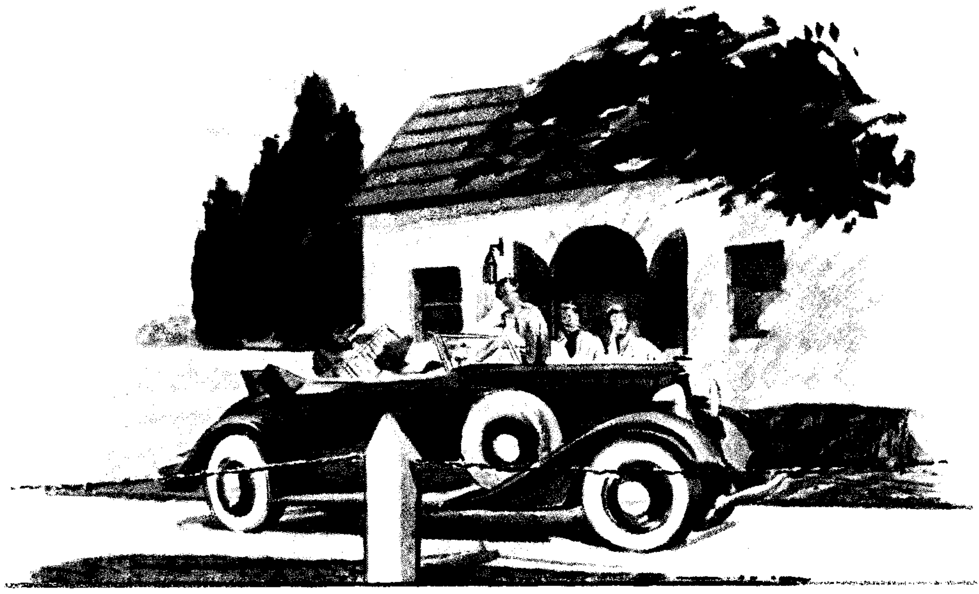
Doomed to Succeed

Extracting money from Democrats took heavy toll from his happiness and strength, and in a last desperate burst of resolution he gave ten thousand dollars to the deficit for a promise that they would let him alone. For almost a year the President kept his pledge, but the latter part of 1933 saw him break it. It was at a time when General Johnson, Secretary Wallace, Harry Hopkins, Secretary Hull, Dr. Moley, Professor Tugwell, Mr. Richberg and others were at their very best, with people wearing brass hats to keep from being mangled by flying ideas, and someone mentioned the necessity of coordination.

"*That's* the word I've been trying to think of!" exclaimed the President, almost sobbing with relief. "Send for Frank Walker."

Frank put up a valiant resistance, but was overcome by sheer force of numbers. As Director of the National Emergency Council, he did as good a job as the circumstances permitted. Nobody, of course, wanted to be coordinated. Where is the glory in just being one of a team? Frank did succeed, however, in getting many of the New Dealers not to hit in clinches, and to go to a neutral corner after knockdowns. This done, he faded from view, but the President called him back to Washington to act as "fall guy" in the great five-billion-dollar free-for-all.

Is it any wonder that the wretched man goes about on tiptoe, avoiding reporters, and doing everything he can to conceal the fact that he is doing a remarkably fine job? Ever in his heart is the icy fear that he may be cajoled into taking a Cabinet place.

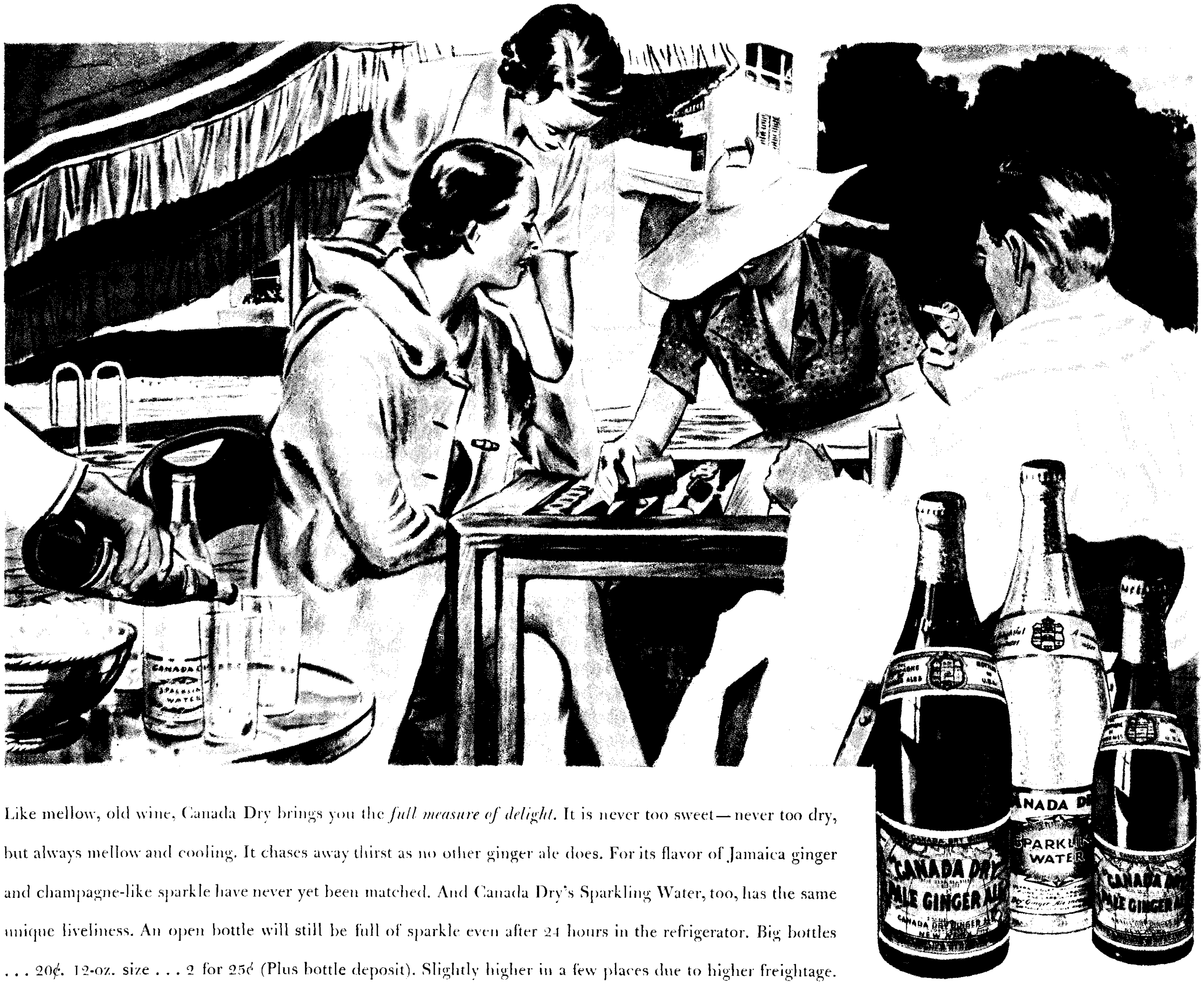


Opening the season on Long Island

Far behind is the hot, dusty city; ahead a Summer of joyful week-ends, of hours to while away in the sun. And to take the edge off thirst, you may be sure that in some cool place there's an ample stock of the most refreshing ginger ale of all . . .

. . . of course it's CANADA DRY

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"


CANADA DRY
SPARKLING WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY
SPARKLING WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

Like mellow, old wine, Canada Dry brings you the *full measure of delight.* It is never too sweet—never too dry, but always mellow and cooling. It chases away thirst as no other ginger ale does. For its flavor of Jamaica ginger and champagne-like sparkle have never yet been matched. And Canada Dry's Sparkling Water, too, has the same unique liveliness. An open bottle will still be full of sparkle even after 24 hours in the refrigerator. Big bottles . . . 20¢. 12-oz. size . . . 2 for 25¢ (Plus bottle deposit). Slightly higher in a few places due to higher freightage.

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 19

pawed for his belt knife that he might begin to whittle. "Sure— I know that, Jack. But then, you've told me all about them, too. That don't mean that you should drag me into the party the first night they're here."

"But—"

"They don't want to meet an old man like me."

"But they do. They've heard so much about you."

"I'll meet 'em tomorrow. You've all got things to talk about—you and the girl and her mother and Kenning. He's an old friend of the family. Kay's your girl. You've got things to discuss. I wouldn't fit in."

There was definite evasiveness about his excuses, no matter how much he might temper them. A queer feeling of resentment shot through Hammond.

"Joe," he said finally, "what's been eating on you?"

"Nothin' but mosquitoes, I reckon."

"Let's don't joke," the younger man said suddenly. "You've been different ever since we came back here."

"Me, different?" the older man asked, studiously regarding his whittling. "I ain't noticed it, Jack."

"You haven't seemed yourself. Moody—thinking about something all the time. Grouchy, like you had a chip on your shoulder."

"When?" asked Joe.

"The other day, for instance. When Bruce Kenning dropped by our test pit."

"He was asking a lot of questions, wasn't he?"

Hammond spread his hands.

"Oh, Joe—suppose he was? Can't a man be interested in what a friend's doing? You'd think he was going to jump our claims, the way you act."

"That wouldn't do him much good," the old prospector said with a masked smile. "Not the way they're turning out."

"Then why be so cagey? We haven't got anything to hide."

"WE'VE got our theory, ain't we, that the big discovery's yet to be found? This stuff that's been turned up ain't nothin' but chicken feed. We've got the richest placer claims along the new bed of Loon Creek and we'll be lucky if they bring us fifty thousand dollars." Mackenzie Joe's keen eyes swept the valley. "There's a bonanza around here somewhere, if we ever find that old river bed. The idea's worth keeping to ourselves."

"I suppose so. On the other hand, Kenning's a geologist. It might pay us to give him a little information—even cut him in."

Mackenzie Joe rose and tossed the stick away.

"Not while I'm a partner in this shebang," he said. Then, hesitantly: "I guess I'll go eat."

"You won't change your mind? And come with us?"

Again he made his evasive excuse.

"Oh, not tonight. You've all got things to talk about."

Hammond watched him stalk away; it was not his imagination, he told himself, which made him feel that Joe was different. Silent, almost morose at times; working quietly and without response while Hammond planned enthusiastically for the future, when Kay would be there and Sapphire Lake a city.

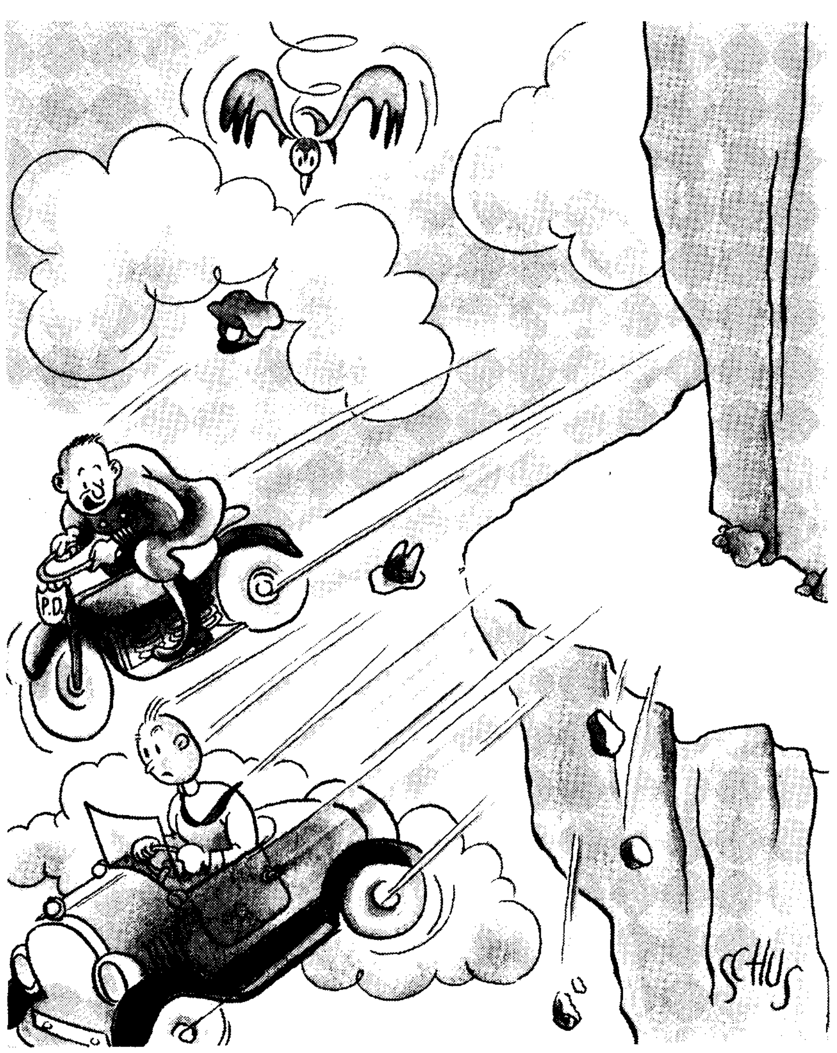
"Joe must be getting old," he said at last, and dropping down the step, hurried through the crisscross of cabins and tents toward the trail which led to the cottage.

After a time, his pace became faster. Dusk had come; the days had not yet reached their summer maximum of almost constant light; he could see the white blaze of a light from the windows of the structure on the hill. It was the glow of an acetylene lamp which, with five gallons of gasoline, he had nursed throughout the grueling journey from Fourcross for just such a night as this. Soon, without realizing it, he had begun to run, at last to swing panting through the door of the cottage. Kay turned from a window and strode toward him with a swinging step which matched her outdoor clothing.

"You old dear!" she exclaimed. "You're all out of breath!"

"I thought I'd better hurry back," Hammond explained buoyantly. "Just to be sure you were really here."

"If your ears rang like mine, you'd know we were here," broke in Mrs. Joyce. "Sitting cooped up in that airplane for I don't know how many hours." She sat cross-legged on one of the two bunklike beds, poking a cigarette into a long, green holder. Somehow she looked older tonight, more angular; a bit hard, Hammond thought. Outdoor clothing did not become her. Kay cut in.



"Oh! A wise guy! Thought I wouldn't follow you, eh?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"CAN you imagine?" she asked as she came close to Jack and, with a maternal manner, straightened his tie. Only her close-fitting jersey imprisoned her full breasts; they touched Hammond's arm, yielding softly to pressure. "We hardly paused all the way here from Vancouver."

Hammond barely heard her; his blood was stinging in his veins.

"Good thing we didn't have to turn back when we got here," growled Timmy from his sprawled position on a rough chair. "We'd have been in a hell of a fix if this lake had been frozen over."

"But it wasn't frozen, thickwit," Kay gibed. She turned from Hammond and leaned over the back of Timmy's chair. She tweaked the pilot's nose. "Always the cheerful little earful! He's had us smashed up a dozen times since we started."

"Well, who wouldn't be careful? Finding a place that hardly exists in a crate like that old boat of mine. A fellow's got to think of his responsibilities."

"How many stops did you make getting here?" Jack asked.

"Only a couple," Kay volunteered. "Once at Stewart Lake for gas and for Timmy to study his maps. Then again at Fourcross."

Jack whistled.

"You moved right along."

Mrs. Joyce regarded her cigarette holder.

"That's what happens when a girl really wants to see a man," she observed calmly. Hammond laughed and could think of nothing to say. Kay crossed the room and dropped into a chair.

"Now that it's over, I'm tired." Then she added: "Couldn't we have dinner served up here?"

"Where do you think you are?" Timmy snapped. "St. Moritz?"

"Well, how did I know? They might have curb service up here—or messengers from the restaurant."

Hammond shook his head.

"Nothing like that. It's a matter of getting it when the cook's willing. I'll have things organized for you in a day or two—I've got a line on a woman who can come here and do the work for you."

"Wonderful," said Mrs. Joyce with her usual lack of expression.

"And in the meanwhile," announced Timmy, "we'll eat at the Quick and Dirty and like it."

"When?" asked Mrs. Joyce.

"We're waiting for Bruce Kenning, Mother."

"As usual; we've waited for him for ten years."

"Yes—Father always said he was the latest thing in mining men."

Hammond laughed louder than anyone at that. Jokes had been few for him in these long weeks of waiting. Timmy squirmed.

"If he don't come pretty soon, I'll eat a shoe," he grouched. "Sitting at that stick all the way from Vancouver—I could swallow wildcat's eyebrows without salt or pepper."

"Here's hoping we can get even that," Jack said somewhat apologetically. "Food's pretty low in camp right now. Nothing but fish and game steaks."

"Only game? Deer and the like?" asked Kay. "Oh, I'd resent that horribly."

"Wait until you've had it for a steady diet and you'll mean that," Hammond laughed. "But maybe with the Stikine opening up for navigation and Timmy's airplane here, we can get in some supplies. How about it, Timmy? How about starting an air line?"

TIMMY MOON looked up with round, boyish eyes.

"What do you think I'm here for?"

"You'll have plenty of business. The minute the word gets around—"

"It ought to be around now," said Mrs. Joyce, poking a new cigarette into her holder. "He told enough people down there at the lake when we landed."

"Did he?" Hammond grinned. "I didn't hear him."

"No wonder." Kay rose and came beside him, where he leaned against the fireplace. She put an arm about his shoulder and toyed with his tie, allowing the back of her soft fingers to touch gently the underside of his chin. "You were so excited. I just love to have you excited about me."

"You're going to be easy to please." He straightened. "Well, I guess we can eat."

Bruce Kenning was coming in the door. After that, the conversation became jumbled; so much to be gone over again, calls for food from Timmy Moon, monosyllabic cut-ins by Mrs. Joyce, questions to be reanswered about the trip. But at last they were down the hill and at the crude doorway of the Slumgullion. For a moment a queer feeling of trepidation shot through Jack Hammond. For the first time, he wondered what Kay would think of these crude surroundings which she would find on every side, the lack of comforts of civilization. But the answer came almost as soon as his mental question. Kay had tipped her blond head and glanced about her at the sloping log building, with its glassless windows of mosquito netting, its faint illumination of two ancient oil lamps, its vague forms, seated at rough tables, dimly discernible through the netted door.

"Isn't it cute!" she exclaimed. "Just like a movie set. Look, Mother, it's simply gorgeous!"

"Gorgeous is hardly the word," came the acidulous rejoinder from the angular Mrs. Joyce.

"Well," Hammond laughed with relief, "at least it's unique. Set this down in the main street of an American city and you'd have a crowd around it in five minutes—" Suddenly he drew back. "Oh, Kay!"

(Continued on page 30)

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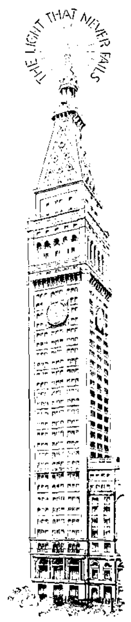
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BEFORE SHAVING | AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING | AFTER SHAVING

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard. Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. The beard is only half-wilted.

COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your razor's work easy.

Boy! Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream sure makes these tough bristles of mine lie down and behave!

Sure does—and the way this small bubble lather softens the beard at the skin-line makes my shaves last hours longer!

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 28

"Yes." She turned from the door.

"Here's someone I'd like you to meet."

Jeanne Towers was approaching, also headed for the restaurant. She hesitated as she noticed the little throng in front of the doorway, but Hammond called her forward.

"Jeanne," he said, "here are my friends from Seattle. Kay, this is Jeanne Towers. Remember, I wrote you about her?"

"Of course." The Seattle girl extended her hand, a long-armed gesture—Jeanne Towers accepted it, hesitantly. They smiled and exchanged greetings; suddenly Jack felt ill at ease, and wondered why Jeanne Towers should be apologizing for her appearance. After all, they were the clothes she always wore. As for Kay, she said nothing but pleasantries which, somehow, seemed unpleasant. Jack Hammond could not understand it. He hurried to the other introductions. Then:

"Won't you join us?" he asked. Jeanne drew back.

"No—no, thanks," she evaded. "I'm just going to have a bite. I've got to get back to the store."

HAMMOND knew it to be a lie. But he managed a joking congratulation on the rush of business and followed the others within, where they crowded on rough benches about a small deal table. Jeanne sought the farthest corner. As a Chinese waiter took their order, Around-the-World Annie came up. Somewhat awkwardly Hammond got to his feet.

"Never mind that stuff," the resort keeper exclaimed. "I don't want to butt in. I wanted to know where I could find the pilot of that airplane."

Timmy Moon grinned.

"I'm it."

Around-the-World Annie raised her diamond-sparkling hand to her bleached hair.

"I know now ain't no time to talk about it," she said, "you at dinner and everything. I just wanted to stick my oar in first. I got a lot of work for you—a guy will see you after a while." Then, flustered by contact with hostile femininity, she walked away.

"What's her name?" asked Timmy Moon.

"Around-the-World Annie," Bruce Kenning volunteered. "She's putting up a big dance hall and bagnio over on the Alaskan side of the line. Hasn't gotten it finished yet; that's why they're all eating over here."

"We would run into that bunch tonight," said Jack in wholehearted discomfort. "I'd hoped to ease Kay into all this stuff rather gradually—"

"Oh, don't be silly," said the girl. "You've got to expect those things in a mining camp."

Hammond beamed.

"You'll do, all right!"

"Of course she'll do." Mrs. Joyce reached for her green holder. "Kay's no prude!"

"Certainly not. Besides, I think all this is simply gorgeous. Then, when I've found my claim and filed it or whatever you do—"

"As if you'd have to hunt a claim," Timmy broke in. "Jack wrote you he'd laid aside one for you."

"Is it rich?" the girl asked. "With gold nuggets sticking out everywhere?"

Hammond fenced laughingly.

"Well, I can't say that. None of them are really rich. My partner was saying today that we'd do well if we got fifty thousand out of our first claims."

Kay gasped.

"Only fifty thousand?"

"That's just one claim," Kenning interrupted. "Wait until they get into the real stuff."

"Where is it?" Mrs. Joyce had become interested. Hammond shrugged his shoulders.

"I wish we knew. We've an idea—but—"

"What you need," Kay interrupted, "is a good geologist to help you find it. That's what Father always said—never go into a mining deal without having a geologist to tell you where to go."

Hammond toyed with his tinny fork.

"I wish we could do a little consulting," he said seriously.

"Well," Kay flipped her hand toward Kenning, "there's your consultant."

Kenning laughed and called for her to soft-pedal the press agentry. Hammond remained serious.

"My partner's one of these old-fashioned fellows who doesn't believe in science."

"Mackenzie Joe, you know," Kenning supplied. "Been up in this country most of his life."

"But don't people get queer—staying away from civilization all the time?" Kay asked.

"Bushed, we call it," Hammond explained.

"Well, it amounts to the same thing." She laughed. "I know what I'd do if I needed advice. I just wouldn't say anything to him about it."

Kenning covered the situation with a laugh.

"That's a woman's viewpoint for you."

"Women are right sometimes," Mrs. Joyce added. Timmy fussed with his knife and fork.

"Wish that Yellow Peril would bring on the steak. I'm going to eat the tablecloth in a minute."

"It'll be along," Hammond answered, glad of the change of conversation. "I'll try to get hold of that Chinaman—"

He raised his head, looking about the shoddy restaurant, only to pause as the door opened and a young man entered, paused a moment, then started forward at the sight of Hammond's party. He was a man Jack had not seen before, once well built, but now somewhat fallen away, as though his clothing did not fit, or an inactive life had robbed a frame once well filled by the outdoors. The sagginess extended to his features, heavy lines about his mouth, a thickness of the cheeks at each side of his nose. He raised a cigarette to his lips with a jerky movement, then snapped the arm quickly down to his side. Now he hesitated, as if wondering whether or not to interrupt. At last he decided against further approach and turned again to the door.

Hammond saw him glance toward the corner where Jeanne Towers sat, and stiffen as though with surprise. Then he heard a sound from the corner, half gasp, half scream that was smothered almost before it began. For an instant the two stared, as if each were petrified by the other's presence. Then the young man swung out the door, and Jeanne Towers, fighting mightily to pretend unconcern, returned to her meager meal.

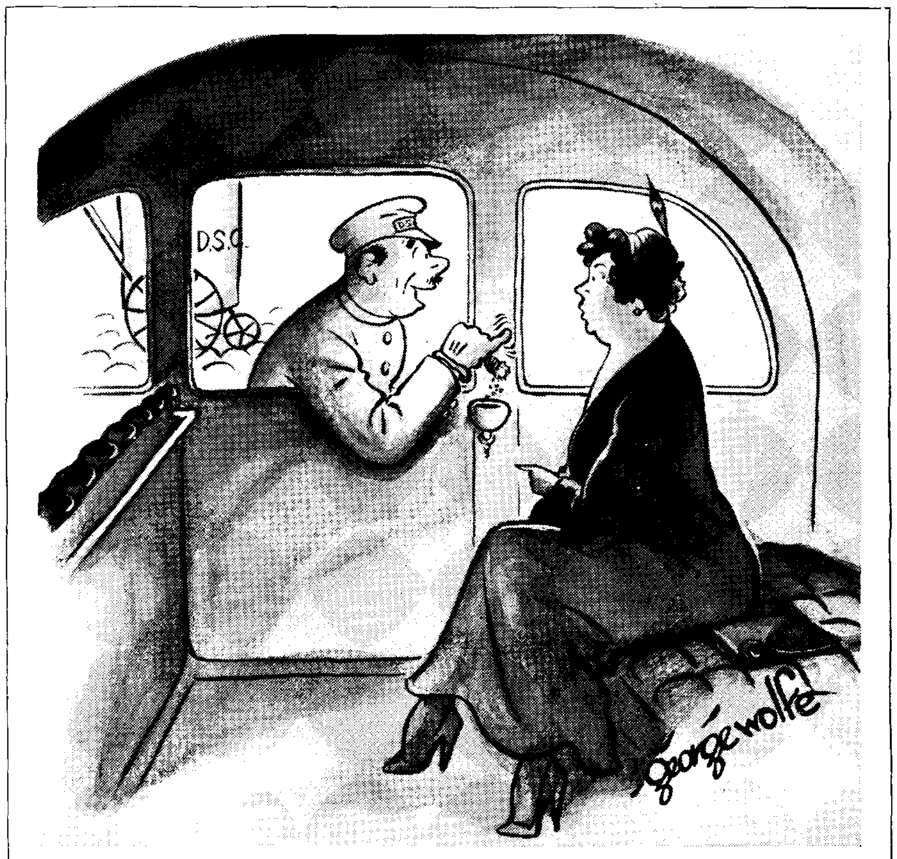
AN HOUR later, Hammond saw the man again. The meal was finished and Jack was strolling through the camp with his guests; Kay had announced a tremendous interest in everything about her; she could not wait until morning, she said.

So now, picking their way along the dark passageways and trails which passed as streets, Hammond had done his best to give a picture of the place, its beginnings, its hopes. At last, tired, they had turned homeward, Timmy Moon lagging somewhat in the rear. Glancing back, Hammond saw the dim form of a man follow the aviator for a few moments—at last halting him. Timmy was late reaching the cottage.

"Where've you been?" asked Kay. The pilot grinned.

"A fellow wanted me to make a trip for him."

(Continued on page 32)



"Do you mind? I don't wish to litter the street" GEORGE WOLFE

GET SET FOR A *Glorious Fourth*

Here's a New Kind of Oil that actually improves operation, saves money

BLUE SKIES . . . wide open road . . . a Holiday. Naturally, you won't be thinking "economy" when you answer this call to go places!

But how would you like to *feel* new life in your car . . . and save money in the bargain?

Today you can do exactly that . . . merely by changing to this new Summer Mobiloil.

This is a different kind of oil . . . because the Clearosol Process removes impurities that have always resisted refining.

It actually "livens up" your car . . . because it contains none of the "waste matter" that deadens your engine.

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In addition, it *keeps your engine more like new.* That's because carbon- and gum-forming ingredients have been removed.

Why not take advantage of refining's latest development? Change to this new Mobiloil today. It's sold at absolutely no advance in price.

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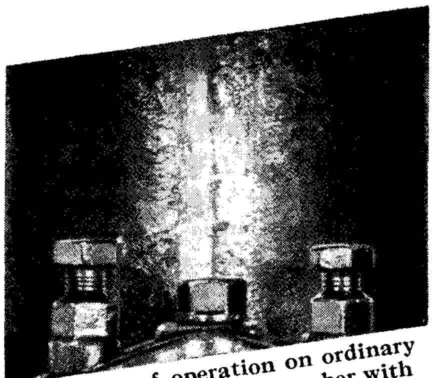
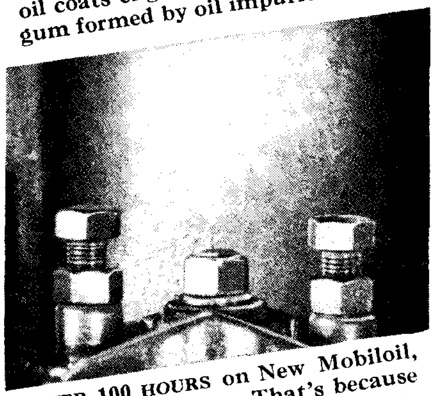


100 HOURS of operation on ordinary oil coats engine valve-chamber with gum formed by oil impurities.



AFTER 100 HOURS on New Mobiloil, engine is still clean. That's because this new oil is practically 100% pure.

New Summer Mobiloil A, AF, BB, B—for all cars—is sold by dealers who display the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

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THE FLYING
RED HORSE

She Was Amazed to Learn—
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
BUT JUST HOW CAN A PERSON'S TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH?
DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES OF THE TEETH AND MOUTH ARE THE MOST COMMON CAUSE, MRS. KENT.
I'LL TAKE HIS ADVICE AND TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. WE'LL SEE HOW ITS PENETRATING FOAM CLEANS BETWEEN THE TEETH!
SO, IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
LOOK, MOTHER! HOW MUCH BRIGHTER COLGATE'S HAS MADE MY TEETH.
YES, DEAR! AND YOUR BREATH IS AS SWEET AS A BABY'S.

Keep your teeth Brighter with Colgate's Dental Cream—and Keep your Breath Sweet, too!

Yes—that's the latest word of authorities on the subject! Most bad breath comes from the same thing that causes dull, dingy teeth—and much tooth decay!

That is—*"half-clean"* teeth! Unremoved food deposits in the crevices between and around the teeth!

Plainly—it is not enough to merely "cover up" such trouble. The safe, sure way to avoid bad breath is *to remove the cause*—by regular, thorough cleansing with Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

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You know, from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing, that your breath is pure, sweet, inoffensive.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. The natural lustre of your teeth is restored. Your teeth look cleaner, brighter by the time you have used a single tube.

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath. Every tube is guaranteed as described below. Get a tube today!

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20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 30

"That man who came into the Slumgullion?" Hammond asked. Timmy nodded. Kay Joyce shrugged her shoulders.

"He's only been in this place three hours and already—"

"Well, can I help it if I've got the only airplane in the North?"

"Better work fast," said Bruce Kenning as he rose to go. "You'll have plenty of competition in a week or two."

The geologist said his good nights and departed. Hammond lingered. He hungered for Kay, to be alone with her. Timmy Moon dragged out a pencil and began to figure on a scrap of paper.

"How far is it from here to Wrangell?"

"To where?" Kay was yawning.

"Wrangell, Alaska," Jack supplied. "It's about a hundred miles, air line."

"That's okay," said Timmy. "Fifty cents a mile; a hundred bucks for the round trip. Say," he queried, "there's a part of this lake that dips over on the Alaskan side of the line, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"Mind pointing it out to me?"

"Now?" asked Hammond.

"Sure. I'll be making an early getaway in the morning. Let's go outside."

"Well," said Kay with another yawn, "if there's anything to see, let's take a look at it. Come on, Mother."

Mrs. Joyce laid aside her green cigarette holder and with that queer, coldly acquiescent mood which seemed a part of her, joined the rest of the group on the tiny veranda. The moon had risen, shimmering the great expanse of Sapphire Lake, lying now like an irregular plate of silver between rugged mounds of black velvet.

"It's an inlet, over there to the right," Hammond said. "Land on that and you'll be safe."

"Safe?" broke in Kay with a little laugh. "From whom?"

"The Mounties. This is a booze trip, isn't it?"

Kay faced the aviator.

"Timmy! You haven't gone in for bootlegging already?"

The tone was jesting, but Timmy was tired.

"It isn't against the law to bring liquor from American territory to American territory. I'm not sneaking anything into Canada."

"Who's this fellow who hired you?" Hammond asked. Curiosity pulled hard at him; he was sure it was the man who had frightened Jeanne Towers. Timmy rubbed his round face.

"Damned if I know. He said his name was Lew Snade. I think he works for Around-the-World Annie."

Kay laughed, somewhat harshly.

"So that's what becomes of our darling Timmy. He comes into the new, unfettered North and immediately becomes a bootlegger for a brothel-keeper."

It was badly timed. Timmy Moon's nerves were raw from a long session at the stick.

"Well, at least I'm honest about it. I'm not being a damned pretender!"

"Why, Timmy," asked Kay with an air of amazement. "Who's pretending?"

"We've all been pretending," said Timmy Moon. Jack caught the scent of liquor on his breath; evidently Lew Snade, whoever he was, had been generous. "And I'm sick of it. We're up here and let's be honest as to why we're here."

"Timmy!" In the reflected light of the doorway, Hammond saw that the girl's face had gone white; there was rage in her eyes. The aviator did not notice.

"Don't Timmy me!" he exclaimed. "We're all broke and we might as well say we're broke and be done with it!"

"Perhaps you'd better go to bed," said Mrs. Joyce icily.

"I think that's a good idea." Hammond took him by the arm. "Come on, Timmy—"

"Oh, all right." The round little pilot was grinning again. "I didn't mean to start any fireworks."

Hammond pulled him off the veranda and with an effort at a joking good night to the two women, led him down the trail.

"Sorry I can't put you up in my cabin," he apologized when they were well along toward town. "But we've only got two bunks there."

"Oh, I couldn't go anyway. I've got to get out too early." Timmy rubbed his hands over his face. "Wow, how a couple of shots can hit a fellow when he's tired."

"You rather spoke out of turn up there at the house," the miner suggested.

Timmy raised his head, pulling hard for air.

"Yeh, I guess I did," he confessed. "Kay will hate me for that. They've been trying to keep it dark that they haven't got a cent. But everybody in Seattle knows it."

"That's no reason you should blurt it out the minute they get up here."

"No, I guess not. But what's the sense in trying to put up a front? Pretending to come up here for a sort of a picnic."

"But I invited them. If you weren't too full of champagne to remember—that night in the Crystal Castle—you said that as soon as your plane got out of the repair shop, you'd bring 'em."

"Yeh, I remember. What I meant was that I'd come as soon as I could raise the money to get that old crate out of hock. Look here!" he exclaimed, "I'm broke. Would I be hauling liquor for a honky-tonk owner if I wasn't? The big break in '29 knocked me flat, and then three more years came along and kicked me in the face. The Joyces aren't any better off. If it wasn't for the money that Bruce Kenning slips them, they wouldn't have a thin dime."

Hammond gasped.

"But they've always been the rich people of Seattle!"

"Yeh, with their heads in the air. But they can't hold 'em up any longer down there—that's why they were so glad to get out."

A certain grimness came into Hammond's features.

"Kay doesn't need to worry."

"Sure, not with you."

"Then let's drop the subject," the miner said quietly. "Besides, here's your flop joint."

Timmy Moon hiccoughed.

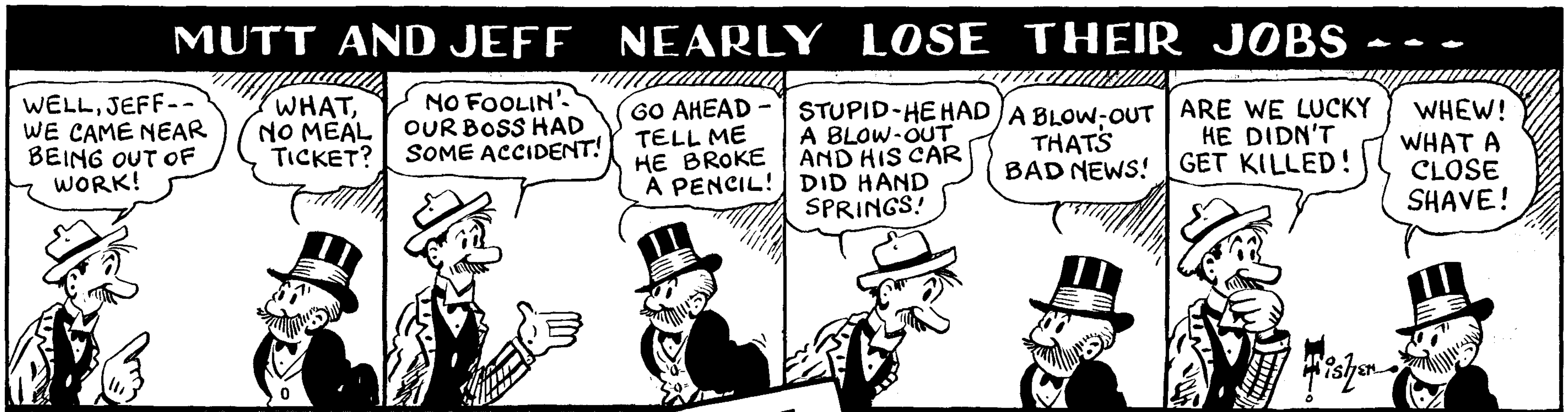
"God!" he exclaimed, looking at the outlines of the log cabin bed-house, with its bear-tallow candle flickering behind a mosquito net window. "That booze must have been nitroglycerin."

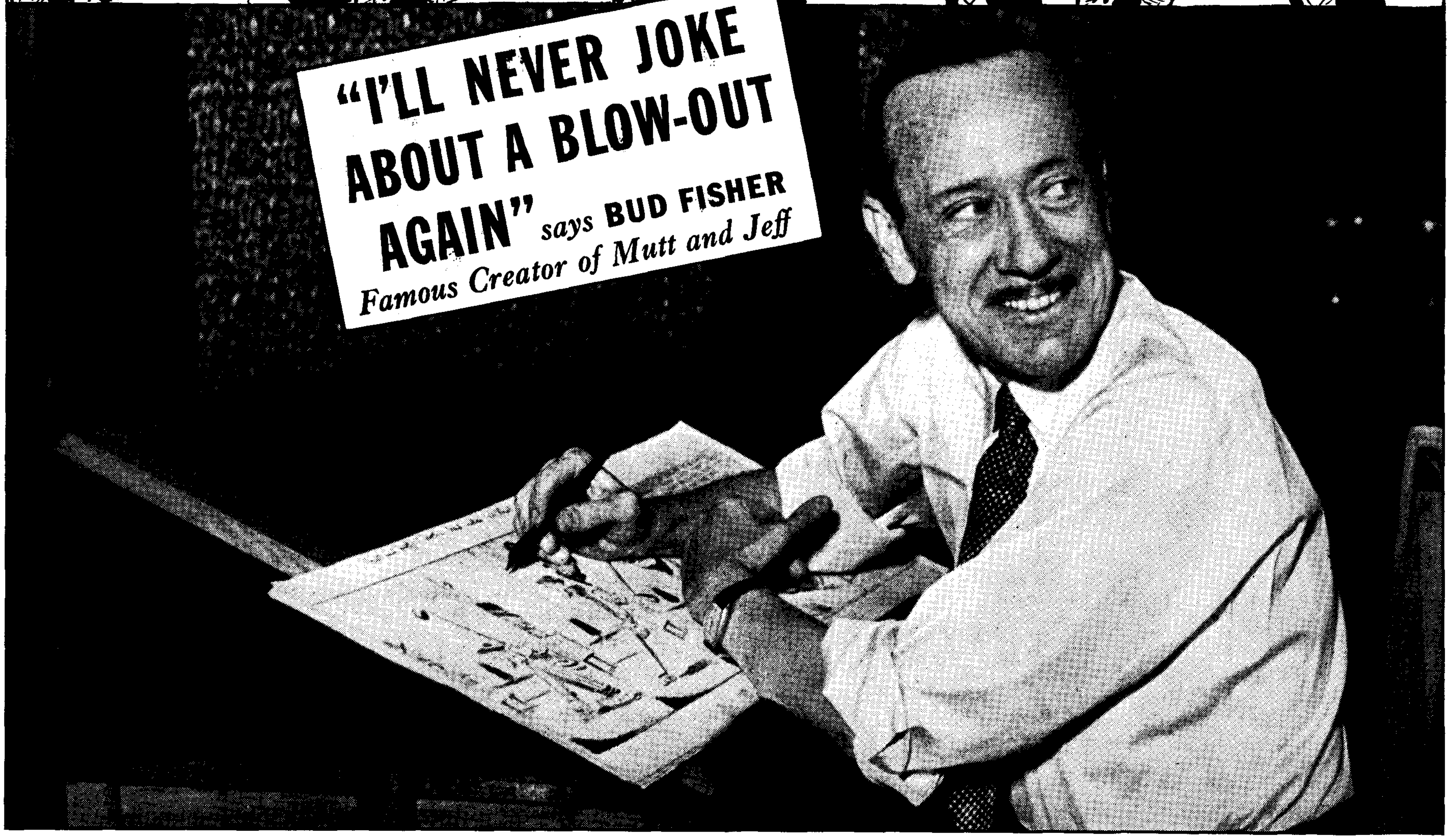
Hammond slapped him on the shoulder.

"Get to bed, Timmy," he commanded. "You've had a long day."

Then lonely, puzzled, a bit depressed, he went onward toward his dark cabin where snored Mackenzie Joe. This night of nights had not turned out at all the way he had hoped it would.

(To be continued next week)


MUTT AND JEFF NEARLY LOSE THEIR JOBS---
WELL, JEFF-- WE CAME NEAR BEING OUT OF WORK!
WHAT, NO MEAL TICKET?
NO FOOLIN'. OUR BOSS HAD SOME ACCIDENT!
GO AHEAD - TELL ME HE BROKE A PENCIL!
STUPID-HE HAD A BLOW-OUT AND HIS CAR DID HAND SPRINGS!
A BLOW-OUT THAT'S BAD NEWS!
ARE WE LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET KILLED!
WHEW! WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE!
Fisher


"I'LL NEVER JOKE ABOUT A BLOW-OUT AGAIN" says BUD FISHER
Famous Creator of Mutt and Jeff

PLAY SAFE WITH SILVERTOWNS!

A CARTOON of a motorist having a blow-out can be very funny. But actually having one yourself is something you can't laugh off. Read what BUD FISHER, celebrated humorist, has to say about the seriousness of a blow-out.

"Many a time I've joked about a blow-out, but never again after the close shave I had. On the way to Saratoga for the races, my car was completely overturned due to a blow-out. While the chauffeur and my guest were fortunately thrown clear of the car, I had the misfortune of being pinned underneath, resulting in the breaking of a number of ribs, and other severe body injuries. I was compelled to spend several months in the hospital, during which I had plenty of time to think of how important a part tires play in the safety of motoring. Believe me, I'm not taking any more chances. I've equipped my car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

Do you wonder why thousands of motorists all over the country are taking off old-style tires and putting GOODRICH Silvertowns on their cars? They know the danger—they're playing safe.

What causes blow-outs

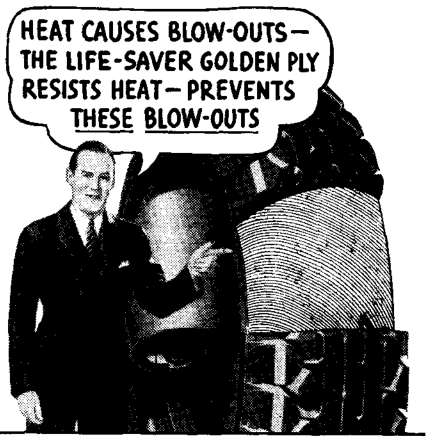
Don't forget—at today's high speeds of 40, 50 or 60, the *inside* of the tire gets as hot as boiling water. Sooner or later, this internal heat must escape. And escape it does. First a blister forms between the separated rubber and the fabric—inside the tire where you can't see it. This blister grows bigger—Bigger—BIGGER, until eventually, BANG! A blow-out! You can't steer! You can't stop! You're headed for plenty of trouble!

To protect you from this danger—to give you a *safer* tire—GOODRICH engineers invented the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply with a specially treated, secret compound which resists internal heat and prevents these treacherous, high-speed blow-outs from even getting a start.

And these big husky-cleated Goodrich Silvertowns keep your car "straight-in-line" on wet slippery roads and give you months of extra "trouble-free" mileage.

No extra cost

In spite of the fact that Silvertowns are the *only* tires in the world that give you Golden Ply blow-out protection—*they cost not a penny more than other standard tires.* Life is too sweet to take chances. Equip your car with GOODRICH Safety Silvertowns and keep danger a stranger.


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 524, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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CHOP 'EM!
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AMAZING
New
Cover Felt
MAKES THIS NEW
TENNIS BALL LAST
3 TIMES LONGER!
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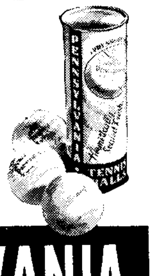
NEVER before in all our history as one of the world's largest manufacturers of tennis balls—a ball like this! A new cover felt is the reason. Makes the ball last three times longer! Gives you three times more tennis! Reduces your season's ball costs by two-thirds. Yes, that new felt does all that!

But that's not all! There's "silver sealing," a special coating which prevents diffusion of nitrogen through the rubber. And a host of other special features which make the Pennsylvania "Pressure-Packed" Tennis Ball the most desirable to play—for accuracy, resilience and uniformity in weight and bounce. Naturally the U.S.L.T.A. approves it for championship play—it's the outstanding ball.



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TENNIS BALLS

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.

General Offices and Factories: Jeannette, Pa.

Manufacturers of the famous Pennsylvania Automotive and Bicycle Tires

Center Court

Continued from page 22

carrying a bunch of papers in his hand hurries through the crowded room. "Borotra and Yamagishi on Court 4. Anyone seen Borotra . . . ?"

There's commotion at the door and a figure in a polo coat carrying a suitcase and an armful of rackets tumbles into the room. "Here I am . . . ready in a minute . . ." His arrival is greeted with cheers and wisecracks. Everyone knows the popular Frenchman. He left Paris at eleven and flew across the Channel to be on time for his match. See that black-haired figure stretched out on the table getting a rub-down before going into action? Notice the muscles of his back and shoulders, the pink skin of the well-trained athlete. That man will take lots of beating. Yes, he won here last year; he is Fred Perry, mainstay of England's cup defense. How are you feeling, Fred? In good shape?

Another World Court

He looks up. "Yep, I'm fit enough. I have to be. . . ." He nods across the room where Wilmer Allison is talking to John Van Ryn, his doubles partner. "I beat those chaps on condition. I lick 'em in the fifth set." So he does, too.

And what's Allison saying? Just a word of advice to his teammate before taking court. "Only one way to beat Perry, you gotta attack. Make him run. Volley him. No good playing him from the baseline." Van Ryn nods nervously; indeed, an air of nervousness pervades the entire room. But this air does not communicate itself to a pair of Japs quietly getting dressed in a corner by themselves.

Imagine the variety of temperaments and mentalities, the contrast of methods of play seen here at Wimbledon. From the impassive Japs who meet those two impostors Triumph and Disaster with no sign of joy or sorrow, down to the French and Italians who give rein to their feelings, toss their heads and embrace their opponents when victorious, every one is interesting to watch. And all react in a different way to the center court. Borotra, who is the darling of the crowd and knows it, invariably tries to entertain them. He laughs and jokes in action, dashes to the side for an angled volley, tumbles, rolls over and falls into the lap of a spectator. Usually a pretty girl.

On the other hand, his dour teammate, Lacoste, sees nothing but the ball. "Once when playing at Wimbledon I noticed my opponent had turned his back. Lifting my eyes I saw the King and Queen had entered. Concentrated on my match, I had not noticed their arrival, nor that fifteen thousand persons had risen in their seats." In much the same way Mrs. Helen Wills Moody's concentration is so intense that once she heard the umpire calling the final point without realizing she had won the match!

A few years ago at Wimbledon, Gregory Mangin of Newark was facing a leading English star, with things very much against him. The Britisher needed but a point for the set, when the King and Queen chose that moment to enter. Perhaps his opponent's concentration suffered, or perhaps the ceremony irked Greg's republican spirit. Or perhaps both. Anyway when play was resumed there was fire in the American's eye. He leaned into the first ball, hit it on the nose, won the point outright, the next point, took the set and was ahead from then on.

Naturally the King comes as a private citizen without any fuss except the greeting from the crowd. The Duke and Duchess of York are great fans also, and the Duke played at Wimbledon several years ago. Lady Asquith is always present this week; so, too, is ex-King Alfonso of Spain, while various Indian rajahs in silks and turbans, King Faisal of Iraq and visiting eastern potentates add color to the scene. The Bishop of London never misses Wimbledon; Mr. Robert Bingham, the American ambassador, is usually present; so are the French and German envoys to the Court of St. James. Ex-King Manuel of Portugal was a tennis nut. His place was always reserved in the Royal Box. One afternoon it was empty. He had died of a septic throat while en route to the grounds that morning.

The surface of the Wimbledon courts is grass, generally considered by experts as the best turf in the world. "I'd rather play on the center court at Wimbledon than any other grass court," says Mrs. Moody, who this year is attempting to regain for America her relinquished laurels. "The turf is smooth and firm, the grass clipped so short that it is as fast as a hard court." Of course good grass is the ideal surface for fast tennis but some players whose game is more adapted to dirt do not enjoy it so much. Bitsy Grant, Frank Parker, von Cramm of Germany and most of the continentals are dirt-court players. On the other hand, Miss Helen Jacobs, Tilden, Miss Dorothy Round of England, Wood, Allison, Crawford, Perry and Austin all prefer grass.

There are three things which make Wimbledon unique: the place itself, the players and the crowd. Perhaps the crowd is the most astonishing. Can you imagine a mob of several hundred to several thousand persons waiting in line all night to get into a tennis tournament in this country? No, but that's what happens each June at Wimbledon. 1,200 standing places and 1,200 low-priced seats around the center court are put on sale to first-comers each noon.

As a rule several thousand applicants wait for them, and failing to get into the stadium itself, buy an admission to the grounds where they can wander around the twenty outer courts. On the afternoon of the finals there will be 30,000 spectators in the enclosure, those unable to get into the center court watching the match from the promenade outside by looking at the electric scoreboard and echoing the cheers from within.

All Through the Night

The line that waits all night for low-priced seats is called the "Wimbledon queue." One June night I sat up in the queue to see what it was like. The boy beside me was an Indian from Calcutta, studying medicine at Guy's, a famous London hospital; the girl behind was the daughter of a woman who kept a boarding house in Kensington. I rented a camp stool and was very comfortable. Nearly everyone had books, newspapers or magazines and a small cooking stove to make tea. Meanwhile entertainment was furnished hour after hour by a group of itinerants who wandered up and down the line singing, dancing and doing stunts.

Early in the day a quiet, mouselike man edged up to the line. He was a speculator, and if you like will buy your place for several dollars. Or if you get a seat, he'll buy that at ten times what it cost you. These seats around the center court, unlike the expensive ones, are uncovered; you'll be drowned if it rains and baked alive if the sun shines, in fact on hot days half a dozen women are dragged out fainting from the mob about the court. Yet these places sell. In fact so great is the demand that the speculator can easily get rid of them at $20 apiece. They cost you eight shillings, or two dollars.

On the stroke of four, the crowd jammed in about the center court rises. This is not, however, the seventh-inning stretch. No, they're going out to tea. The match may be only half over, it may be at the critical stage, but to an Englishman tea is tea.

Return of the Pendulum

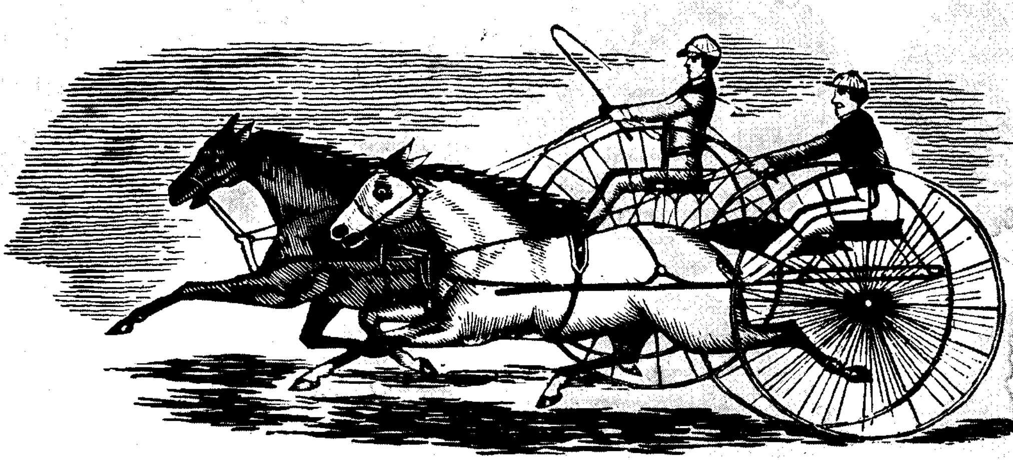
The crowd is amusing; but, after all, it's the players who make Wimbledon. And the universal opinion of those who have watched all Wimbledons since the turn of the century is that one man stands out, a super-champion among a host of champions. That man is Tilden. He won the title in 1920, and ten years later at the age of thirty-eight came back to snatch it from a younger field. One of the most spectacular finishes I ever saw to a match took place when Tilden was playing Lacoste at Wimbledon in one of his losing years. The Frenchman finally reached match point only to have Tilden take it away. The crowd went wild, for the American was a great favorite.

Again France reached match point, again the veteran turned back the youngster. Once more Lacoste needed only a point for victory. There was an interminable rally, both men working into the net. With a desperate jump Lacoste reached the ball and volleyed it crisply at Tilden's feet. Miraculously the American scooped it back, catching Lacoste off balance. However, the Frenchman managed to hold his racket firm with both hands, the ball struck it, whizzed past Tilden as Lacoste fell over flat on his back. The winning point!

This week at Wimbledon all the best players of every nation are competing for the championships. Our team consists of the men who will later fight it out on these same courts for the Davis Cup matches in July, with Sidney B. Wood of New York, Wilmer Allison of Austin, Texas, John Van Ryn of Philadelphia, Donald Budge and Gene Mako of California. In the second week of July comes the Interzone Final of the Davis Cup with the United States against the winner of the European Zone, probably Australia, on the center court at Wimbledon. The victor meets England, holder of the trophy, a week later in the Challenge Round.

Who will win? A very even thing, I imagine. No, says Fred Perry, it's all England. Maybe so . . . but here's where I get out on a limb, a nice long hickory limb, and cross the champion. For if the history of tennis teaches one thing, it is that no nation can hold the Davis Cup for long. Australia took it from us before the war. We recaptured it with the two Bills, Tilden and Johnston, in 1920. France won it from us in 1927. England has had it since 1932.

The pendulum has therefore swung back to the land of the game's birth. Thanks to their two stars, Austin and Perry, England now holds the cup. But there are coming stars in other lands, youngsters in Australia and the United States who are forging ahead fast. Is this the year for the Davis Cup to change hands again, to journey across the seas to Melbourne or New York? It looks very much like it to me.



The Whiskey Rebellion

Many folk think
The whiskey rebellion
Happened way back
Before high-wheeled sulkies
And low settees

Truth is, however,
It's happening now

Octogenarians
Who've growled over toddies
What kept 'em awake....

Sexagenarians
Who've kicked about cocktails
That put 'em asleep....

Quadrigenarians
Who've dreamed about tipples
That tickle the taste....

All these rebels
Are turning away
From the new and unknown
To the good old names

One of the oldest
And proudest
Of these good names
Is Old Overholt rye
Born: 1810

It's bottled in bond
4 years in cask
And as mellow
And savory
And silken a sup
As you ever sipped

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A. Overholt & Co.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

BOTTLED IN BOND

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

THIS EMBLEM MARKS [illegible]

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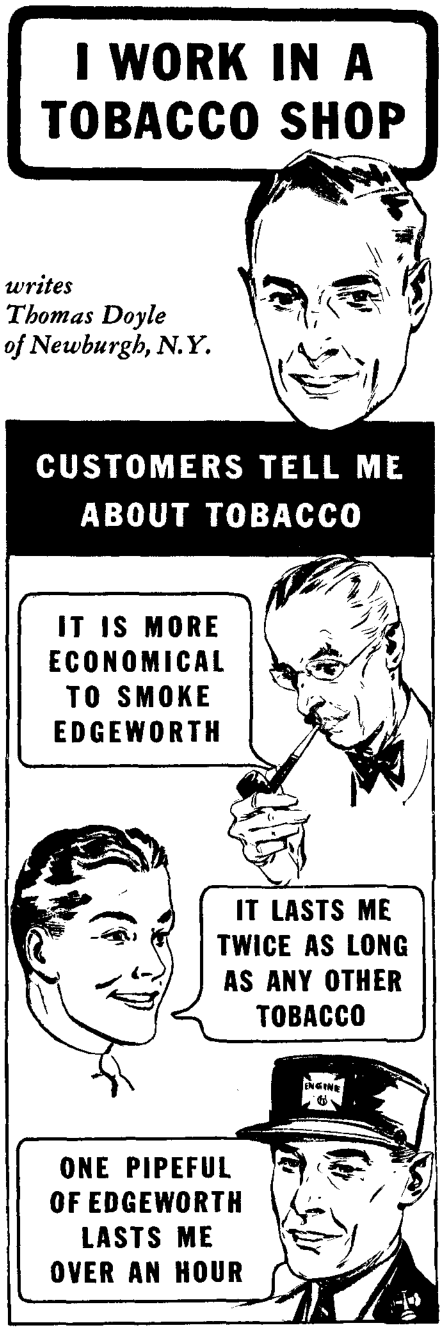

I WORK IN A TOBACCO SHOP
writes Thomas Doyle of Newburgh, N.Y.
CUSTOMERS TELL ME ABOUT TOBACCO
IT IS MORE ECONOMICAL TO SMOKE EDGEWORTH
IT LASTS ME TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER TOBACCO
ONE PIPEFUL OF EDGEWORTH LASTS ME OVER AN HOUR
ENGINE

THE long burning of Edgeworth is not an accident. If any other tobacco were made of such top-quality leaves, cured, aged and manufactured just as Edgeworth is—it would burn as long. But it still might not have Edgeworth's perfect mildness and rich tobacco flavor. We feel sure that this unique, and ideal, combination is the chief reason so many discriminating men smoke Edgeworth. Buy a 15¢ tin for your pipe today. Here is Mr. Doyle's letter:

January 17, 1935
285 Dupont Avenue
Newburgh, New York

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I work in a store where they sell a large variety of smoking tobaccos.

During the last few months I have noticed that our sales of Edgeworth Tobacco have increased. On several occasions I have taken the liberty to ask some of our customers why they have changed to Edgeworth.

They all seem to agree that it is far more economical to smoke Edgeworth, for one pipeful will last them double the time of any other brand of smoking tobacco.

One of our customers has told me that a pipeful of Edgeworth will last him one hour and twenty minutes.

It is not any practice of mine to praise any one kind of tobacco, but I believe that you will be interested to know these facts.

Yours very truly,
Thomas Doyle

Perfect Alibi

Continued from page 24

"Boy, that's a lot of dough! But a guy can get rid of plenty if he gets to shooting it on them gee-gees."

"Well," I said when we were on the street again, "I know who Clovel is now. I remember when he mentioned Bieren that I had seen their names in the papers. They are rather well-known bridge players and have played as partners in a lot of tournaments. O'Malley, this was suicide."

"You're a smarter guy than me if you got it figured out from what those people told us."

"I don't have to figure it; it figures itself. Why did they ever think it wasn't?"

"Not much reason. The medical office thought it didn't look just right. A guy that shoots himself generally falls on his back; Ellanson was on his face. There was powder around the wound, but they thought not enough of it; and a guy that bumps himself off looks peaceful but Ellanson looked worried."

The next evening he dropped in to see me.

"You know anything about that card game, bridge?" he asked.

"I'm no good at it," I said, "but I sometimes play it."

"I never even seen the game. They don't play it in police stations. I'd like to see it, and this is Thursday and they'd ought to be playing it at Bieren's."

"No doubt," I agreed, "but a good reason for our not going there is that we're not invited."

"A cop figures he's always invited."

WE WENT, in spite of my hesitation. Bieren's place was on the East Side. There were about a dozen people there and they were amused when we explained why we had come. The apartment was elaborate and Bieren was hospitable. They had two tables. Some of them explained the game to O'Malley and we sat and watched the play.

"You got a swell place here," O'Malley said to Bieren finally.

"It's good enough," Bieren replied. He was plainly proud of the apartment. "Like to see it?"

He gave his hand to someone else to play and showed us the place. We admired it to his satisfaction and then returned to watch the card game.

"It's too slow a game," O'Malley told me in a whisper.

"That depends on the players," I whispered back. "It's slow sometimes. A player has been known to consider his hand for half an hour before starting to play it."

"I'd want a game that's got more action to it. Look at that Bieren sit there and look at his hand and not do nothing!"

"He's thinking. Bieren has the name of being a slow player and the game requires a lot of thought."

"Probably that's why us cops don't play it."

"You're not fooling me at all," I whispered derisively. "You didn't come here to see the game. The same people are here tonight who were here the night Ellanson killed himself, and you came to look them over."

"You're smart."

We waited until the party broke up. We said good night to Bieren and went down with the others to the sidewalk. O'Malley took Clovel's arm.

"We'll walk along with you," he stated. "Let's go this way."

He glanced at his watch. Then, after we had walked for a time, he said: "It's a slow game. Sometimes the guy that ain't playing watches to see how his partner plays a hand; sometimes he goes and sees what's doing at the other table; sometimes he maybe goes out into the kitchen and stirs himself a drink, or he might go and do something else. He might commit a murder. Well, here we are."

He looked at his watch again and I saw with surprise that we were in front of Ellanson's apartment.

"Good Lord!" I said, astonished; but I stopped, gazing at Clovel. He was staring at O'Malley palely and I thought he was about to faint.

"You'll come along with us," O'Malley informed him.

"Yes," Clovel stuttered. "Yes. I would be glad of a chance to change my clothes."

"Well, I don't see no reason for not letting you do that."

WE TOOK a cab to go to Clovel's home. Clovel sat in the middle. He was bent forward, with his face buried in his hands, and I felt him shudder. When the cab stopped, he fell forward from the seat, and O'Malley cried out and turned him over, and I ran to the nearest drug store to phone the station house and get an ambulance. But when I came back I saw we did not need a doctor. O'Malley was standing by the cab with some white pellets in his hand which he had taken out of Clovel's pocket.

"They'd ought to send me back to grade school," he said disgustedly. "I sit beside a guy while he knocks himself off and I don't even know it till it's too late to do anything. I'm a swell cop!"

We waited till the police came and the ambulance.

"Well, O'Malley," I said, "suicide is confession, so Clovel killed Ellanson. Was it because of Miss Norring?"

"You're a dumb guy. She didn't have nothing to do with it."

"Was it because of Ellanson's shortage?"

"Ellanson didn't have no shortage. It looks like he found the books was wrong, but didn't know just how or what, and he spoke to Clovel about it. I figure Clovel said he didn't know nothing either, but not to tell anyone else till he'd looked into it, and he'd come around to Ellanson's that night and tell him what he'd found. So Ellanson couldn't object to that; he owed his job to Clovel. Well, Clovel dropped in all right. He brought the gun out of Ellanson's desk with him and he knocked Ellanson off and he left the gun there."

"I see. He thought he could put the whole thing off on Ellanson."

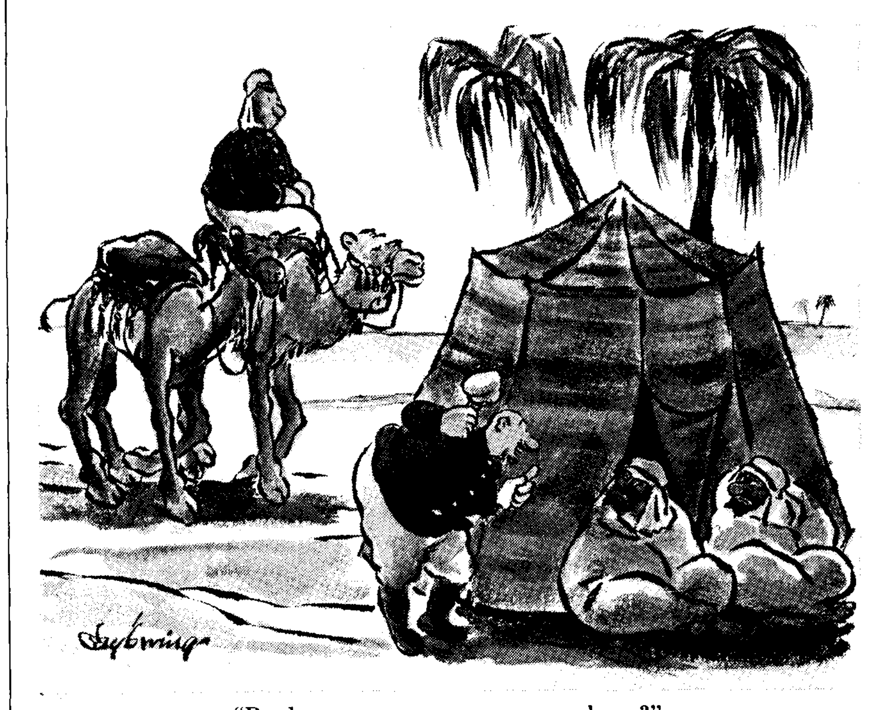
"Right. I thought it might be like that when Miss Norring said Ellanson couldn't see her that night. That looked like he had an appointment with someone else. If anybody had come to his place it was someone he knew, because he let them in and they left the door unlocked afterward. But I couldn't figure how Clovel could be the one, because he had a dozen people that could swear an alibi. So then we went and seen the bridge game.

"You seen how Bieren's apartment was—a couple of rooms in front, and then some bedrooms and some bathrooms, and then in back a kitchen and another bathroom; and there was a kitchen door to the stairs that went down to a court; and Ellanson's room wasn't very far away. So then I seen how Clovel had done it. He'd played bridge many times with Bieren for a partner, and he knew Bieren was a slow player, and he must have known what kind of hand would take Bieren a long while to play. So when he got that kind of hand, he put it down and went out into the kitchen and run down them stairs into the court, and run around to Ellanson's, and bumped him off, and come back when Bieren was finishing playing the hand.

"All them people had been watching the cards and thinking about nothing except them, and they didn't have no idea Clovel had been out of the place. What burns me up is I got to report to headquarters I let the guy knock himself off while I was sitting beside him in the cab."

"YOU couldn't have prevented it," I consoled him, "and perhaps it was the best way for him."

"Say, I'd look pretty at headquarters tellin' 'em it was the best thing for him. I'll tell 'em it was no wonder he done a murder and a suicide; playing that bridge game had drove him nuts."



"Pardon me, may we use your phone?"

JAY IRVING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

JONATHAN GEORGE WASHINGTON TRUMBULL
First "Hartford" Local Agent

A PROMISE THAT HAS BEEN KEPT

IN 1810, one hundred and twenty-five years ago this month, the Hartford Fire Insurance Company was organized under a perpetual charter to sell INDEMNITY—i. e., a promise to pay legitimate claims for loss or damage to property caused by fire.

Something more than money was required for such an undertaking. Character, courage, and honesty of purpose were essential to make such an endeavor successful. Insurance at that time was an almost untried experiment. It was necessary to build up a reputation for reliability and business probity in order to gain and hold public favor.

In December, 1810, JONATHAN G. W. TRUMBULL of Norwich, Conn., a grandson of Connecticut's Revolutionary War Governor, became the first Hartford agent and the first local agent of any insurance company in the State of Connecticut. A man of integrity himself, he had faith in the Hartford's promise. He was willing to offer the protection of Hartford policies, countersigned by himself, to his friends and neighbors. Agent Trumbull made no mistake. Today, after one hundred and twenty-five years, the Hartford's organization contains more than 17,000 agents located in all communities of any size in every State of the Union and in Canada. These agents believe in the soundness of Hartford protection and now sell Hartford insurance covering any property loss however caused against which insurance may be lawfully effected.

The Hartford's great business could never have been built up without a record of performance back of the promises its agents sell. Through five wars, seven panics, and every conflagration this country has known, the Hartford has paid and paid in cash.

Its 125th anniversary finds the Hartford firmly behind its contracts, as it has constantly been since 1810—witness the conflagrations at NEW YORK in 1835, at ST. LOUIS in 1848, at CHICAGO in 1871, at BOSTON in 1872, at BALTIMORE in 1904, at SAN FRANCISCO in 1906.

If you want Hartford nation-wide insurance, or if you are insured in the Hartford and while away from home suffer a loss, call any Western Union office in the United States, or the Canadian National Telegraphs, in Canada, and you will be given the name of the nearest Hartford Agent. If a broker handles your insurance, ask him to procure for you a Hartford policy.

HARTFORD

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • AND THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT and INDEMNITY CO.

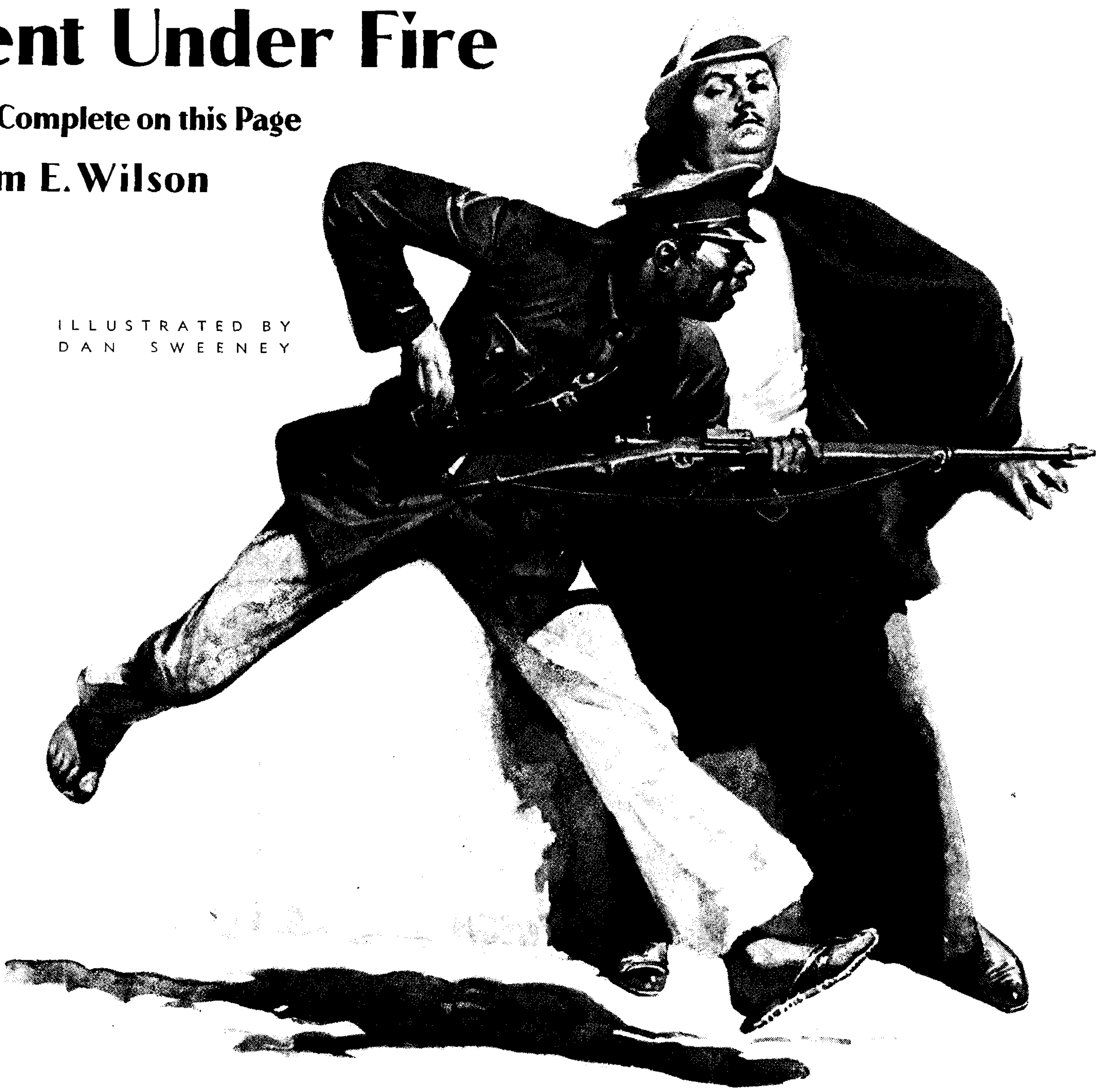
HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

Engagement Under Fire

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By William E. Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



He studied the situation irritably. He was quite late, now

"YOU may be assured of my loyalty and devotion. It was only with the profoundest . . ."

A shrill whistle blew and Hernando Vasquez was thrown forward in the back seat as the sedan reared to an abrupt stop. José, his chauffeur, glanced back at him apologetically.

"Pardón, señor," he said. *"La policía!"*

A young police officer with pomaded hair smiled through a side window of the car.

"We are very sorry, señor," he said, "but it would be unsafe to drive farther. The revolutionaries . . ."

Hernando Vasquez opened the door and stepped down to the sidewalk. The broad stately Avenida stretched ahead of him, deserted save for his automobile and the squad of policemen who stood about it importantly, vainly conscious of their scarlet uniforms, their new Sam Browne belts, their short rifles. Under the double rows of street lamps that swam away in converging lines, the wide expanse of asphalt glistened blue and gold in the night. The scent of jasmine and tuberoses was heavy in the damp, warm, tropical air.

Señor Vasquez glanced at his wrist watch, frowned, then turned to his chauffeur.

"Take the car home, José. I shall walk the rest of the way."

"But, señor. . . ."

"We have orders, señor," said the *jefe* of the police squad. "Nobody is to pass."

"I understand perfectly, *amigo*," Señor Vasquez replied, dropping several coins into the leader's hand. "But it is important."

He bowed politely and set off in the direction the police had forbidden him to take. Behind him, the little group was motionless with amazement, the subordinates staring dumbly at their leader.

"Señor," the leader called after him, "I shall have to fire."

"As you please," Señor Vasquez said quietly and stepped behind a bronze statue while half a dozen rifles cracked softly in the heavy night air and bullets shredded the leaves of palm trees far above his head.

THE ceremony over, he returned to the sidewalk and proceeded up the Avenida. At the next corner he entered a steep narrow side street. The shutters of the houses were closed and there were no street lamps. Picking his way, he mounted precariously over rough cobblestones.

Above him, where the street entered a plaza, a cluster of stars drooped heavily from the deep purple sky. In that direction, too, there were shouts and sporadic firing; but Hernando Vasquez did not hear them. His mind was anxiously preoccupied with the formal speech he was to make that evening.

". . . It was only with the profoundest regard for your welfare and future security that I entered into . . ."

Without warning, a man in tattered white dungarees sidled out of a dark doorway, muttering threats. Instantly a steel blade flashed from under Señor Vasquez's coat and the man sank groaning to the cobblestones, calling out vile names between his pain-clenched teeth. Señor Vasquez slid the dagger back inside his coat and hurried on. He had almost finished memorizing his speech when the man appeared, but now he would have to begin over. The interruption annoyed him.

" . . . assured of my loyalty and devotion. . . ."

In the plaza itself, little groups of men and soldiers deployed among the bronze statues, flamboyáns and date palms before the white façade of a government building. Occasionally shots were fired. From one of the windows of the building a machine gun rattled intermittently, spattering bullets here and there. There were cries of *"Viva la libertad!"* and *"Viva la revolución!"* punctuated by the more terse and effective *"Tirad!"* of an officer of the soldiery. After the volleys that followed these commands to fire, there were sometimes shrieks of pain.

Standing in a shadow at the street corner, Hernando Vasquez studied the situation before him irritably. He was quite late now, and the speech was only half memorized. He would probably be unequal to the occasion that awaited him. Nervously his mind groped for the words.

" . . . with the profoundest regard for your welfare . . ."

A man, running across the street, threw up his hands, staggered forward a few steps, then dropped to the gutter and lay kicking. Two more rushed through a rain of bullets to the center of the plaza, where they tried to hoist a red and green flag to the top of a flagpole. Appearing from nowhere, a half-dozen khaki-uniformed soldiers tore the flag from the men's hands and shot them down point-blank where they stood. This act elicited a shout and a heavy volley from shotguns in a far corner of the square. Several of the soldiers fell. More soldiers and police appeared. The machine gun in the window rattled furiously. Forming ranks, the police and soldiers began to advance upon the dark corner from which the shots had come.

HERNANDO VASQUEZ stepped from the shadow and walked rapidly but with dignity across the plaza behind the scarlet and brown backs of the uniformed men. This was better. He was thinking clearly now. He knew exactly the words he would use.

" . . . The agreement we have reached, although it is superfluous to mention financial matters at this time, is mutually satisfactory. . . ."

A bullet whimpered above his head and struck, with a soft "splat," in the plaster wall of a house, but he did not stop. Turning down another street that was a steep, narrow gorge, like the one from which he had emerged a few minutes before, he left the warfare behind.

Several minutes later he pulled the bell beside a heavy grilled doorway. The lock grated and a servant in livery peered out into the dark street.

"Señor Hernando Vasquez."

The servant admitted him and led him through a cool hallway to a huge, brilliantly lighted room, high-ceilinged, formal, richly tapestried. Lost in the center of the room, sitting in stiff high-backed chairs under an enormous crystal chandelier, were two women. Señor Vasquez advanced to the older of the women, who stirred slightly within her thick folds of black lace and extended a thin, yellow hand to be kissed.

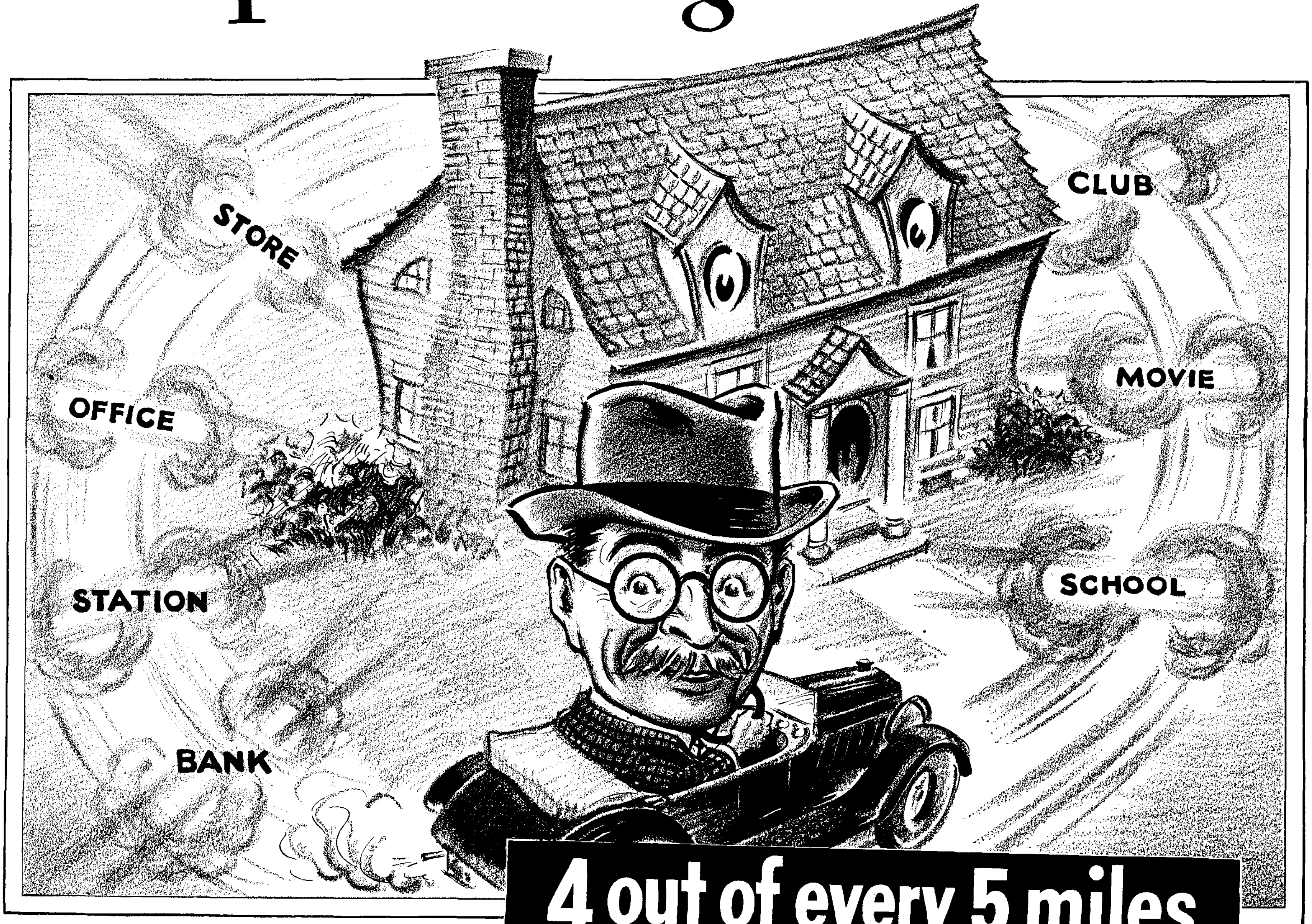
His respects paid to the aunt, he turned to the niece who sat beside her. She was erect, dark-eyed, lovely. Her delicate white hands lay calmly in her lap, caressing the soft crimson fringe of her shawl. As she lifted her head to greet him, a score of rubies in the comb that ornamented her blue-black hair caught the light.

"You are late," she said. Her voice was cold, imperious.

"A thousand pardons, Señorita Dorotea," he murmured. "There was a disturbance in the street."

He took the high-backed chair opposite the two women; and, as he did so, he noticed that his white vest was stained with little drops of blood from the dagger inside his coat. Hastily folding his arms to conceal the indecorous stains, he began his precise formal speech, respectfully informing the young woman that her father had given permission to ask her hand in marriage.

80¢ of your gasoline dollar is spent *driving 'round home*



4 out of every 5 miles you drive *are stop-and-go*

Today's short trips waste your money—unless your gasoline has these 3 kinds of power . . .

ONE short run from a "cold" start can use up a "mile" of gasoline, and rapid accelerating can use 33% more gasoline than steady running.

And so today's "short hop" driving—the trips within 25 miles of your doorstep—costs entirely too much money—unless your gasoline has not merely one . . . or two . . . but THREE different kinds of power.

For economy, your gasoline must combine power for QUICK STARTING . . . power for HARD PULLING . . . power for STEADY RUNNING . . . and must combine all three in *perfect balance!*

Super-Shell is the FIRST truly balanced gasoline. With its 3 kinds of power, Super-Shell cuts your driving costs in 3 important WAYS:

STARTING—With its even volatility, Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start.

SHIFTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of hard pulling, or rapid accelerating, or on hills.

RUNNING—With its abundant heat units, it can save up to a cupful in every hour of steady running, motorists report.

Super-Shell is on sale at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast. Start saving money with it TODAY!

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

Tourist Heaven

Continued from page 16

on your car, sneak up on a native fly-drowner, and admire his skill audibly. You'll get a mess of Dolly Vardens, like as not, in return for that one about Huey Long and Mae West.

Western food is plain and hearty, regarded locally as fuel rather than something to have the twits about. There's good smörgåsbord in the Scandinavian cities of the Pacific Northwest if you feel equal to twenty-seven varieties of hors d'œuvre at one gulp. Chinese, Japanese and Italian food is good, too, if you're a bit nonchalant about hot dogs and hamburger from Ye Highway Hotte Dogge Shoppes.

Show Those Plates!

If you drive much in the West you'll have to drive mountain roads. They're a lot better than they used to be. Most of the hairpin turns are out and nearly all the one-way tracks have been widened. There are good hard-surfaced highways over the Rockies, Sierras, Blue Mountains, the Mission Range and the Cascades. The natives take 'em at fifty miles an hour—just like they used to take the old zigzag trails of 1905. But take it easy. You don't drive the passes every day, and anyway, the scenery is worth looking at. At that, it's a good idea for one member of the party to do the driving while the other does the looking. "Oh, look!" causes many a wreck. If you want to gaze, stop. The scenery from the bottom of a 500-foot canyon, a bit obstructed because the car's sitting on your wishbone, isn't so good.

If you hit some narrow mountain roads—and you will, off the main highways—take them slowly. If you don't want to pass outside an oncoming car, just pull in to the bank and stop. The other driver will understand when he sees your eastern license—and he'll grin and pull out for you. On one-way hills, the man going up is supposed to have the right-of-way. But don't stand too much on your rights in dangerous spots. Don't get rolling down passes too fast, either. A safe mountain speed is twenty-five miles an hour.

Out West, especially off the main highways, keep your tank full of gas. It may be thirty or forty or one hundred miles to the next pump. If you run dry, nothing will happen, but you may have to wait a long time for someone to come along and tow you. Don't start over a mountain pass without a full tank. There are few pumps in the mountains.

There's not much fun driving at night unless you have to. On unknown roads, it may be dangerous because the local lads and lassies are onto the curves and go just as fast at night as any other time.

Most Westerners, while touring, get up early and drive fifty or one hundred miles before breakfast. The roads are clear, the air is fresh and the weather cool. Around eight or nine o'clock, you'll be ready for coffee and bacon and eggs and hot cakes. After that, drive some more. Early in the afternoon, pick out your camp site and pitch camp. You'll have the rest of the day and evening for rest and tramps. If you use camp cottages, get in early. After six, you may find every place filled up.

When you camp, leave the car where the firelight can shine on your Louisiana—or Patagonia—license plates, and you'll have plenty of company, learn something about the country and maybe get a couple free beers.

Incidentally, Washington State has a law against advertising beer outside places it's sold. If you're rolling along with your tongue hanging out and see a sign: "We sell it, but can't tell it," that'll be a beer parlor. You can still talk about beer, however, in a well-modulated voice.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays are best spent in cities. All the city folks get out and you have the town to yourself. Anyway, you'll probably want to clean up once a week, have a good shower in a hotel room and see a movie or go to church. Most dangerous time on the western highways is from Saturday noon to early Monday morning. Some of the strong-silents and talkative frails take on a few quarts too many and it's a good time to hole up behind some good, stout brick walls.

Normally, the highways aren't crowded—the country's too big. Even on the main roads you'll roll for miles without seeing another car. Speed limits are liberal and the automobile clubs have been disciplining the speed-trap towns. Still, a little consideration for the folks in towns you roll through sort of helps.

Western distances will fool you until you get used to them. Denver to Salt Lake isn't a morning's drive. It's twelve hours from Salt Lake to Reno at better than forty-five miles an hour without stops. It'll take you twenty hours of steady thirty-five-mile driving nonstop to cross Montana. Some of the boys make it across Washington State from the Idaho line to Puget Sound in eight hours—but it's 365 miles and you'll want to see some of the country.

It's farther from Denver to Portland, Oregon, than from New York to Kansas City, and San Francisco and Seattle are farther apart than New York and Chicago.

Western Word Wrestling

If you have time, get off the main highways and see things the average tourist never sees. There are usually alternative routes between towns and, although the off-trail road may be a little longer, you're out to see the country. And you meet folks who aren't tourist-broke—with a great and consuming curiosity about those Louisiana license plates, exchangeable in the backwoods for food and information.

You never can tell by the way a western town is spelled how it's pronounced. Up in Alaska there are two towns spelled Nenana and Tanana. You'd figure they'd rhyme. They do, but not with each other. The first rhymes with "banana" and the second with "slam a door." In the old days, when the tourist trains got near San Francisco the brakeman used to go through the cars bawling: "Vallejo next stop!" This confused the tourists because it is not pronounced "Valley-jo" but "Va-layo." So the brakeman always repeated his call with "Valley-jo" and set everybody at ease again.

A Spokane—which is Spo*kan*, by the way—tourist bureau was puzzled early this summer when a party of motorists from New Orleans inquired how the road was to "But-tay." The bureau said there was no such town and the motorists said it was about time they were finding out about their own country. There were a couple of narsty glances before the tourists pointed out the town on the map of Montana . . . Butte. Pronounced to rhyme with "cute."

Helena, Montana, is "Hell-na," and

THE
Brä-Lift
by *Jantzen*

● **Here is an uplift model that is very flattering on most women. Its beauty and smartness rest in striking simplicity of design. Through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch it molds the body in graceful flowing lines with an amazing degree of figure-control. A very practical swimming suit—and a sun suit! A Shoulders cord permits dropping the shoulder straps with complete modesty for sun bathing. The Brä-Lift $4.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $7.95.**

Jantzen
molded-fit swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 48), Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1935 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name
Address

This unbroken metal seal guarantees genuineness.
Tear metal seal down; then unscrew cap.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE
See advertisement . . . Page 44

HAS AN ALSECO
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL
ON EVERY BOTTLE
for your protection
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

GOT A HOBBY? Learn to build scale model railroads, sailing, speed boats, furniture—other fascinating projects. Simplified instruction—plans. Published monthly. On newsstands now—25c, or direct. **MODEL CRAFTSMAN (Home Mechanic's Magazine) 330 W. 42nd Street, N. Y. C.**

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HUNDREDS of men and women are using our pleasant and profitable plan to earn extra dollars in spare time. Such a popular plan is worth trying yourself!

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not "Hel-eena." Okanogan, in Washington, is pronounced "Okan-*ar*-gan" for some reason or other. Probably the same reason that transforms Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, into "Cordalane."

Just for experience and larynx exercise, try these over on your tonsils—every one guaranteed genuine and on the map: Dosewallips, Tooele, Akwenasa, Towoac, Lukachukai, Tecolote, Humptulips, Umatilla, Wahkiakum, Skamokawa, Tualatin and Tuolumne. That last one's a sticker. Say: "To all o' me." That's it. . . . Too bad the West doesn't have easy names like Poughkeepsie, Ronkonkoma, Winnipesaukee and Atchafalaya.

The old patois for money still runs in the West. Two bits is twenty-five cents; four bits is half a dollar and six bits is seventy-five cents. And those big, round silver medals you get are dollars. The famous old iron men. Don't hang 'em on your chest—they'll buy things.

Is it hot in the West in summer? Yes, it is—but it's mostly dry heat and bearable. Between the Rockies and the Coast Range is a high plateau and you'd better sleep under blankets or awaken with a chill. West of the Coast Range is a narrow strip, with higher humidity, but it never gets very hot or cold. If it gets hot, you can always walk fifty yards into deep timber and be cool again.

Tips on Travel

Here are some interesting things to do in the West—not things that "everyone does" but just as thrilling and a bit more novel.

Drive your car on Washington's ocean beaches—miles and miles of hard-packed sand, longer than Florida's famous sandways.

Go to the Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake at noon and listen to a grand organ concert for an hour in an enormous egg-shaped building covered with bull hides. It's free and no one gets in or out while it's on—and it's not all sacred music, either.

See a gold or silver or copper mine working. Butte, Montana; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Tonopah, Nevada; around Baker City, Oregon; on the old mother lode east of San Francisco—almost anywhere in the Rockies or the Coast Range; along the northern half of the Sacramento River, you'll find miners at work. Samples, too, if you flash that Louisiana license plate. You can pan a little gold for yourself in almost any western creek—but get a miner to show you how.

A timber camp at work is interesting—and if you're invited in for a meal, you'll learn what a real feed is.

Stop one evening in a high mountain pass and get up early enough to see a sunrise. It's unforgettable. For sunsets, the deserts, or the west coast, looking out across the blue swells to China. For lakes, the country around Spokane, where there are one hundred within fifty miles, with good fishing in most. Western Montana and the western strips of Oregon and Washington also are good lake countries.

Mastering a Menace

For that awe-inspiring scenery: Any pass over the Rockies or Cascades. The country around Jackson Hole, Wyoming, or Judith Gap, Montana. Don't miss the Columbia River gorge. There are two good highways, one on the north bank in Washington; the other along the south bank in Oregon. The north bank road is newer and better engineered. In Utah, see Bryce Canyon, and some of the roads the Utahans have bored through rock cliffs.

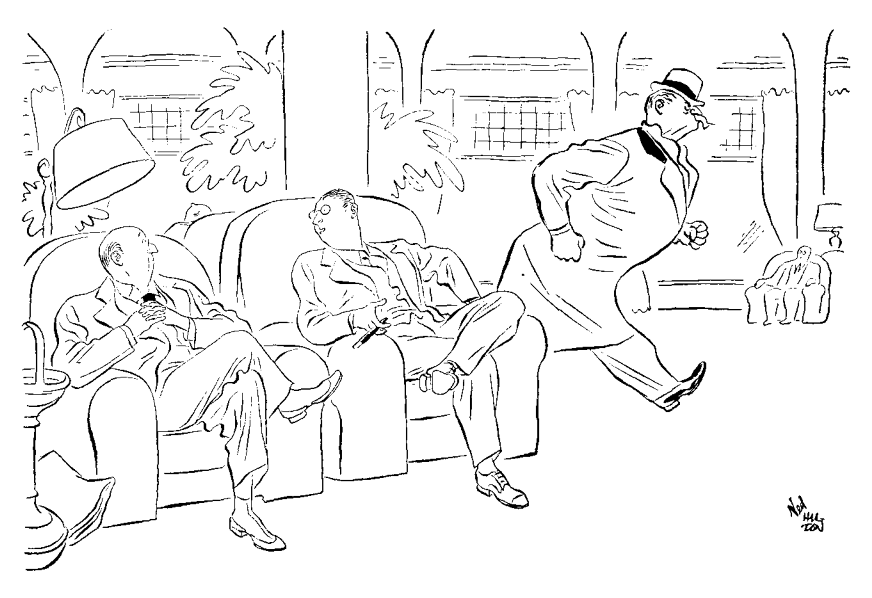
For wild, untouched country, get out onto the Olympic peninsula, which is the northwestern tip of the United States. There's a road around it, with some grand ocean views; and forest trails will take you up to glaciers and icy mountain streams. Indians will take you down the rivers in canoes and show you how they spear seals off the coast.

If you haven't been west for a few years, maybe you're wondering whether the old menaces you met on your last trip—the one you took when Consolidated Cheese hit 259—are still menacing. The worst was the fat lady from Measles, Missouri, in khaki shirt and pants, silk stockings and dancing pumps. She was everywhere, usually accompanied by a husband who wondered why he'd ever started on the trip. Well, she's out. Travel without your blinkers in perfect safety. This summer the girls are touring in shirts and shorts, no stockings and flat-heeled shoes. Practically harmless.

The other menace used to be the guy in the auto camp at night who got 20.5 miles to the gallon, made 456 miles today, had his tires still full of the original Buffalo, N. Y., air and didn't like the hot cakes in the hotel at Scorched Shirt, Montana.

This mug still is loose, despite a loosening of the game laws—but luckily this year you'll have a defense against him.

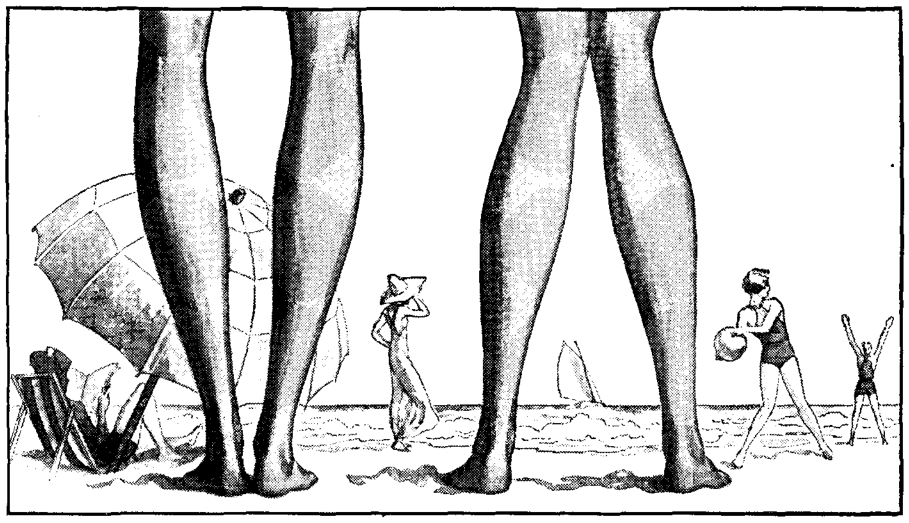
Just flash the old Louisiana—or Patagonia—license plates and bore him to death—instead of vice versa.



"He's no man's friend today. He's breaking in a new pair of shoes"

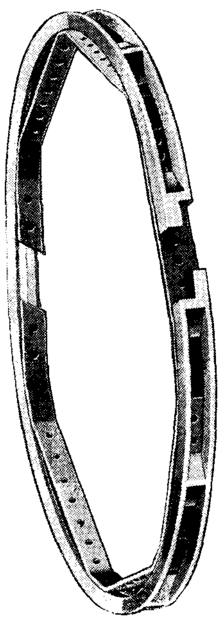
NED HILTON

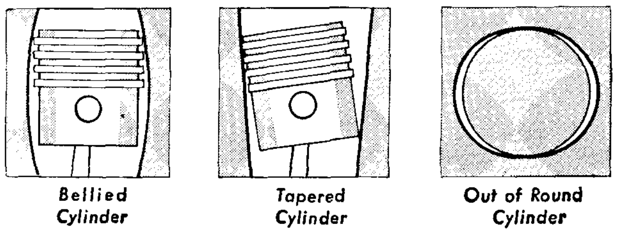
If you pay
..and pay
..and pay for OIL



you probably have

BOWLEGGED or KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS





But that no longer means an expensive overhaul or a cylinder straightening job for the automobile! Now American Hammered *Flexible* Piston Rings will effect an immediate cure. They conform to the *unshapeliness* of worn cylinders and make the engine perform like new. They restore power, save oil—and the price is so low that you'll never feel it. It takes less than a day to do the job! It's really a *minor operation* of major importance.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY
Division of The Bartlett Hayward Company
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

ASK YOUR REPAIR MAN ABOUT BOWLEGGED OR KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS—AND HOW TO CURE THEM WITH

American *Hammered* FLEXIBLE PISTON RINGS

IGLOO IKE SAYS:

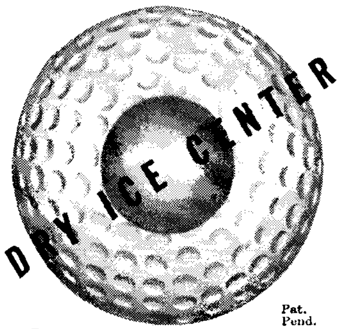
"Everybody duck! Here comes a dry ice center ball!"
250 YARDS

Don't think you're out of range of drives from the tee just because you've played your second shots! If someone on the tee yells, "Fore!" our advice is to *duck.* He may be playing a MacGregor Dry Ice Center Ball.

Take our word for it, this MacGregor Dry Ice Center Ball is a golfer's dream come true. It bores through the air like a bullet. And tough? So tough it will almost put a dent in your niblick!

There's no other ball like it. Into its special liquid center we insert a tiny, carefully calculated pellet of *dry ice.* And this really does things! It liberates carbon dioxide which "pumps up" the liquid center, increases the tension of the strong rubber winding and makes the whole ball super-resilient.

That means distance! And it also means accuracy. For the even, outward pressure that makes the ball so resilient also makes it true in flight and true on the green. Ask your pro or your dealer. 75c each. The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Company, Dayton, Ohio. Also manufacturers of Pace-maker and Lady MacGregor Stylized Clubs. In Canada, Adanac Golf Clubs, Ltd., Toronto.



Macgregor
PACE-MAKER DRY ICE CENTER
Golf Balls

The Skipper

Continued from page 11

again. He looked down at the trickle of oil the movement had allowed to come out. He dipped his hand in the spreading, iridescent slick. The oil stuck to his now dry skin. He dipped carefully wrung-out rags in the oil and rubbed himself with it.

He was not impressive to look at, the skipper. He was a naked, bleached, already emaciated figure of a man, oil-smeared and foul to look at. His eyes were bloodshot and reddened. His lips were puffed and cracking. He had not even dignity, teetering upon his clumsy float. But he had determination.

A steady wind, the trade wind, blew over the waves. The drum received the tiniest possible impulse from that wind. The skipper's body and the plank float served as rudder. Acting as a sail, the drum floated the skipper perhaps half a mile in an hour's time toward the northwest.

He was weaker than he had been. This was his third day without food, save the dubious nourishment of the barnacles upon the drum. There had been a similar time since he had drunk. But thirst had not been, up to now, as great a problem as the steady sapping of his strength by the water.

For a long time he lay motionless. For two hours he did not stir, conserving his strength. It was two hours before sundown when he moved. Then it was to climb again, and again precariously, upon the drum which still floated corklike upon the waves. And again he made the absurd spectacle of an oil-smeared, emaciated, naked man balancing himself upon a bobbing rusty oil drum to which were clumsily fastened certain splintered planks. He was a sight by which even the malevolent sea could be diverted. He stared to northward and the sea was amused. But the skipper did see, definitely, a difference in the appearance of the sea toward the horizon.

> *"The lines of division between the equatorial and counter-equatorial currents are sometimes distinctly marked, the currents of the former—the westward drift—being generally at their greatest strength when near these lines of division." Pacific Islands Pilot. (Supra.)*

The skipper slipped into the water again. He worked at the cloth-strip lashings of the drum. He loosened it and turned it. Air bubbled out. It sank lower in the water. He watched intently and stopped it, and started it again, and at last tightened his lashings again when the drum was low in the water. On a glassy sea, it might have floated four inches above the water. The wind would no longer affect its drift.

THIS night the skipper did not seem to sleep at all. He lay motionless in a new arrangement of his floats. When the dawn came he was a scarecrow. His oil-smeared face seemed set in a perpetual grimace, which was actually the thicker coating of oil in the deepening lines about his eyes and mouth. His eyes were red and inflamed. His lips were puffed and cracked. His limbs seemed to quiver from sheer weakness when, as the dawn light grew stronger, he puffed a little more air into the drum and then essayed to crawl on his grating and stand erect. It took him a long time to get out of the water and longer to stand up. Then he wavered visibly. He glanced swiftly to the north, but his gaze was bent most intently to westward. He searched, desperately, all the sky opposite the newly risen sun. It was empty. Of course.

He slumped down upon the grating with an effect of extreme weakness. But his eyes remained open. He had seen little specks flying above the waves. He waited for one of them to come close enough for identification.

Half an hour later a little gull came streaking over the wave tips, saw him stir, and veered away with a startled squeak. The skipper's dry lips parted in the racked semblance of a grin. It was a short-winged gull, of the sort which never goes many miles out to sea.

ABOUT noon he struggled erect again. He saw a dim cloud on the horizon to the north of west. It was not land, but the loom of land yet unseen and unseeable below the edge of the world. The skipper stared, and stared, until the tossing of his completely awash raft sent him to his knees.

He took his oil rags and rubbed himself all over again, increasing the foulness of his appearance, but adding to the protective coating of greasy filth upon his body. He slid into the water. He began to slip under the drum, bubbling air into it from the bottom again. He was very weak. After two such trips he had to stop and rest, gasping.

It took him nearly four hours to cause the drum again to ride high upon the waves, and for the wind to give it an almost infinitely slight velocity.

Before sundown he stood erect again. He saw a definite dark speck against the horizon. He had lived upon his own fat for four days, and he had possessed no fat to live on. He was not impressive to look at. The sea found his appearance diverting. But the sea is malevolent, sometimes.

He watched the sun set. Repeatedly he sighted the evening star, making apparent mental calculations in terms of degrees of arc. As the sun touched the horizon, he tried to stand. The effort was tremendous. He desisted and crawled to a sitting position on the drum instead. Even here, though, he caught glimpses of land the equatorial current planned to sweep him past.

> *"The currents . . . when near the islands are sometimes deflected and always accelerated." Pacific Islands Pilot. (Supra.)*

An hour after dark, with his ear to the metal of the drum, he heard a certain booming noise which was not the sound of waves breaking in open sea. It was surf. The skipper began to dismantle his floats. He reassembled them, pausing often to rest.

Two hours after dark he deserted the oil-drum. He began to paddle away from it with his reconstructed floats. He was very weak indeed. Often he stopped to rest. As often he searched for the evening star and seemed to gauge his paddling by it.

Four hours after sundown he heard surf very near. He floated, resting, for a long time. He listened as he floated, seeming to form a picture in his mind. The tide moved him toward that surf. The booming grew louder and ever louder. Presently the booming seemed loudest of all a little distance to the north of west. The skipper seemed possessed of sudden new energy. He fought his way toward that nearer booming, though his movements were weak and feeble like those of a half-drowned kitten.

He saw the surf breaking not more than twenty yards away as the tide carried him past it. And in the darkness the skipper's teeth gleamed. That surf was upon a bank, a danger, a small outlying reef, nearly opposite the lagoon entrance of Kafuili, which the skipper had chosen two hundred miles back as the point to which he would make the equatorial current carry him. He lowered himself into the sea again.

Then the surf rose about him. It tossed him. It tore the float from his hands and shredded it to bits, and the sea roared furiously as if its amusement were abruptly ended when its victim seemed so likely to escape. It cried out in its rage. But the skipper had rested much, saving his strength. He put forth all that strength now, and it was not great but it was applied with skill and maintained both by desperation and by hope. Moreover, he was already in the lagoon entrance and the sea was at a disadvantage.

A long time later he came out upon the stilly quietness of the atoll's inner beaches. He could not walk. He crawled away from the gently surging water. And his belly clamored. But he went doggedly on. The storm which had shattered his schooner should have come on to this very island. In its fury, it should have snapped some palm trees and shaken down coconuts both ripe and green. If he found coconuts young enough, he should be able to gouge out the eyes of the young nuts, after tearing off the husk with his teeth. The sweet milk would quench his thirst and stay his belly, too. Then rest, and more strength, and more food and drink. . . .

> *"Navigation among these islands requires constant attention to the currents encountered, as only by thorough knowledge and unremitting care can even the smallest ships move freely through its dangers." Pacific Islands Pilot.*

TWO days later the skipper walked into the trader's store on the other side of the atoll. He was a good deal thinner than when the trader had last seen him, and his eyes were still somewhat inflamed. Too, instead of his usual natty whites he wore a native lava-lava as his only garment.

"Hello, Skipper," said the trader, staring. "When'd your schooner get in? Nobody told me it was sighted."

"The schooner's sunk," said the skipper. "Everybody else drowned. I'll need some clothes, because I haven't a stitch except this rag I got from one of your natives."

He loosened a money-belt from about his waist as the trader blinked. He began to pull out golden coins.

"When will I get a chance to get passage out of here?" the skipper asked. "I've got to get back to Tahiti and buy myself a new schooner. I don't want to miss a whole season's trade."

"But—look here!" said the trader. "Your schooner's sunk? Where?"

"Couple of hundred miles east of here," said the skipper. "Simply went to pieces at the end of that blow. Pretty old, she was. I don't suppose I ought to complain."

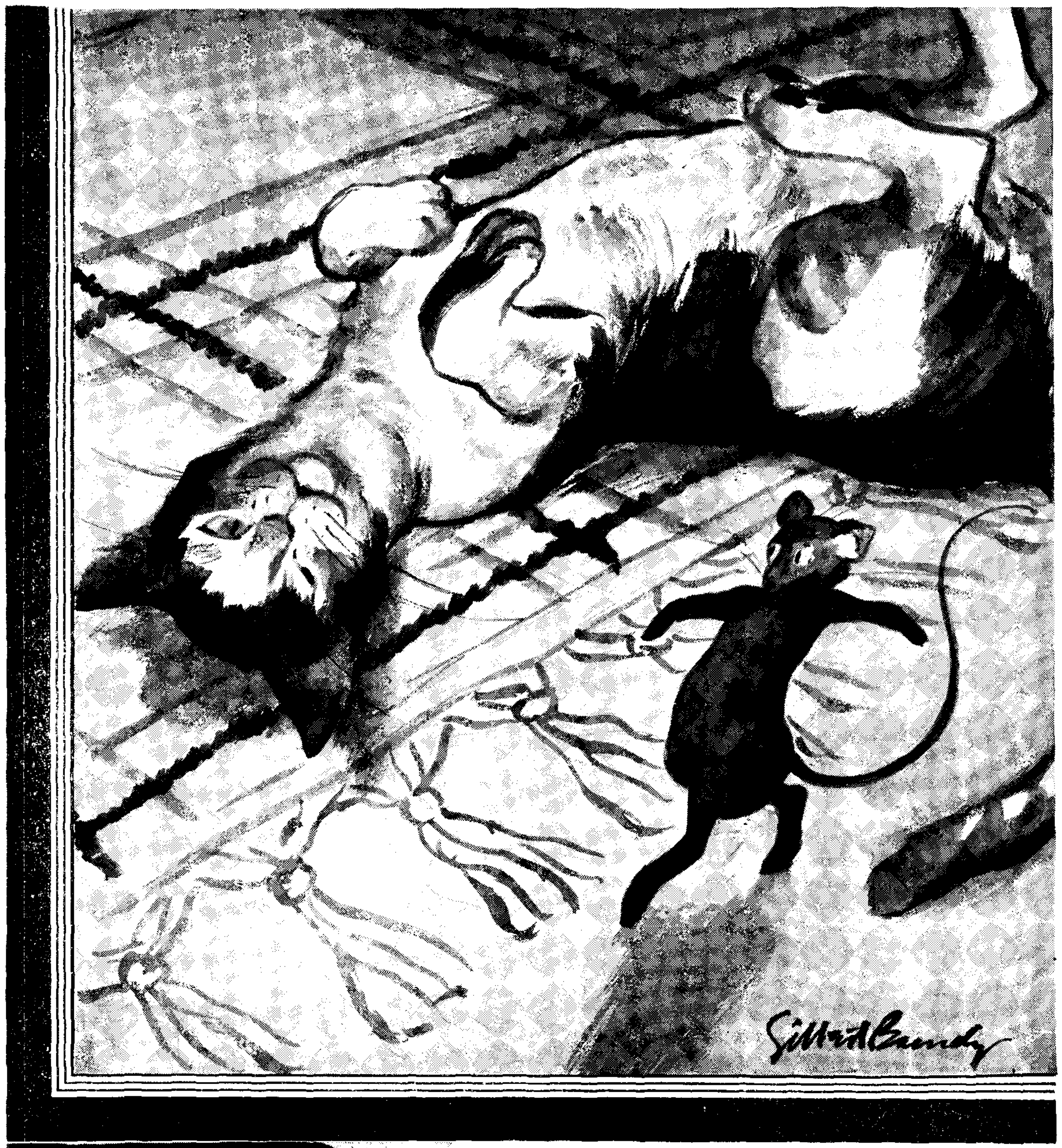
"But—how did you get here? We had the same blow that must have sunk your ship! No ship's boat could live through it!"

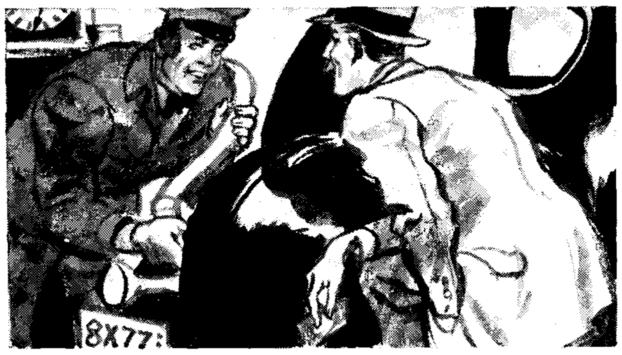
"I know," said the skipper. "I rode the equatorial current down. Had a hell of a time. I've been resting and eating on the other side of the lagoon *for the past two days. Floated most of* the way. The rest of it I swam. My next schooner—"

Fable of the Cat and the Mouse

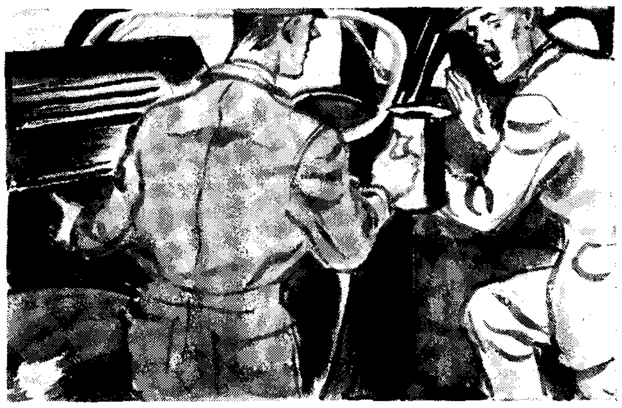
[MODERN VERSION]

The story below is dramatized from an actual experience related in an unsolicited letter from G. R. Schanzenbacher of Lockport, N. Y.

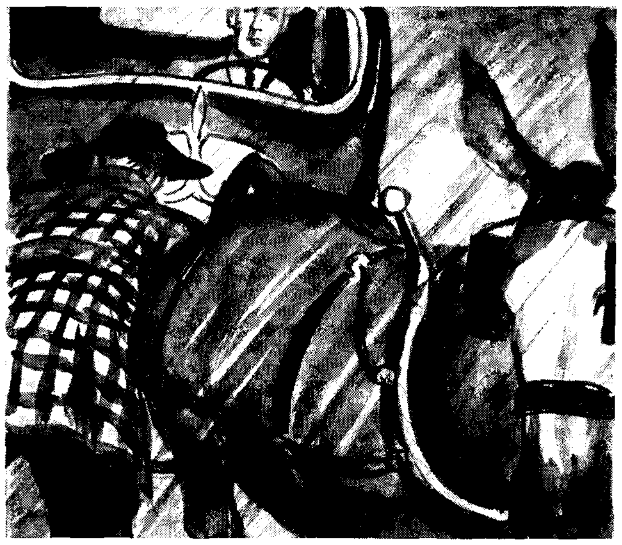




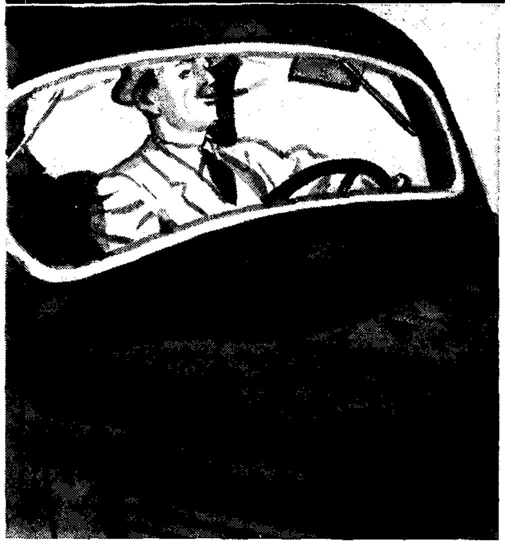
1. "I'll give you a fable—out of my own experience. Remember the one where the cat plays dead, but the mouse doesn't fall for it? Well, Puss, in my story, is a service station fellow who'd sold me good gas for years."



2. "But he's been trying to sell me some oil that's 'just as good as Quaker State.' (Maybe he believes it.) And like the wary old mouse, I won't have any part of it. I'll tell you why—"



3. "The last car I had—same make, too—I used any old oil and it cost me plenty. New piston rings and valve grinds—and being towed—run into money!"



4. "But this one, with Quaker State, has gone as far as the old bus—but I haven't touched the motor. And, using Quaker State, I've spent $9.85 for oil this year against $23.11 before."

● MORAL: Take a tip from the mouse and avoid trouble. *Experience* is better than *experiment.* And it is in the crankcases of *experienced motorists* that Quaker State, these 20 years, has been proving the value of its "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." If you'd rather judge by performance than promise, follow the lead of seasoned car owners—and stick to Quaker State.

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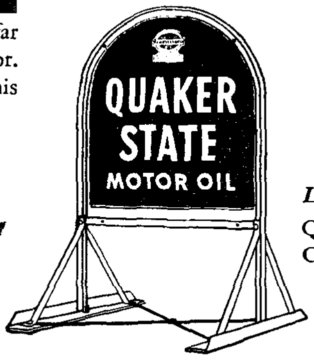

Look for the green-and-white sign
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.
Oil City, Pa.

"Tastes Better than Pre-War"

STATES WAUGH GLASCOCK, ESQ. PROMINENT SPORTSMAN . . .

Waugh Glascock, Esq.

prominent sportsman and connoisseur, is noted for his skill as a horseman. He is shown below taking the jump on "Buck Wilke", (by the noted "Fair Play", sire of "Man-O-War").

● It's a waste of words to "talk about whiskies". Taste is all that counts. One drink tells the story.

Accordingly, we asked Waugh Glascock, Esq. to taste a sample of the present Hunter Baltimore Blended Rye Whiskey, and compare it with a drink of "Pre-War" Hunter laid down before 1919.

Mr. Glascock compared them carefully. Critically...he inhaled their bouquets. *Then he picked the bottle of today's Hunter Rye!* He said, "It tastes better than the 'Pre-War'!"

You'll have to taste this whiskey to know how good it really is! It's blended from fine Maryland Rye whiskies. A mild, smooth blend! And it has a full-bodied bouquet—a real rye whiskey aroma that you'll like.

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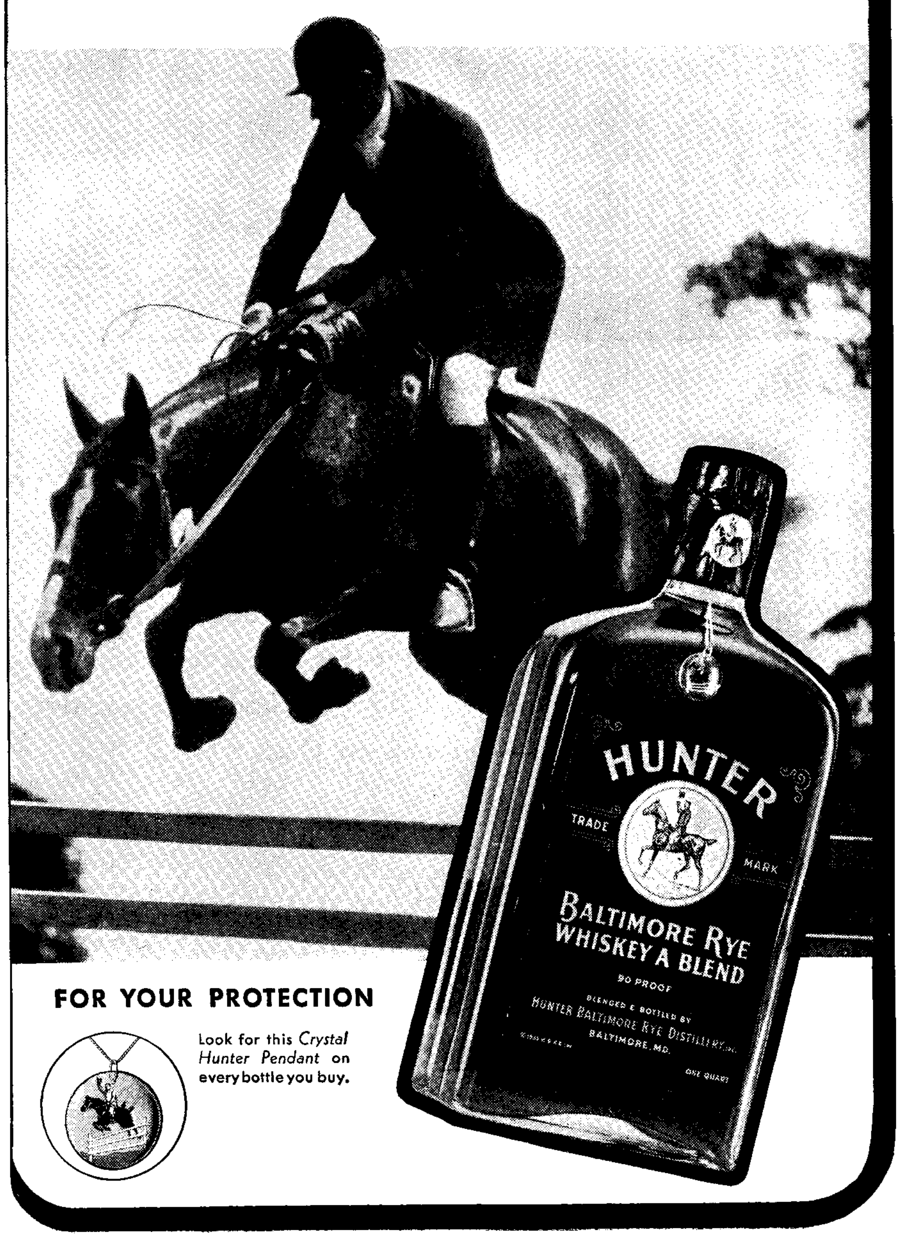
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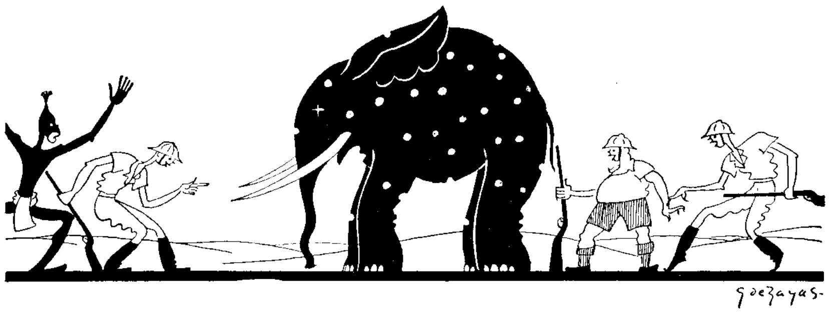

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The massive, treelike legs of the elephant support him more solidly than those of any other living creature. Not only have elephants been shot more than 50 times before they fell but there are several cases on record of these animals standing for some time after their death.

The most widely used textile material is cotton, as 90 per cent of all the clothing worn throughout the world is made of cotton materials. Its universal demand is further exemplified by the fact that only five pounds of silk and 250 pounds of wool are used for every 1,000 pounds of cotton.

One of the oldest and most realistic memorials in existence is on the Zenchikukyo Bridge in Songdo, Korea. It is a bright red stain in the center of this white stone structure and it represents the original blood mark left by a Korean martyr when he was murdered on this spot nearly 550 years ago.

Nature sometimes creates life without providing food to sustain it. The opossum has litters of 18 babies, yet only 12 of them can be reared. They are the youngsters who, in the race into the pouch, get one of the 12 nipples, which they do not relinquish for six weeks. The other third of the litter just looks on—and dies of starvation.—*By Elwell and Finlay, Kalamazoo, Michigan.*

Most Chinese homes still have their kitchen god, in a picture, who watches over the household for twelve months and then, upon being burned up on New Year's Day, goes to Heaven to give his annual report on the behavior of the family. If they believe his report is going to be unfavorable, his picture is soaked in wine before the burning so he will become drunk and be refused admittance at the Golden Gate.—*By R. E. Gray, Shanghai, China.*

In many parts of this country during the middle of the last century, both men and women indicated their attitude toward matrimony as well as their marital status by the way they wore a ring. When on the first finger it meant they wanted to be married, on the second that they were engaged, on the third that they were married and on the fourth that they wished to remain single.

The vitality of plant life is shown by a fig tree standing today in a jungle grown over a military park near the ancient city of Murshidabed, India. A giant cannon—17 feet in length, five feet in circumference and eight tons in weight—is horizontally imbedded in its trunk, several feet from the ground. Apparently the tree met the gun when growing up and decided to take it along.—*By Grace Hatfield, Santa Barbara, California.*

Present political and economic crises have crowded into the background one of the most significant movements of modern times—the growing attempt to crush Christianity. Today the governments of countries which contain over a third of all Christians are waging a ruthless war against the Christian Church.

Hysteria, a morbid state of the nervous system, produces a variety of symptoms, including high fever, which closely resemble those of organic diseases and are difficult to diagnose. Some time ago a man, afflicted with recurring spells, was operated on—over a period of years—by five different surgeons who were convinced by his condition that he had appendicitis.—*By No. 10,375, State Penitentiary, Deer Lodge, Montana.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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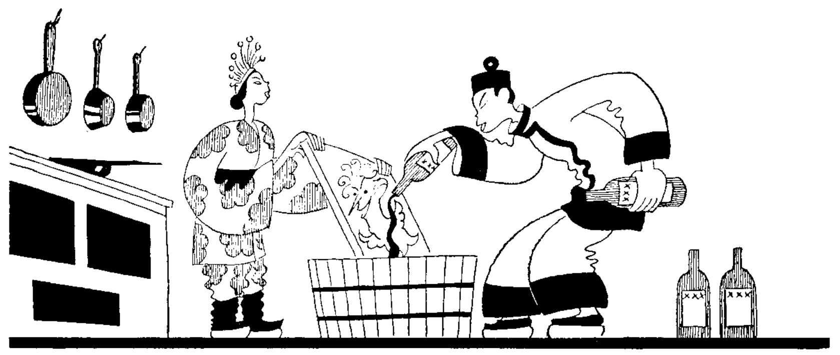

New Spanish Custom

Continued from page 21

said we were romantic, you and I, and that life was unromantic. Did you guess that you were being kept for wealth and titles?"

Elena said, "You can't blame him, Dave. Everything is so uncertain these days. Papá must keep the family from slipping. I'm an asset. It's the only way."

"It's *some* way!" Dave said.

"Let's go into the garden."

Side by side they stepped out the tall French windows; Elena and Dave faced each other.

"We love each other," Dave said. "Let's elope."

Her lips were thin and weary of explaining.

"I don't elope. Not with things as they are."

His gray eyes sleeted. "Don't, then. Marry someone with money. Or name."

"Dave," she said, "whether you recognize the fact or not, Papá has his rights. Perhaps that is all he does have."

"Rights? Everything's a secret, isn't it."

Elena shrugged. Her cold eyes met his cold eyes.

"Carlos left last night. Did you know that?"

"How should I? He didn't bother to come and say goodby."

"Dave," she said, and her voice was like individual drops of ice water, "did you know there is such a thing as a revolution going on in Spain?"

She turned away then. There was a done, defeated curve to her shoulders.

"You poor kid," said Dave. He reached and took her into his arms and held her gently, quietly. "Lord, what a brute I am!"

"I like you to want me terribly, Dave."

"I love you," he whispered. Then they said goodby, and he went through the square gates, his long, faintly lop-sided stride hungry for distances.

DAVE decided to stick in San Sebastian. There wasn't the least sense in his staying and he knew it, yet he couldn't help hoping that something would break.

One gray, pointless morning he came back to his pension from trying to walk off his despair. The chambermaid stared at him.

"A young lady has been waiting long for you, Señor."

"What?" Dave shouted.

She was sitting straight in a narrow chair, the straightest, narrowest chair in the whole parlor, and even her smile was taut.

"Dave!" she cried. "I was so afraid I'd have to leave without seeing you."

"But you couldn't have done that," he said, in agony at the mere idea. He went over and placed both hands on her hands, marveling that she should be so much more wonderful close at hand than in his visions.

"You've missed me?" she said.

"All day long," he said, "each day."

"Then that's all right." She pretended that it was a jest but they both knew differently.

"Elena?" he demanded, straightening.

Her hands turned palms upwards in the lap of her beige suit. "Dave," she said, "it's not fair but you were the only one we could come to."

"Go ahead." His hands were trembling.

"You heard—? General Berenguer. The conspiracy? It fell through."

"What's that to you?"

"Conspiracy," she murmured, as if trying out the word. "They're packing at the villa. You see, Papá helped Berenguer. The government doesn't know that yet, but these things— It's bound to come out soon now. So we're leaving for the frontier as quickly as we can."

"Tell me, then, hurry, what do you want me to do?"

Her eyes steadied on his face. "We really haven't the right to ask you, but you're the only foreigner we know here now. Could you take the money out for us, Dave? It wouldn't be such a big package, it's all in the largest bills."

He made a chuckling noise. "But they search foreigners also."

"Not so closely."

"Closely enough, I'll wager," he said dryly. "If they find your money on me they'll confiscate the whole business, won't they?"

"Naturally."

"And then, have you anything outside Spain?"

"Not a centimo. We'll be paupers—funny. We can get no money from inside Spain and we have none outside. Papá did not think—"

"What did he think when he was planning this stunt?" Dave asked roughly. "What will you do?"

UNDER the rich material of her jacket he saw her shrug. She had no idea what she was dismissing with that shrug. She knew so little.

Decisively he said, "Whoever takes that money must see that he gets it through, and no fumbling."

His intentness made Elena smile, and there was something possessive in that smile.

"We've got to use our heads." Dave commenced tramping the room as if it were a deck. "A front, that's what we need. A front—a uniform maybe. My uniform! That's it—I could wear my uniform. That would impress them if anything would."

Elena's whole body brightened. She said, eagerly, "Oh, Dave, what a grand plan. They love uniforms." But slowly a frown crossed her face. "Only, if you were caught? Wouldn't it retard your career?"

"Retard!" thought Dave. "Retard is scarcely the word for it." To get a court, to get discharged from the service—that on top of losing Elena—it was a little bit too much.

"I thought so," Elena was saying. "It's a good idea but I won't have you hurting your career. Not for anything. Certainly not for this."

His eyes rested a moment on her firm jaw, then drifted around the faded green room. For her it would be pensions—pensions and pride—respectable green living-rooms with the smell of beans all day long.

"Where do I pick up the money?"

"Dave," she said, "no."

Years in boarding-schools had made an elegant liar of him. "Stop worrying now. Shucks, even if I were caught your government wouldn't do much and mine would call it an escapade."

He had a private vision of the Navy Department in stitches, just in stitches over this little prank of his, and he smiled wryly, then quickly looked down to read her face. She wanted terribly to believe it was all right.

"You know I'd never lie to you."

"Dave!" She jumped up and there was lightness and hope in her movements. "It would be too wonderful. How could Papá refuse—"

She broke off there but Dave read the remainder in the way she turned to him.

"Why, you clever little devil," he said.

(Continued on page 46)

A misfit Oil
is as bad as a
tight shoe

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Just as a tight shoe causes discomfort, so does a misfit oil work havoc with a motor. Be as determined to get an oil that fits your car as you are to get shoes that fit your feet. Oil must fit the spaces between the moving parts of *your* engine. These spaces (clearances) increase in size as you add miles. That is why a new tight engine needs a different "size" oil than one that has run over 1,000 miles. That is why the oil you use at 5,000 miles should not be the same "size" or thickness as the oil you use at 15,000 miles. This "fit" of an oil is the most important factor in saving you oil, gas and repairs and in giving your car more power and speed. HYVIS OILS, INC., WARREN, PA.

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Ⓑ Clearances increase with wear
Ⓒ Wear increases with mileage
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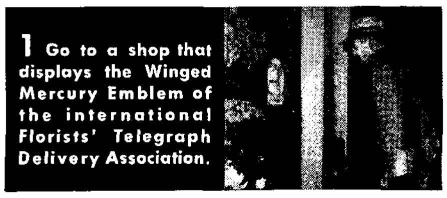

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2 Give instructions, address and greeting to go with your flowers; pay the small cost.

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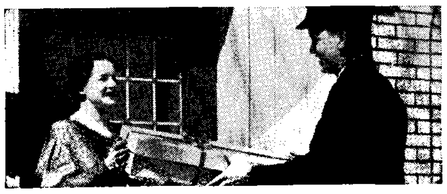
4 Your order and greeting reach an *equally reliable and prominent* F. T. D. A. florist.



5 Your gift of fresh, fragrant flowers is delivered promptly as directed.

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Say it with Flowers

FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED

(Continued from page 45)

The train for the frontier leaves San Sebastian at eight-thirty. Dave had six hours to waste. Six hours. For the first time in his life he had a strong feeling of foreboding. He found himself knocking on wood.

At four o'clock a man came with a packet. Dave looked closely at the man. It was Manuel, the chauffeur.

After getting out of cits and into uniform he stood for a long time eying himself in the mirror, wondering where to stow the money. If they searched him it didn't make much difference where it was, they'd find it. So he placed it in his raincoat pocket, which he would carry across his arm.

At seven-thirty Dave descended to the street. A hack was standing there. He got in. "The Garigori," he ordered.

Señora Zaballa was counting the day's cash. When she saw him her dark eyes livened.

"I've come to say goodby," Dave said.

"You will come soon again to San Sebastian," Señora Zaballa told him severely. "We grow old here."

"As soon as I can."

"And when you marry," said she anxiously, "or when you have a baby, you will inform Misia Maria? I know the custom of the English. I will send you a cake. I shall pack it in a strong tin box, so it can travel half the world without staling itself."

Dave patted her shoulder. "Misia Maria, no one but you shall make the cake."

A moment later the hack was rattling down the boulevard towards the station.

THE trip between San Sebastian and the frontier is only a few miles. When the electric stopped Dave itched with mild insanity and when it started up again he would imagine that line: Nicoll, Ensign David T.—discharged.

He could envisage that line in The Army and Navy Journal. In the service notes of his home-town paper. He could hear his classmates wondering and the senior officers saying: "Old Nicoll's son, what got into him?"

For perhaps the twentieth time since leaving San Sebastian he shoved his head out the window. Lights glittered on the converging tracks of the Irun station. "Thank the Lord," he muttered and beckoned to a porter.

Bleak lamps glaring down on long rows of counters reminded Dave of an operating-room. For the last time he touched, briefly, the packet. A sallow-eyed carabinero stepped to the suitcases and thoroughly, garment by garment, went through them.

"If they go over me like that—" thought Dave.

At the far end of the customs was a room marked *hombres*, and another marked *mujeres*, where they stripped you.

The roll and lilt of Castilian, rapidly mumbled, caused Dave to twist. Talking to the carabinero was a languid, slightly fatuous lieutenant of the regular army.

"*Si, si,*" the carabinero said, his expression as sallow as ever. He slapped shut the suitcases, chalked them top and bottom.

"You will come with me, Monsieur," the officer said, eying Dave's uniform.

As though he had been a machine, Dave followed. "They've found out," he thought. "They've found out. They've found out." He was cold, frightened. His hands, his feet, his chest were lumps of ice. Past the door marked *hombres* and the door marked *mujeres* they tramped to the accompaniment of the officer's spurs. They stopped at a sentry box.

"If you please, the passport," said the officer in French.

"If they touch me," Dave thought, "I'll sock them." He saw with surprise, as he handed over the passport, that his hand was steady. A man inside the sentry box took it, glanced at it, turned and stamped it. The officer proffered it to Dave.

"You will pardon the annoyance, Monsieur," he said. "These fools of carabineros! You and I, we are all officers together it matters not the country, is it not so?"

"You mean I can go through?" Dave could have kissed the man.

"But certainly."

Dave said in Spanish that had a very Yankee drawl, "You cannot know how indebted to you I am, sir."

"It is nothing," said the officer, airing his hands. He drew himself up and saluted. Dave saluted. Then they both saluted. Together. Then Dave stepped into France.

It was as easy as all that.

AT HENDAYE, Dave found Carlos, swathed in a thick polo coat, waiting in the light and shadow of the station platform.

"So, you crazy fool," Carlos said fondly. He did not deign to ask the question.

Outside the station the long car was waiting. Someone switched on the light. Dave could make out Elena squeezed between her parents. He felt as if the deck of a great ship suddenly were rising.

The Marques took a deep pull on his cigar, that was the only sign. But Dave could not keep Elena in suspense.

"Your money came through, sir," he said to the Marques.

As the smooth car ate up the darkness on the road to Biarritz, no one spoke. The heavy odors of the Marques' rich cigar, the fur laprobes, the three white gardenias in their crystal vase, let Dave down into drowsiness. He was half asleep when they drew up in front of the Victoria.

The Marques leaned towards him. "We have reserved a room for you. You must be our guest for as long as you care to stay."

"Thank you, sir," said Dave. "I'm afraid it can't be for long."

They climbed out. The Marques and the Marquesa went up the steps to the hotel. Carlos threw one glance at Elena and hopped after them.

Elena stood close to Dave, chin raised. "Dave, you are all right? No trouble?"

He put his arm under hers, his hand over, as if he were going to help her up the steps.

"Not a trouble," he said happily.

Her fingers pressed his arm. "Dave," she said, "try Papá tonight."

"Check," Dave said. Carlos was motioning to them.

Everyone had departed from the old-fashioned living-room except the Marques and Dave. The Marques dropped into a chair beside the impossibly real artificial grate and drew out his tortoise-shell cigar case. Dave knew it was the signal. On the small table beside the man's elbow Dave placed the packet. He noticed that the Marques did not so much as privilege himself a glance at this thing which meant all the difference between living on gracefully and perhaps not living at all.

The shrewd, heavy eyes, accustomed to drawing inwards, warmed on Dave. "Señor Nicoll," said the Marques, "in the history of our family few have done us greater service. I comprehend the risks."

Dave nodded. He stood with one arm along the mantel, frowning into the flames.

"Some day," said the Marques, studying him, "should the chance present itself, we should wish to repay gallantry with gallantry."

Dave's thumbs dropped to his trouser seams. He made a short, choppy gesture.

"Forget that, sir. This has nothing to do with it, but I have only a few days, then I sail. I— Well, I want to marry Elena."

No sound cut the cyclorama of silence in that room. Then came the tap-tap-tap of the Marques' fingernails. He arose and ground out his cigar reluctantly.

"That is the one thing," he said, putting a hand on Dave's shoulder. "If you ask me—if it would help you—I would walk downstairs and across the street though I knew a dozen men were waiting to shoot me. But this you ask, this is a thing apart. Separate. Nothing has altered to permit me to change my mind. You must understand certainly, you who are an officer and a gentleman?"

Dave looked from the packet to the hand on his sleeve. It had dropped so that it rested just above the stripe.

"And particularly an officer," he said, smiling. He wheeled, picked up his uniform cap and walked out the door.

Down the street that dips past the grand hotels, curls amongst the villas, he strode, his walk as free as it ever had been but his mind closed with the one idea: fool!

It was so very clear now, it was as explicit as a chart. He had been used. Elena had used him. Even from the beginning, now that he could look back, he could see the direction she had drifted him. And always there had been the suggestion of promise—Elena promising and the Marques holding back.

An hour after dawn he made his way to the station. At eight o'clock he was at the junction where the Biarritz train connects with the Madrid-Paris.

The compartment was crowded with stuffy-looking people. Dave, in a seat midway between door and window, turned to watch the wheeling passage of fields and checkered woods. The compartment door clicked and there was Carlos grinning in at him.

"Hola, Davy," said Carlos. "Come, we have a compartment reserved."

Dave glared at him.

"How did *you* get on and where are you going?"

Carlos said, "Enough was enough. Come, I will show you."

"You won't show me anything," said Dave.

THERE was a tap. Dave turned. In the corridor, holding to the far rail as the train bounced over the magnificent French roadbed, stood Elena. She had a fur up under her chin and she looked as if she were going places. She seemed quite pleased with herself.

Dave arose stiffly, trying not to bounce with the train.

"What do you think you're doing here?"

She looked startled. She came in, took his arm, and led him into the corridor where they could cling to the rail and look on the moving countryside through a huge plate glass. Carlos came also.

For a moment Elena was silent. Then she looked sidewise at Dave's set jaw. "I didn't know—" she said. "Isn't this how one elopes?"

Dave jerked his head at Carlos. "Is he eloping too?"

"Are you eloping too?" Elena asked Carlos interestedly.

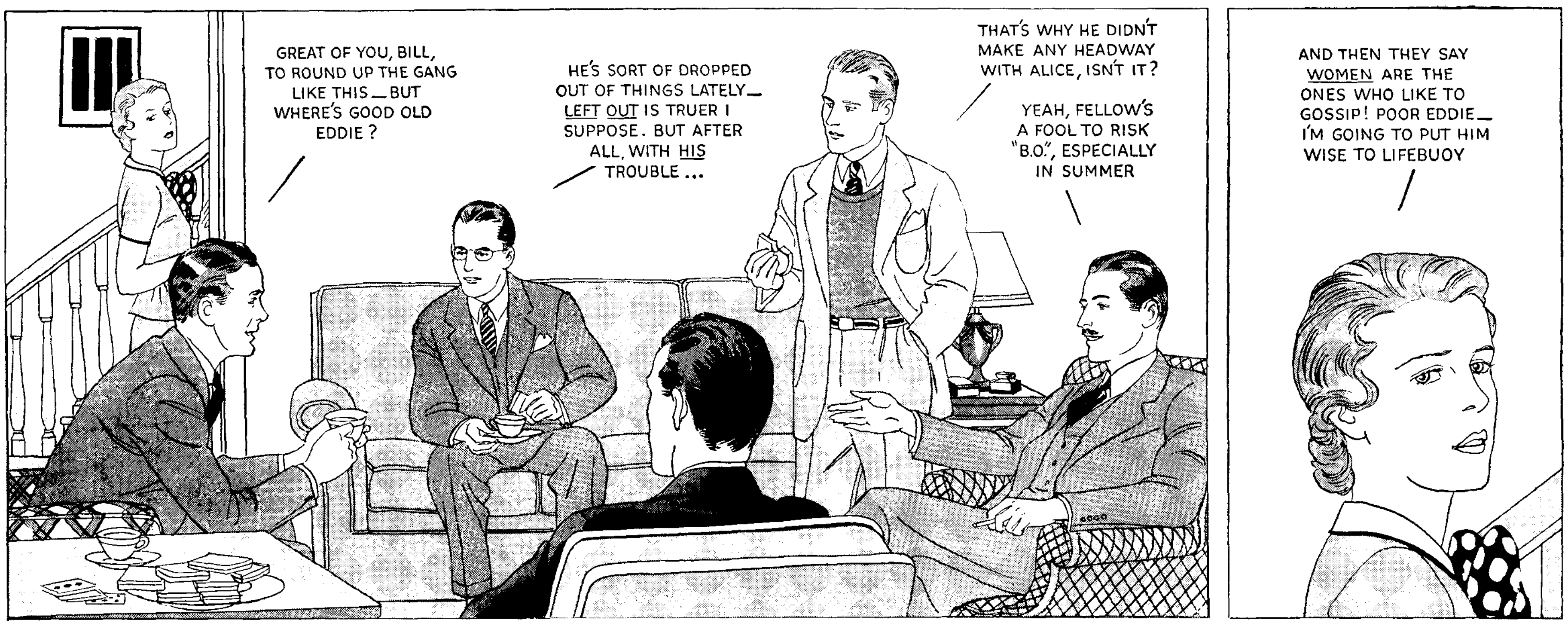
Carlos drew himself up. "*Abur!*" he said, and staggered off down the corridor.

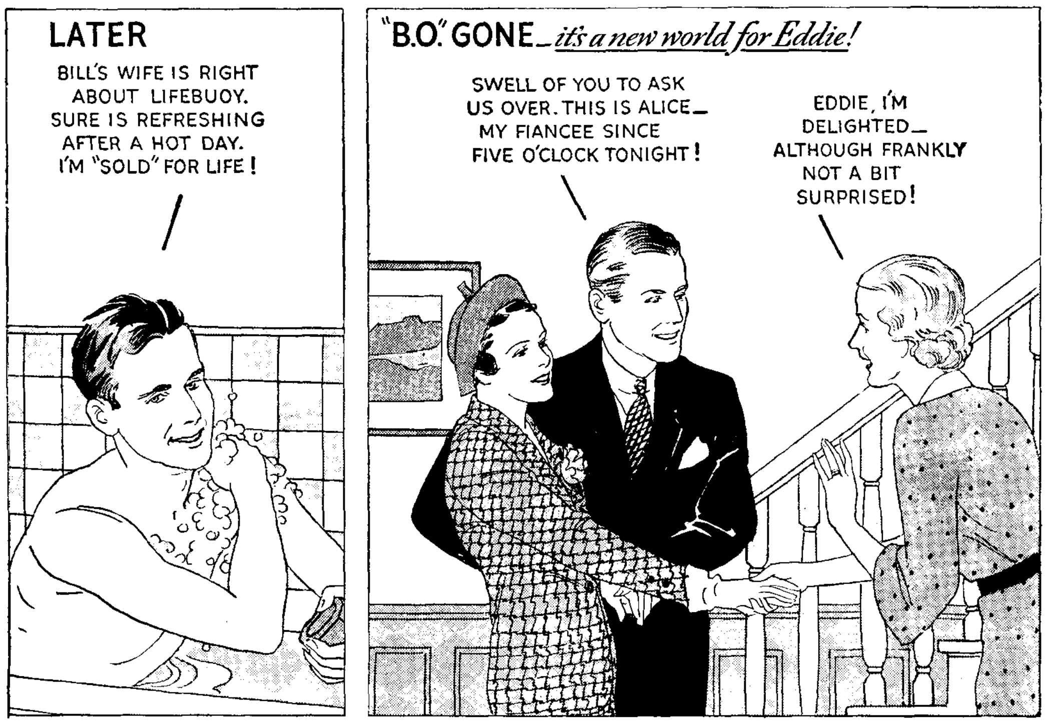
"What did that mean?" Dave asked.

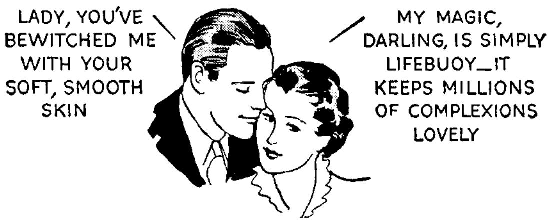
Elena put her gloved hand through his arm.

"Oh, that," she said, "that was what the devil said to the angels when he bade goodby to heaven."

MEN LIKE TO GOSSIP, TOO


GREAT OF YOU, BILL, TO ROUND UP THE GANG LIKE THIS—BUT WHERE'S GOOD OLD EDDIE?
HE'S SORT OF DROPPED OUT OF THINGS LATELY—LEFT OUT IS TRUER I SUPPOSE. BUT AFTER ALL, WITH HIS TROUBLE...
THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T MAKE ANY HEADWAY WITH ALICE, ISN'T IT?
YEAH, FELLOW'S A FOOL TO RISK "B.O.", ESPECIALLY IN SUMMER
AND THEN THEY SAY WOMEN ARE THE ONES WHO LIKE TO GOSSIP! POOR EDDIE—I'M GOING TO PUT HIM WISE TO LIFEBUOY

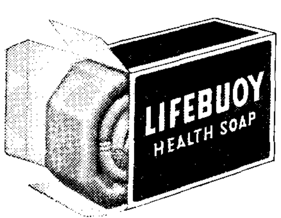

LATER
BILL'S WIFE IS RIGHT ABOUT LIFEBUOY. SURE IS REFRESHING AFTER A HOT DAY. I'M "SOLD" FOR LIFE!
"B.O." GONE—it's a new world for Eddie!
SWELL OF YOU TO ASK US OVER. THIS IS ALICE—MY FIANCEE SINCE FIVE O'CLOCK TONIGHT!
EDDIE, I'M DELIGHTED—ALTHOUGH FRANKLY NOT A BIT SURPRISED!


LADY, YOU'VE BEWITCHED ME WITH YOUR SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
MY MAGIC, DARLING, IS SIMPLY LIFEBUOY—IT KEEPS MILLIONS OF COMPLEXIONS LOVELY

LUCKY the man whose sweetheart is a Lifebuoy "fan." Not only is her daintiness assured—but her complexion, too, keeps fresh and desirable. Lifebuoy lather penetrates, *deep-cleanses* pores. Yet it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" according to scientific skin tests. Complexions can't help growing grandly, gloriously, lovely on care like this!

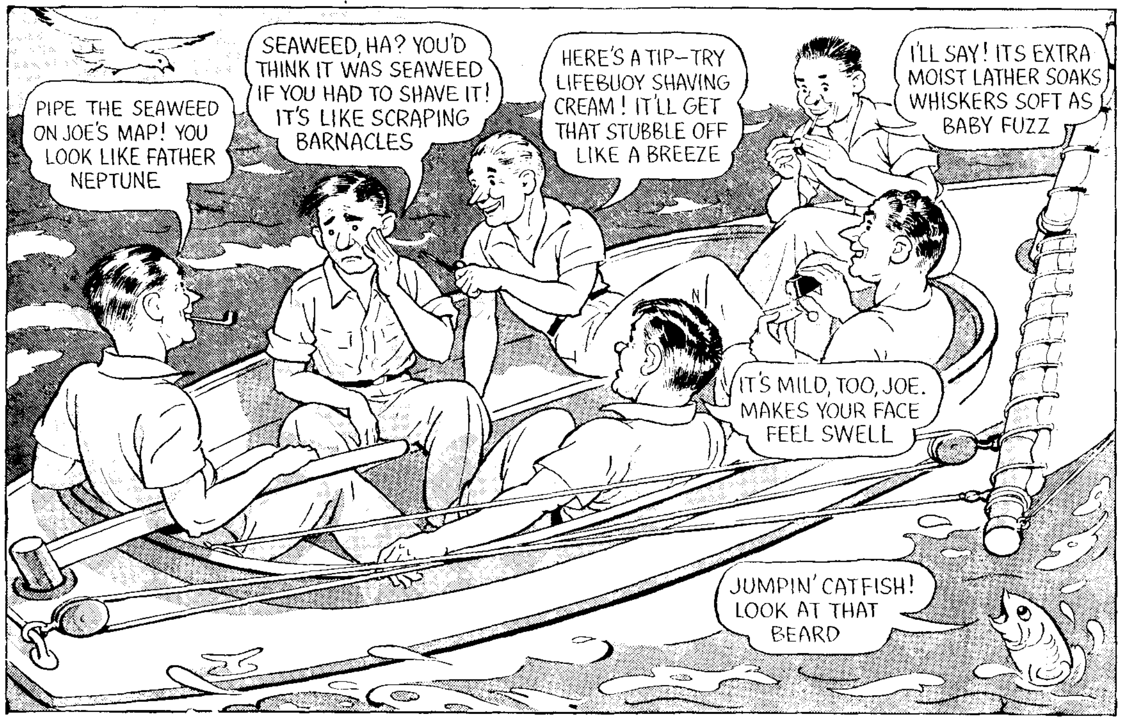
"B. O." on the rampage now!

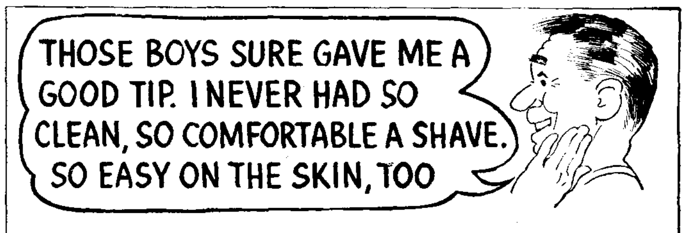
All year 'round we perspire a quart a day. But even *more* in summer! Bathe regularly with purifying, deodorizing Lifebuoy. Then laugh at "B.O." (*body odor*)—laugh at the heat, too. For Lifebuoy lather cools, refreshes. Its clean, fresh scent vanishes as you rinse. Try Lifebuoy *today!*


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

JOE WHISKERS GETS THE "LOW-DOWN" ON SHAVING

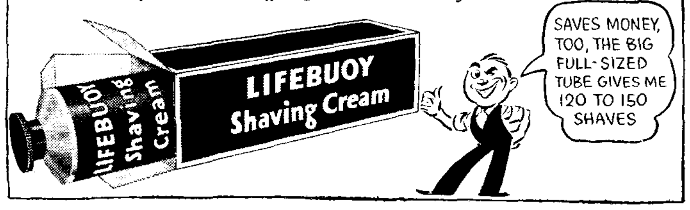

PIPE THE SEAWEED ON JOE'S MAP! YOU LOOK LIKE FATHER NEPTUNE
SEAWEED, HA? YOU'D THINK IT WAS SEAWEED IF YOU HAD TO SHAVE IT! IT'S LIKE SCRAPING BARNACLES
HERE'S A TIP—TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM! IT'LL GET THAT STUBBLE OFF LIKE A BREEZE
I'LL SAY! ITS EXTRA MOIST LATHER SOAKS WHISKERS SOFT AS BABY FUZZ
IT'S MILD, TOO, JOE. MAKES YOUR FACE FEEL SWELL
JUMPIN' CATFISH! LOOK AT THAT BEARD


THOSE BOYS SURE GAVE ME A GOOD TIP. I NEVER HAD SO CLEAN, SO COMFORTABLE A SHAVE. SO EASY ON THE SKIN, TOO

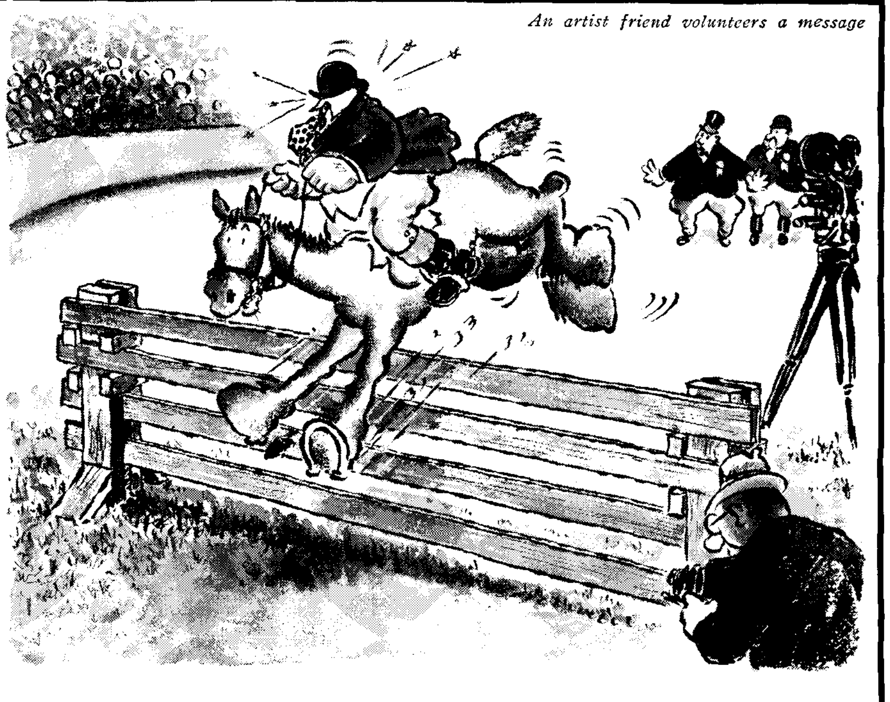
THE instant you begin to shave with this extra-moist lather you feel the difference. Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It softens tough beards quicker—more thoroughly. Makes clean, close, frequent shaving easy and comfortable. It's decidedly milder than other leading shaving soaps, too—leaves sensitive skin soothed, refreshed—free from all after-shaving soreness and rawness. Try it.

Send for a FREE trial tube

Write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-117, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. *This offer good in U. S. only.*


LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
SAVES MONEY, TOO. THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE GIVES ME 120 TO 150 SHAVES

An artist friend volunteers a message



Gentlemen:

Let me tell you, gentlemen, how I came to be known as "The Headless Horseman"!!

It seems that I wear a size sixteen shirt. I wear size sixteen, but an eighteen felt so good on me, I always took a twenty. Always, I allowed for shrinkage.

One day I was lured by the good looks of an ARROW SHIRT -- SANFORIZED-SHRUNK. The clerk just showed me a shirt in the extra size I asked for and I bought it. That was all. You see, I always laundered my new shirts two or three times before I wore them. Then they sort of fit me better. Well, almost . . .

So it was with my new ARROW SHIRT. A few launderings and it was ready to be worn.

It was the day of the Hi-Topped Hunt Club Horse Show. Esmeralda and I were entered for the jumps, the feature event of the day. Esmeralda is my horse.

Came the big event. The jumps! . . . and as I galloped swiftly toward the towering hurdles, astride my trusty Esmeralda . . . ah, gentlemen, I made a picture! The band stilled, the spectators tensed, the newsreel cameras whirring a soft cadence to my pony's hoofbeats . . . we rose!! Up! Up! Over the hurdle!!

Ohhh yes! We rose all right! I rose, Esmeralda rose . . . and my SANFORIZED-SHRUNK ARROW SHIRT rose too!! It rose 'way over my head! with the nicely laundered collar snuggling to rest just under my hat brim.

Ah, gentlemen, I made a picture! "The Headless Horseman"!!

I no longer have my unshrinkable extra-size ARROW SHIRT. Nor have I any of my old extra-size plenty-shrunken nondescript shirts. That very day did I cast them all from me! . . . and that very day did I stock up on SANFORIZED-SHRUNK shirts! ARROW MITOGAS, ARROW TRUMPS, ARROW GORDONS and ARROW this and ARROW that! . . . and all in my own honest-to-goodness-forever-and-a-day size!

. . . and so, gentlemen, I thank you.

Sincerely,

Jay Irving

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The Broadway Buckaroo

Continued from page 9

he fell asleep again 'twixt cup and lip.

He was vaguely aware of Adam Carmody, or his wife, or the attractive Diana, bending solicitously over him, or feeding him with a spoon—but for the most part he gave himself up to unpleasant dreams. He was worn out, and grateful for the rest.

AT THE station in San Luis Obispo four cowboys in overalls and suède jackets were standing between a station wagon and a town car. They moved up to greet the Carmodys, but when they spied Barry Hatfield, lowering himself down the steps, they stopped dead.

"Slim, it can't be!"

"By Joseph! *It is!*"

They took off their straw hats.

"Boys," said Mr. Carmody, "I want you to meet Barry Hatfield. Slim, you do the honors."

Slim gulped down his nervousness, brushed an awkward hand over his overalls.

"Meet Pete and Harry and Buck," he muttered. Then he pulled himself together. "Mr. Hatfield, sir," he said, "I can't tell you how proud I am. Why, up around our ranch, sir, you're our hero!"

"Catch him," cried Diana. "He's going to faint again!"

The ranch houses were below them, red tile roofs brilliant in the morning sunlight. They reached the lowlands along a shining, concrete road, passed through a green lane of Monterey pine, into a glittering stable yard neat as a city park.

A cowhand on a motorcycle came racing up from the meadow, along one of the hard-packed pathways which spread a network over the range . . . and when he recognized Barry Hatfield he caromed toward a fence. But he juggled his machine into control and ran it into a shed with a half dozen others. Then he stood off at a respectful distance.

"The ranch is so big," said Diana wistfully, "the boys have to use motorcycles to get around."

"They don't like it much," Adam Carmody explained apologetically, "but what can you do? It's going to be a great treat for them to have you here, Mr. Hatfield."

"I think I'll lie down for a while," said Barry.

LATER, huddled in blankets and sitting before a crackling fire in the log-beamed living-room, he heard Diana's tranquil voice stealing to his ears:

"The boys have been so cute today. Just waiting patiently around the porch for you to come out. They don't have much to occupy them any more, with so many conveniences and fences, so most of their time is taken up with reading Western books or going to the movies. . . ."

Barry patted her hand in a kindly way. "Perhaps we'd better not talk any more just now," he suggested, and slipped into a restless doze.

It was comforting to have Diana sitting beside his bed, adjusting his pillow. It cooled him down to awaken with her lovely face regarding him with tenderness and concern.

"You may get up today," she told him one morning. "And I wonder if you'd mind wearing your chaps when you go out? The boys asked if you would."

"Haven't they got any?"

"It would never do on motorcycles," she explained, "and they do miss them awfully."

He clutched her slender fingers.

"You stay by me until I get well," he said, "and I'll do anything you ask, Diana."

So he wore his chaps and yellow silk shirt, with the pearl buttons and braiding, when he walked out. Cowhands came hurrying in silence from barn and corral, to stand off at a little distance soberly watching him.

Then they crowded around him, studying his gun and fondling the wool in his chaps.

"Now," said Slim wistfully, "if we could only see you on a horse."

Barry opened his eyes and looked at them.

"I can take a lot of this," he said, sternly, "but don't go too far. . . . Still, maybe the bouncing around will clear my head."

SLIM held the stirrups and the pinto looked back over her haunches, rolling her eyes so that the whites showed.

"Now, it ain't for me to tell *you* what to do, Mr. Hatfield, but when you get on I'd advise you to get on *fast*."

"Very good," said Barry. He swung himself up. Diana and the others waved to him from the corral fence.

It was a heel-lifting, head-throwing performance, with wing-overs and half-loops. It seemed very brief, but when Slim helped him up he was saying:

"I'm only a wee mite disappointed. I timed it. You stayed with her just one minute longer than what they did at the rodeo. Still, it was good. It was first-class and a pretty thing to see."

The outlines of the stable yard grew sharp in his vision. The cowhands on the fence were open-mouthed.

"Pinch me," Barry said to Diana.

She did. He was.

HE WAS feeling much better until the sheep-war excitement struck the ranch at dinnertime.

Barry came into the great, paneled dining-room, where the hands and family ate at a long, narrow table, and the boys stood up. When he spoke, a respectful silence attended his remarks. Still, he felt stronger.

But it just happened that he didn't care for lamb. Once, in his boyhood, he had gone too far with a leg of mutton. Tonight when the Chinese cook put his plate before him he thoughtlessly pushed it away.

An embarrassed silence clamped down on the table. The hands all pushed their plates away, too, and Mr. Carmody blushed to the roots of his hair. Mrs. Carmody nervously cleared her throat.

"I know how he feels," said her husband. "Mother, it isn't exactly cricket for us to serve lamb. We all know the cowman oughtn't to patronize the sheepman. It just goes to show how lax we're getting. There isn't a picture I've seen that would give a man any grounds for eating lamb."

Slim put his plate definitely in the middle of the table.

"I ain't never gonna eat no more lamb," he promised.

"I'll tell you what I *have* done, though," said Adam Carmody, looking to Barry for approval. "For the past couple of years I've been getting threatening letters from a gang of Mexican sheepherders who want to use our creek for water." The boys all brightened up. Mr. Carmody went on: "Now, of course, there isn't rightly any good reason why they shouldn't use it. We've got more water and pasture than we need. But I've done this much! I've been cracking down on them for old times' sake!"

The hands looked at Barry hopefully. This situation was a familiar one. He'd been through it twenty times. But he was surprised to find himself hammering on the table, shouting:

"Don't give in! Don't give 'em an inch!"

Before he could recover, excitement burned around the table like fire along a fuse. The cowhands pushed back their chairs. A happy light broke over Slim's long, sad face.

"We'll fight 'em, by Joseph!" he cried, working his Adam's apple up and down. "I'm gonna get some real experience at last!"

Barry rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I'll rest now," he murmured. Diana hurried to him, taking his arm. "I keep thinking it's over," he told her, "but it all comes back."

As he wandered away, he heard Adam Carmody shouting:

"I'll knuckle down on 'em, boys! I'll send 'em a note that'll sizzle the paper. Slim, you take it to 'em. Roderique Vaqua. We'll stir things up, boys! We've been getting careless!"

A RUSH of activity struck the ranch the next morning. Adam explained at breakfast:

"The last few years we haven't been branding the cattle," he said. "Figured there was no need, with high fences and all. But having you here, Mr. Hatfield, kind of makes us ashamed. We're starting today. It'll give the boys a chance to ride their horses and make everybody happier."

Barry stumbled on toward the kitchen.

He pushed open the door and walked out into the patio. He asked for Diana. But she had ridden off with the hands to help round up the Guernseys, and she was gone all day.

Barry sat on a log, listening to the birds calling from the trees, and looking off toward the hills. When, finally, he thought he saw a Mexican dodging back of a shed he drew his breath sharply through his teeth and went in to read. The library, however, was made up of books about line riders and rangers and wagon trains, so he tossed around on a couch until the turmoil began at six o'clock.

As from far away, he heard the mumbling of voices and the shouting. Hoofs clattered in the stable yard. Slim called in his high voice: "O-oh, Diana!"

Barry couldn't believe she had actually disappeared until they had told him for the third time.

AT TEN o'clock, when they were sitting nervously on the veranda, waiting for a report, a rock came hurtling through the window, shattering the glass.

"Quick!" shouted Barry. "You'll find a note with it."

Sure enough. Adam Carmody read it aloud in great excitement. It said:

Señor Carmody:
This time you have gone too far. Your daughter is our guest while you make up your mind.
Roderique Vaqua.

"From here on," said Barry, "I know what to do!"

There was not an automotive conveyance left on the ranch: headlights were stabbing the darkness on all the surrounding hills.

He found himself making a one-armed leap over the corral fence, though the gate was open, and saddling the sloe-eyed pinto, when he might have taken a better horse.

"I'm losing my mind," he decided, as he bucked away under the high stars.

He rode all night.

"I've got to find her," he kept repeating. "This is serious," he said, over and over.

At the crack of dawn Slim rounded a turn on his motorcycle. Slim's face was dusty, his lips drawn in a straight line.

"The experience when you finally get it," said Slim, "ain't all it's cracked up to be, Mr. Hatfield."

Barry said:

"Slim, is there a draw around here, anywhere? There's usually a draw where you can look down on some smoke coming from a log cabin in the clearing. Quick, man!"

"By Joseph, Mr. Hatfield! About four miles down that trail—" Slim pointed a long finger—"you'll find a draw. Over some rocks and up to a ridge. I'd go with you, but I can't make it on my bike."

Barry wheeled his horse.

HE DREW bridle on the ridge and looked down. Sure enough, there in the canyon below him was a cabin with a wisp of smoke rising from the chimney.

"Diana!" he said, and urged his horse down the steep hill. Many times before he had done just this, but never before had he been excited about it. Now there was a purpose; now a thrill, almost pleasurable, tingled in his veins. He experienced a nostalgia for the old West. After all, it had been great stuff. Not a dull moment.

A Mexican, with a blanket around him, was asleep crouched against an adobe wall. But at the sound of hoofbeats on the trail he snapped upright and leveled his rifle. An exceedingly rough customer.

"Up with 'em!"

Barry moved his right hand and stopped. Suddenly he realized that this was a real Mexican and he had a real gun. If anybody pulled a trigger honest blood would flow. Barry was preparing to raise both hands above his head when the Mexican gave a start of recognition.

"Caramba!" he shouted. He threw down his rifle. *"Señor Barry Hatfield!"*

Shouting at the top of his lungs, he scurried in a dodging run toward the cabin and the ravine beyond:

"Amigos! Aqui esta el Señor Barry Hatfield. In person. Hatfield. Todo es perdido!"

Five more Mexicans tumbled out of the cabin door and plunged into the underbrush. Barry heard his name echoing and reëchoing through the draw: "Hatfield. Not a chance! *Todo es perdido!*"

He swung from the saddle and raced toward the cabin. In the doorway stood Diana. "You're all right, Diana?"

She nodded happily.

"It's been simply thrilling!" she said. "Of course I knew you'd come."

Barry lowered himself to the porch steps and Diana sat beside him.

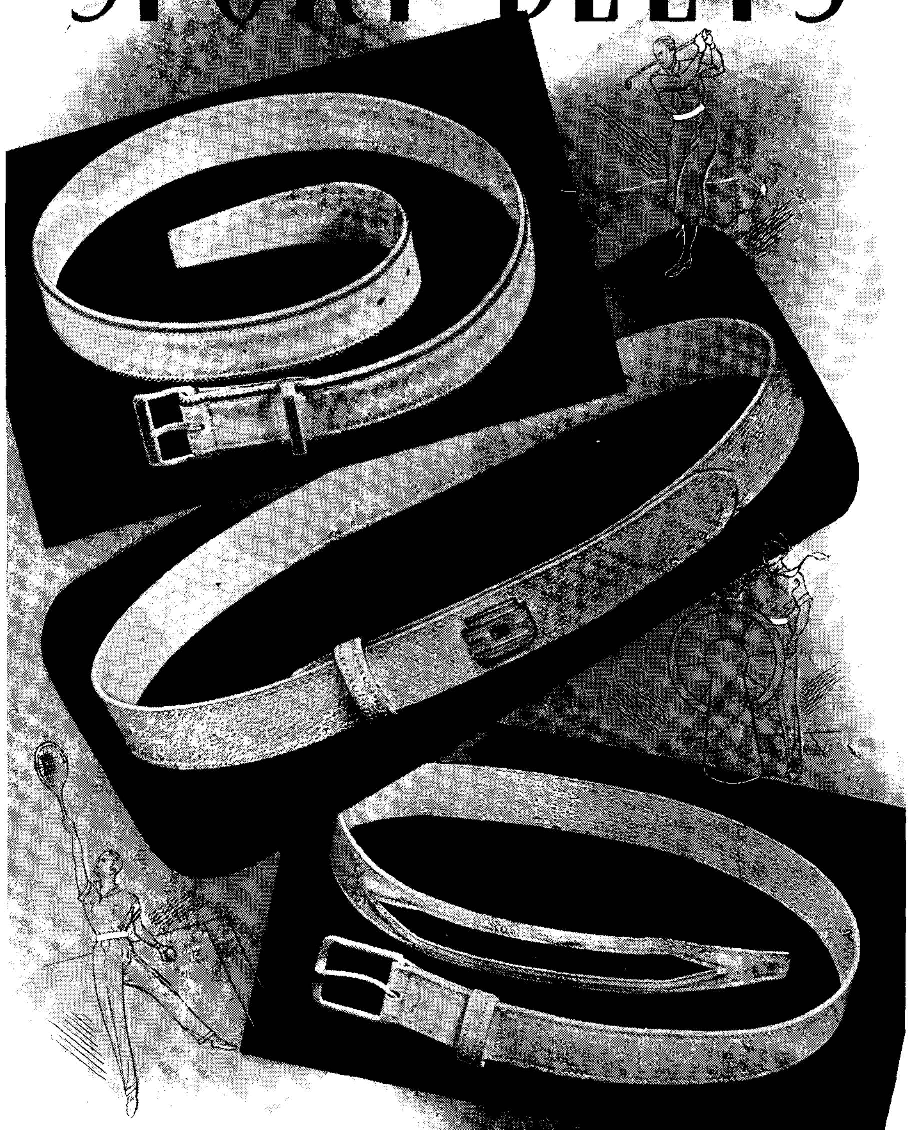
"Last night when I told them you'd be here, they wouldn't believe me. But when that guard called your name they couldn't get out fast enough. You see," she explained, "there were only six of them, after all."

Barry lowered his head to his hands.

"Diana," he murmured, "I'm going to phone Bert Abrams today. They've probably gone to fifty-five hundred by this time. I'm going back to Hollywood where nobody knows me. I've got to have some privacy. But—" he raised his startled eyes, "I can't go alone. Maybe I'm still having delusions. I love you, Diana. Will you—"

"Yes," she said. Her cool fingers soothed the back of his neck. Very comforting. "Of course I will. When I was a little girl I made up my mind I'd never marry anybody but a real cowhand."

How to pick a winner in
SPORT BELTS



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10 TRICKS to TEACH your DOG GIVEN with every Can of PULVEX Flea Powder

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 15

lane to the gate that admitted him to the Moulton tennis court, and so to their side drive, and so to the wide entrance of their big house. Mary and Peter went on with their talk.

"Tell me what you're thinking, Pete. I mean the whole thing—I mean the worst of it. Tell me what we ought to be doing now, and how we're going to get out of it. It's impossible that with so many—what did he call them, assets?—it's impossible that with so many assets we shouldn't get clear at least. I wish we'd known more about it before. Before Mother died, I mean, or even before Dad died. But it's too late for that now. We just have to go ahead now, as best we can."

"SOMETIMES I think you've got a swell head on you, Mary," Peter said. And again her heart sang, or perhaps it had been quietly singing ever since Calvin's tall figure had silhouetted itself against the sunny bareness of the garden. Everything was all right again; there was nothing but straight-ahead patience and persistence for her now; she had been right all along. Service to Peter and Lindsay and the children, eternal gentleness with Aunt Joan, faithful attention to all the distracting duties of the household, these would pull them all through.

"What were you saying, Peter? What have you been saying?" she came out of a brief daydream to ask uneasily.

"Well, I mean we've got to get out of here," Peter said.

"And pay rent?"

"But don't you see, when you've got a mortgage and taxes you *are* paying rent?"

"No; that I never will see," Mary said firmly. "When you own a house someone else pays you rent," she elucidated it. "If they didn't, why own houses? Peter," she added, as he remained silent, staring down at the soft earth he was kicking with a restless shoe, "if we find the bonds we can stay here, can't we?"

"It depends upon how many there are—or were," Peter answered, almost absently. "They think now that Mother took them out of the safe-deposit box some time right after Dad died, and disposed of them somehow. Anyone could sell her anything; she was always going to make money on investments. Here's the thing, Mary: We've not got enough money to pay our bills."

"Not until the estate is cleared up, you mean?"

"Not ever. It simply isn't there. We owe almost a thousand in taxes. Those bills upstairs on Mother's desk come to nearly two thousand more. We've not got it. We're not going to get it. Meyers says you couldn't get twenty-five thousand for this house—the building's no good, it'd have to come down."

"*Our house!*" Mary whispered. She looked at it, standing square and substantial in morning light; red chimneys, white paint, curtained sunny bay windows, balustraded porches, and it was as if the ground rocked under her feet.

Well, people did things, she presently discovered, not because they wanted to, not because they heroically had decided to do them, but because they must. When she and Peter had to decide between moving out to the Green Oaks place or going to the poorhouse, they naturally chose the Green Oaks place. They couldn't—the Burleighs of Nine Oaks could not go to the poorhouse, and they could not scatter, as the only helpful voices that spoke at all in these bewildering days suggested. Mrs. Rossiter had said that she could take Lindsay in "for a while," and Mrs. Nagle had said that she would love to have poor little Bart with her children "until something was settled"; Mary could have gone into a hospital for training as a nurse. And Peter—and Chrissie—well, Peter could get a job, and perhaps the Sisters at Belmont would offer Chrissie a home for a few weeks, anyway.

These offers cost Mary many bitter hours of humiliation, and Lindsay more than one burst of agonized tears of fright. Peter did not cry, did not lie wakeful, but he grew a little bitter and harsh under the strain of it; and sometimes shouted at Barty or Chrissie in a way to which they were entirely unaccustomed. Agnes had all the work to do now, for Lena, mentioning a lawsuit to recover unpaid wages, had gone, and even Agnes began to show signs of rasped nerves and dismal apprehensions. Affairs in the household, under the new rule, were trying to Agnes.

It was all unspeakably gloomy. The library, to which Mary had sometimes referred in ignorant happy times as "priceless," turned out to be priceless indeed, because worthless indeed. Some of the old law books of the children's grandfather, Governor Barrows—afterward Judge Barrows of the Supreme Court—had actually rotted away in odorous ashes in their stately leather bindings. The Dickens set was not the valuable edition; the Macaulay and Scott were so finely printed as to be scarcely readable by modern eyes; water had gotten into the Flaxman Bell and the Doré Inferno. A San Francisco bookdealer offered the Burleighs one hundred and eighty-two dollars for the more than two thousand volumes. Peter closed with him at once and paid the drug store and Lena and the telephone company what he could. Chrissie was taken out of Miss Walcott's school; Bart's music lessons stopped abruptly; and Judge Moulton bought the Burleighs' radio for Spencer's birthday present.

IT WAS Mary who, at their darkest moment, thought of moving to Green Oaks. At first her suggestion seemed to do little to brighten the insufferable situation, for Peter merely shook his head scornfully, and Lindsay, who had gone out into that neighborhood once or twice to see charity cases for the Junior Red Cross, shut her eyes with a shudder.

"We wouldn't have to pay rent there at least, Peter."

"Taxes," Peter said wearily.

"Your taxes wouldn't be eighteen dollars a year," Calvin Tait said. He often came in, in the evenings, to discuss their problems with them, and to them all he seemed already like an especially helpful elder brother, and to Mary all the world beside.

"You think we might, Calvin?" Mary said eagerly.

"I've not seen the place, you know."

"You bet your life you've not seen the place!" Peter said grimly.

"It would mean we're together," Mary argued, warming to her plan because Calvin had not disapproved it. "We could clean it up. We'd be out of the spotlight; we'd not have every old tabby in town telling us what to do. There's a fine school there for the kids, we could even raise vegetables, we could have a few chickens! People do live," the girl pleaded, looking from one face to another for encouragement, "people do *live* when they have land, and a roof over their heads!"

"The beauty of that roof," Peter said darkly, "is that in any good storm it *might* be over our heads, right over them!"

"Has it a bathroom, Mary?"

"I don't know, Calvin. We didn't go in. It looked pretty awful, the day Peter and I went down." Mary remembered that day. She had been in fresh mourning; she and Peter had had a rather stimulating session at the bank; they had gone out to Green Oaks to view the property as merely an unimportant part of their estate. She had felt strangely young and burdened then, but what ease and security that time seemed to have compared with today!

"But we'll be together, Mary!" Chrissie sobbed suddenly at this point. She flung herself against her sister's arm, and Mary managed to get an arm about her, and dried her tears even though her own eyes were wet.

After all, that decided it. They would be together; the three sisters, the two brothers, the little broken old bird of an aunt. They would live somehow, raising potatoes and apples, perhaps managing a cow some day. Peter would get work.

"Come on," Mary said, "let's go out now and see it!" And ten days later they moved to Green Oaks.

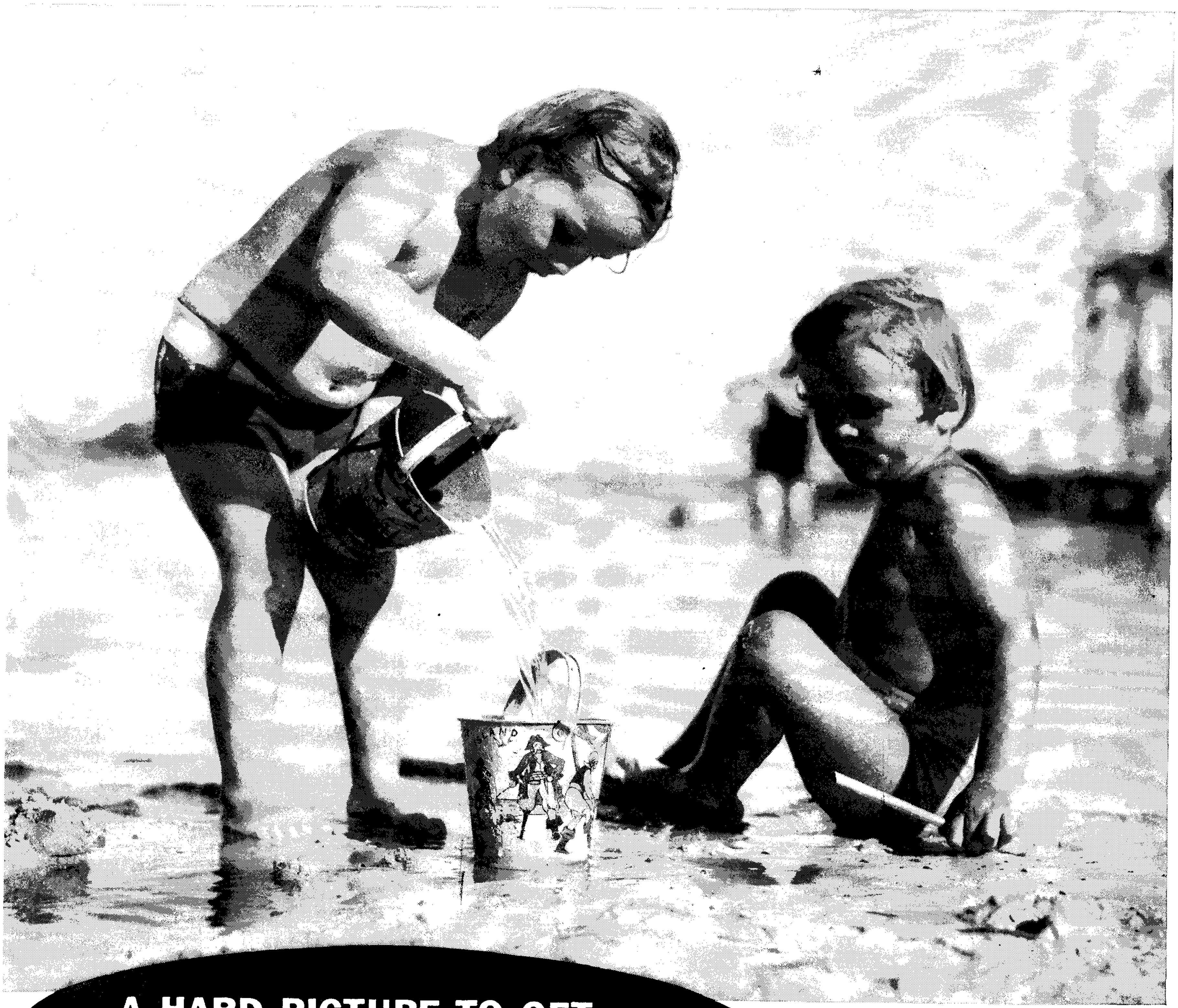
THEY moved on a day that was like spring, although the calendar stood upon the third of February. Grass was sprouting everywhere and the skies were blue. The Burleighs were tired, dirty, more than a little apprehensive as to the first great step upon which they had decided without the benefit of parental advice, but they could not but be cheered by the warm wash of sunshine and perfume that lay upon their new home.

Number seven, seven, three Buena Vistita Avenue—such was the post-office designation of the place—presented at first glance a dreary state of ruin that was not belied by a further examination. When Peter, armed in advance with a hammer, had knocked the boards from the front door, assuring the shrill neighbor woman the while that it was all right, and that he owned the place and was moving in, he and the girls entered a small square hall smelling of carbolic acid, rotted rags and damp plaster. The very floor was rotten, and decayed paper hung in long strips from the stained walls.

To the right of the entrance was a room evidently intended for social purposes only. Some old calendars and colored prints, with two crossed palm-leaf fans, still adhered to its blackened walls; there were no closets, no other entrance, no fireplace; just three blank sides, two pierced by cheap two-paned windows. Across the hall was another similar room, with a tangle of stained bedding in a corner. Back of both ran a kitchen whose floor boards swayed underfoot, whose bare iron sink and rusted stove were littered with cans and newspapers and boxes all melted together into a state of rot, and all of whose surfaces were deep in grime and grease. A dead bird, its wings broken with wild beating, lay with curled feet upward on a window sill.

The kitchen had two back doors leading into rooms that evidently had once been used to store and make liquor; bottles, strainers, rags, funnels were conspicuous in the jumble that included broken tools, rusted pots with holes in

(Continued on page 52)



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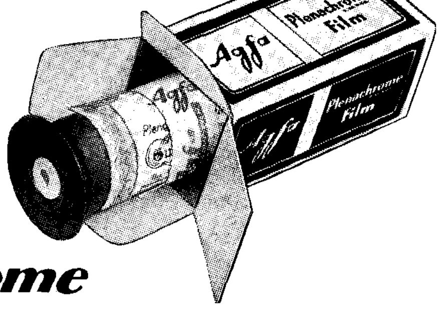

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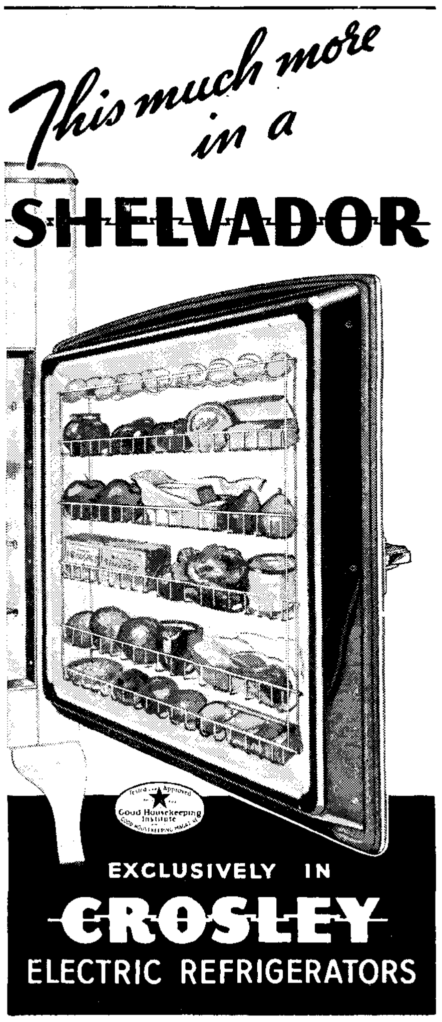

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 50

them, frayed baskets, rubbish covering other rubbish that was packed against rubbish in its turn. It was incredible that human beings could ever have lived in the mess of it, that creatures of higher intelligence than animals could prize and hoard so much trash!

Upstairs—a steep flight led from the very door—were three stark rooms opening upon a triangle of hall. They had floors, walls, ceilings, no more. They were not quite as dirty as the lairs downstairs, but their windows had been closed for years in all weathers, the air in them was stale and poisoned. Mary flung up windows and the clean, sweet-scented air of spring rushed in.

IT HAD been a heartbreaking morning, saying goodby to the old home under the oaks, where they had been so happy; it was nearly noon now, and they were all hungry. But they could not open up food in this scene of horror.

"We'll sweep one of those upstairs rooms," Mary said, looking about in vain for a spot in which she might safely deposit her black gloves and hat. "And then we can put all our things there, if you boys will move up some chairs, and maybe the bureau. Then we'll picnic—we'll sit on the porch. I couldn't eat in that kitchen! Then we'll see what we can do to make it fit to cook dinner in."

"Cheerio!" Peter said, glad to be commanded.

Mary and Lindsay carried a broom and some soaked newspapers upstairs. Agnes, leaving this morning for a new job, had given them this final hint. They dropped the wet paper on the dirty, bare floors, and presently, what with a thorough sweeping and the glorious wash of fresh air, could establish a bureau and some chairs in place, open a trunk to get out old tennis dresses, descend to the kitchen feeling ready for the next step.

Barty, commissioned to go about the house and knock all the boards away from windows and doors, was in ecstasies. He was presently sent three blocks to the store with Chrissie; they returned, exhilarated, with soft bread and peanut butter and eggs. Mary fried eggs and set them between thick cuts of bread; presently, with blackened hands and dishevelled hair, they were all eating. They set cups of hot cocoa about on the ledges and rails of the deep back porch.

"You can scrape the dirt off the parlor walls with a knife," Lindsay observed.

"Oh, don't!" Mary murmured.

"Lissen, are we always goin' to live here—let's?" Chrissie pleaded. "Aw, let's, will you, Mary? Lissen, Odalia Casbury goes to this school; she was buying sardines for her mother. You take a basket and pick out what you want and he punches it on a machine and tells you what they have to pay."

"Where ought we begin, Pete?"

"Kitchen, I should think."

"Baskets and boxes all over the place. We'll have to move them before we can start cleaning."

Aunt Joan appeared. She would not ride in motorcars; she had not been in one since the dreadful day of the accident; she had walked the three miles from Birch Street to Buena Vistita Avenue, and looked more pinched and weak and ineffectual than ever. But if the sight of the new residence was a shock to her she gave no sign of it; she ate her thick sandwich and drank her slightly burned cocoa with the rest, and afterward was to be seen, like a small wren with a too-large twig, struggling in the muddy side yard with a large rocker.

"Those wretched moving men set this right down on what I think is a rhododendron!" panted Aunt Joan. "I'd like to boot them!"

"You wouldn't hurt them, would you, Aunt Joan?" Peter asked reproachfully, and Mary laughed until she had to put a hand against the sink to brace herself.

"Mary, did you ever realize what soap and hot water *are?*" Lindsay demanded, her little, earnest face flushed with work and smooched with a dozen sorts of grime: grease, soot, ashes, dust, rust, smoke.

"We're getting somewhere!" Mary answered valiantly. "If only we can hold out!"

They made themselves beds somehow, after a scrappy dinner of bakery doughnuts and tomato sauce and cold canned corned beef and tea; Aunt Joan's bed was put up in the downstairs front room; she fussed about until she found sheets, her own blankets. But the others dropped upon the nearest mattress, rolled themselves up somehow, and slept with unwashed hands and dirty faces all through the bitter cold of the night.

"We'll live through this simply because we won't die," Mary said the next morning when, in a lame, awkward, unaccustomed fashion they were managing coffee and bread and eggs for breakfast. The stove smoked; there was frost on the heaped filth of the side yard. The first warmth of the fire, when at last the dampers were mastered, coated the windows with a fairy-work of mountains and glens of ferns. But presently they were all at work again, cutting their hands on tools, raising sore spots of watery flesh on their inexperienced fingers, spilling water, breaking glass, conquering one layer of dirt only to uncover another.

The blue smoke of a bonfire went up from the side yard into crisp winter sunshine. The girls laughed as they went out to it holding at arm's length the newspapers that held especially repulsive rubbish—a dead rat, the feathery remains of a dead chicken, a can in which some sort of food had settled to solid green mush. Peter labored valiantly with the outhouses, bargained with a German neighbor for barrels of lime and buckets of whitewash.

EACH day was a triumph over the day before; the place would always be ugly, uncomfortable, inadequate, but it was something to see floors clean—or at least as clean as their splintery, cheap boards could be, and windows shining; china set on shelves, linen placed in drawers, the stove brushed and shining.

Mary went to the chain store three blocks away and bought rice and potatoes, molasses and lard and onions, stew beef and pork sausage. They cost surprisingly little. Bread was cheap, and while the little Sorenson boy was laid up with a poisoned hip, Bart and Chris could earn two quarts of milk a day by delivering eighteen more in the neighborhood.

Somehow the Burleighs ate and worked and slept and rose up to eat and work again. Mary asked herself sometimes how they did it. It proved, at least, that figures could lie, for there was no figuring at all in these days; no bills, no overhead, no income. Nothing but sending Bart for a whole-wheat loaf, peppering a meat pie, soaking apricots for a shortcake, realizing that they were all right for one more meal. Mary made serious mistakes in the kitchen, but she retrieved them with the instinct of a born cook, and began to hear herself praised even for such simple triumphs as baked potatoes and dried-apple sauce. Gradually order emerged out of chaos; there was a certain satisfaction in it for them all.

"It is the satisfaction of cave women —of the Stone Age," Mary said. "But it is a satisfaction just the same. Now that we've made the place reasonably habitable—now that we are as civilized as most of our neighbors, what have we got?"

"You have me," Calvin Tait answered to this one evening, very simply.

IT WAS a warm April evening; the Burleighs had been in their new home for six weeks. Mary and Lindsay had kept track of the first few days because of their very strangeness—the first day, the second day, the third day—

"Do you realize we've only been here three days?" they had asked each other. "And look at what we've done!"

But now the days were all running together into weeks and months. The new way of living had become a pattern; a pattern involving hard hours of early rising to conquer the problems of a cold kitchen, long struggles with grease and dishwater, vigorous achievements of hot water and soap and hairbrushing, and the wearied collapse into bed at night too tired even to think of the coming day.

"Now that we've done it, what?" Mary asked.

"You mean you're actually going to make a go of it?" Calvin countered, by way of reply.

"Well—we're alive," the girl answered. "We're not very sure how we're doing it, but somehow we manage from day to day. What we'll do when our clothes give out I can't imagine, because, as it is, we just manage bread and butter. But somehow I've stopped thinking, or I'm too busy to think—"

And it was then that she added: "Now that we're as civilized as most of our neighbors, what have we got?"

Upon Calvin's answer she laughed a little, in the dark. A glorious April moon was whitewashing the world and making even the forlorn, flat poverty-stricken reaches of Green Oaks look magical in beauty. The pearly glow of it poured over the little roofs and cheap garages in lavish glory; bolts of lacy shadow lay under the fruit trees, and the occasional little breezes that moved over the world were sweet with flower odors.

"*Have* I you, Calvin?" she asked after a while, by way of reply.

"Well, don't you know it?" the man said, with a nervous little laugh.

He was sitting on the step below her, and had been facing, as she had been, toward the mountains and the east. But now he half turned, and laid his arm across her knees, his body twisted about so that he was facing her.

"I've liked you since the first moment I saw you, Mary," he said.

"I don't know why," Mary said. "This is a proposal—this is a proposal!" she said in her heart. "You've seen me at my very worst," she murmured aloud.

"It doesn't seem to me your worst," Calvin said. "I've seen you in difficulties that would floor most girls—they haven't floored you. I want to get you out of them. I want you—you know that—I want you to marry me."

She rested her cheek against his forehead and felt his arm strong about her, and for a few minutes sheer ecstasy and weariness kept her from speaking.

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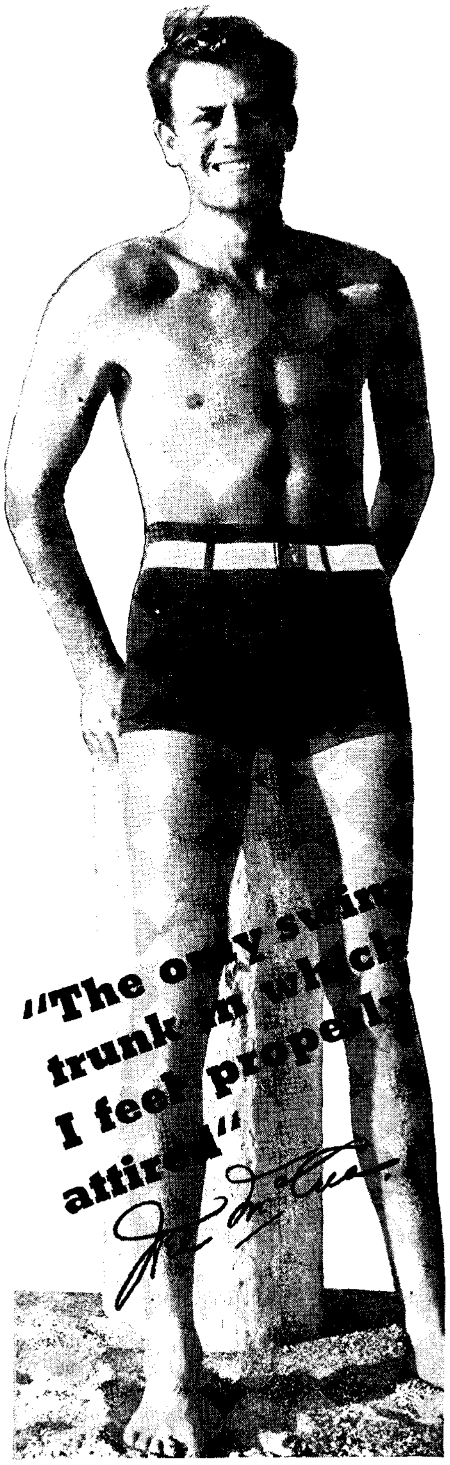
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"It seems so strange," she said at last in a whisper.

"It doesn't seem strange to me!" Calvin said exultantly, kissing her temple, and the corner of her eye and the firm line of her chin, kissing whatever his hungry lips could reach with quick, little kisses. "My darling!"

Mary rested against him; she felt that she never wanted to move again.

"Isn't this all wonderful, Mary?"

"It's all like a dream. I always thought—I mean when I was younger, that some day I'd get married," Mary presently murmured, in the first enchantment of confidences, "but I never thought it would be like this."

"Didn't you, sweetheart? What did you think it would be like?"

"Well—I always saw myself telling Mother, for one thing, and then having an announcement party, either a lunch for the girls, or a dance at the club, or something. And then I suppose I thought on to a trousseau and a veil—all that."

"We can do without some of those! Mary, when can we be married?"

Her thoughts, in a flash that made them like a panorama, suddenly seemed to embrace the alarm clock that rang at quarter to seven, the gritty coffeepot, the sink choked with pots and pans and flooded with gray water, Barty's dirty socks lurking under Barty's unmade bed, a tin basin and a wet towel, onion skins and apple peels, hands cold and dirty and scented with turnip—

"Oh, Calvin, not for ever so long!" she said. "They need me here."

"They won't need you forever, you darling! They can't keep us apart," Calvin said, "now that we've found each other. The rest'll take care of itself. Tell me—don't look over your shoulder, they've all gone to bed—tell me, when did you first—"

It was like a fairy tale; it was increasingly like a fairy tale as the moonlight deepened in splendor and whiteness, and the soft night winds that were filled with the sweetness of earth and flowers and grass went softly by. Mary's voice, Calvin's voice, Mary's little broken laugh sounded and were still, and began again in the enchanted night, and when, at eleven o'clock, they went blinking and smiling dazedly into the kitchen, and when he kissed her good night, it was all arranged between them. Mary would stay with her brothers and sisters while they needed her; Calvin would do what he could to improve his prospects in the bank, and just as soon as Lindsay could take Mary's place, and Peter had steady work, they would be married.

AFTER Calvin had gone Mary stood perfectly still in the center of the kitchen, looking into space, hardly conscious that she was thinking, letting vague waves of feeling sweep over her. She was barely twenty; it was thrilling to be engaged at twenty. It was bewildering to be changed so soon from the college freshman she had been a year ago to a woman with both hands filled with home cares, and with a man like Calvin Tait for a sweetheart. "It doesn't seem like me!" Mary said, in a whisper, in the empty room.

The kitchen was harshly lighted by a single bright bulb that dangled from the center of the ceiling. Peter had said that he would change this for two side lights, but Peter had been asked by Hansen, the lumber and coal and firewood man, to substitute for a sick clerk in the little six-foot-square office at the coal yard, and the fifteen dollars a week was too valuable an asset just at this crisis to be overlooked. So Peter had to stop doing things about the house for a while, and get an early start every day on the two-mile walk to Hansen's.

The drama, the sense of gypsying and pioneering, of change and novelty were wearing away from the adventure now; Mary's days were beginning to take on a certain tameness, a certain drab monotonousness that exhibited in all its raw unloveliness the contrast between the ease and luxury she had known yesterday and the grim realities of poverty today. Standing alone in the center of the kitchen, as the excited emotions Calvin had aroused in her subsided, she began to perceive even now the difficulties of the situation. Calvin belonged to one world; for an indefinite time, for how long she did not know, but perhaps forever, she belonged to another.

HE WAS ambitious, this bank manager's nephew who had done so well in college, who was already making a name for himself among the young business men of Las Palomas. He had told Mary tonight that he meant to go straight ahead, meant to succeed. He had told her that if Mr. Bernard Meyers opened a branch of the bank in Los Angeles in the fall he would probably be sent there, and that he would expect Mary to go to the southern part of the state with him, as his wife.

"Your family," he had said cheerfully and firmly, "won't stop to consider you for five minutes if *they* want to get married! You mustn't be sentimental about it, darling. You've got to live your own life and let them live theirs."

"Yes, but just now," she had argued eagerly, timidly, afraid that at any word of reality or doubt the bright dream of his love for her might break. "Just now, Calvin, when Mother's just—when we're trying to get started—"

"I know, sweetheart," Calvin, in his twenty-four-year-old confidence, had said. "And I'm not talking of now. This is April; nothing'll be settled until September at least. Your mother died in October—well, you and I won't have to get married until October. We aren't going to announce it until September if we don't want to. But I want to settle down; I want my wife. It isn't fair to me or to you either to keep putting it off!"

"I'm not putting it off!" she had echoed with a faint laugh of protest. "We've not been engaged for an hour, and you talk about 'putting it off'!"

But she liked him for his impatience, none the less, and she liked it when he said:

"You and I were engaged the minute our eyes fell on each other in the bank, the day after your mother's funeral!"

Now that he had gone, however, the dubious thoughts would swarm back again. She could not get married, without money or a decent home or the right clothes or freedom. She could not desert the children—not for years—not for another year anyway.

"Well, then I'll only be twenty-one, just twenty-one," Mary thought. As with all girls, the consideration of her years was most important when she thought of marriage. To marry in the teens would be dashing and satisfying; the early twenties would not be actually disgraceful. But any woman who waited until she was thirty seemed to Mary to confess to the world that she was hopelessly unpopular with men, and ready to snatch at any escape from spinsterhood.

Going through the hall to the stairs Mary saw her aunt in bed reading, with Rajah, the only cat remaining to her, lying majestically at her feet. Rajah looked up with sleepy uneasiness; relapsed again into half slumber. Aunt Joan closed her book. Peter had arranged a string to carry the hanging bulb in this room immediately above her bed; her small, mottled face, severely washed under sharply brushed

(Continued on page 54)

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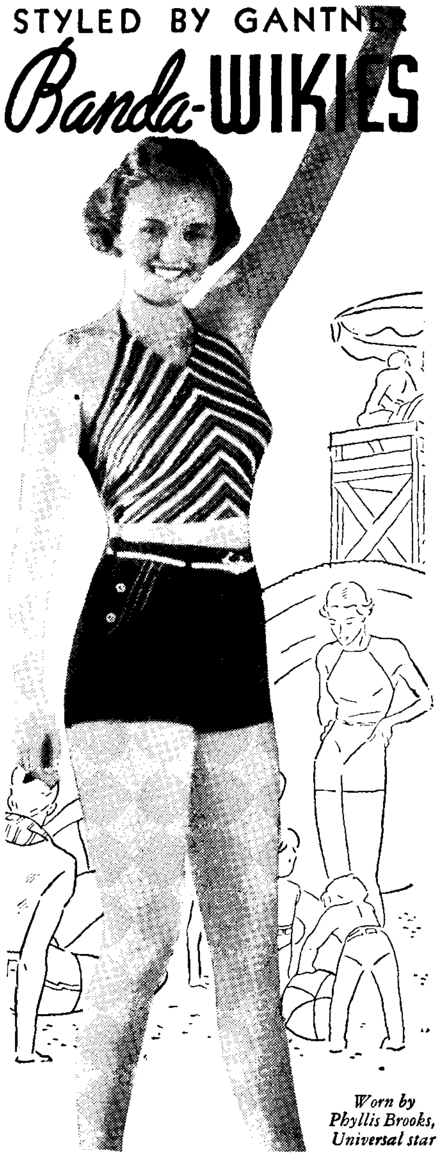

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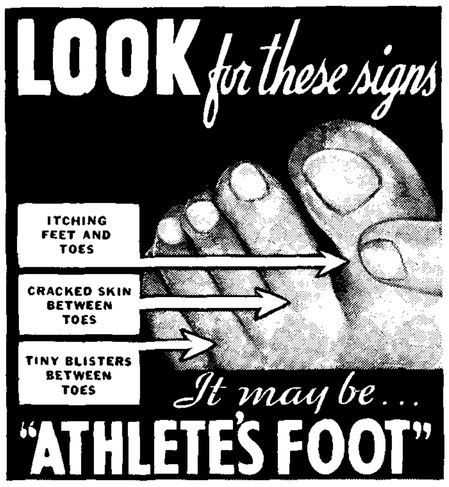

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(Continued from page 53)

hair, looked plain and elderly in the harsh light.

"What sort of butcher would charge that child five cents for cat meat?" she asked. "I'd like to go talk to that man! Why, your mother never paid for cat meat in her life, even when we had five cats!"

"Things are different down here, Aunt Joan. They count the nickels down here."

"I should say they did! Don't sit on my bottles!" said Miss Burleigh sharply. Mary carefully pushed the folds of the thick, quilted wrapper from the chair upon whose edge she was balancing; Aunt Joan's "paddysoy" was famous in the family; it had belonged to her mother before her. The first Mrs. Burleigh had had a terrifying experience in the great earthquake of eighteen sixty-eight; immediately afterward she had designed this garment with a special view to further earthquakes. It had been bequeathed to her daughter early in the new century, and it was family history that when the worst of all the shakes came a few years later Miss Joan Burleigh had emerged from her brother's home clothed, unscathed and prepared for whatever might be ahead.

That nothing of a sensational nature was ahead on that earthquake morning, and that the other Burleighs had dressed as usual and descended to breakfast at the ordinary time in no way affected Miss Burleigh's faith in her paddysoy. Every night she hung it where her hand must reach it at the first moment of panic; every night its capacious pockets were freshly stocked with handkerchiefs, stockings, slippers, Bible, eyeglasses, headache pills, salve, pen and pencil, scissors, needles and thread, crackers, smelling salts, address book and such souvenirs as were beyond price to Aunt Joan: her mother's picture, a picture of "dear Lily," with little Peter, Mary, Lindsay, Christine and the baby Barty grouped tightly about her, a seal ring used by Great-grandfather Innesbrook, a small leather-bound clock, a score of other small and portable treasures.

Looking sharply at her oldest niece tonight, Aunt Joan said:

"Did you hear that the Moultons were going to buy our place?"

MARY felt a moment of sharp pang. It never occurred to her to doubt the truth of her aunt's news. Joan Burleigh rarely left the house, but she always knew everything long before anyone else did.

"I'm sorry," Mary said slowly. "It makes me kind of sick to have anyone buy it."

"Maybe they're going to give it back to you and Peter," the older woman suggested, with her suddenly clouded look. Mary thought it wisest to agree with this idea, and presently went on her way upstairs, troubled in spite of herself by this new thought.

Chrissie and Mary shared a double bed; Lindsay had a cot set across its foot. The hall light, streaming in, showed Chrissie spread-eagled into a star in the very center of the bed, with a band of blankets twisted hopelessly across her middle, and her arms and legs bare. Mary sighed; she felt too tired to wrestle with the sleeping, unmanageable young body tonight. She began to shake pillows and drag at Chrissie's firm extremities, that sprang back into even more discouraging positions the moment Mary let go of them.

"Chris, wake up. Move up here on the pillow! Chris, take your foot off the pillow!"

"Doesn't she get into the most awful attitudes?" Lindsay said conversationally in the dark.

"She's as tough as a root to move!" Mary muttered, jerking and rolling. She lighted a light, and Chrissie stirred and blinked, and obediently tumbled out to a chair while Mary all but remade the bed. The room was cold and the child sneezed and began to cough heartily and willingly. When she was back under the blankets she went into a very luxury of coughing and sneezing, and Mary made her take vaseline, and got into bed herself wondering, as she stretched her aching arms and legs to comfortable positions, whether Chris ought to have a hot-water bottle. That meant lighting something, and dragging oneself downstairs, and waiting for a kettle to heat over crackling wood, and coming up again; Mary decided instead to warm Chrissie's feet with her own, and exploring, found that her sister's were much warmer than her own toes.

SLEEP was heavy upon her now. Her last conscious thought was that Calvin loved her; she was some day to be Mrs. John Calvin Tait. But swarms of other half-admitted thoughts followed—Aunt Joan, Barty, poor Peter working so hard, Lindsay still such a little girl really, in spite of her seventeen years and wise, old-fashioned ways, and Chrissie the greatest problem of them all. It was madness even to think of leaving them in a few months; nobody would get any breakfast; nobody would keep finances straight; nobody would hold the Burleighs together.

Mary sighed; she was warm and comfortable now, and Chrissie had finished her last cough. It was good to be in bed, and have nothing to do for long hours but sleep.

Busy in the kitchen in the hot mornings of early summer, rushing out into the yard to throw rubbish on the cold ashes of the bonfire or to pin wet dish towels on the wire line, Mary Burleigh tried for the first time in her life to think. There had never been need of thought before; there had been history courses and poetry courses and the selection of new dresses at Tutwiler's or Jorrop's; there had been affectionate impulses toward service for her sick mother, and affectionate responses to Barty's or Chrissie's need. But never in all her exactly twenty years of happy living had Mary been obliged to think, until after her mother's death.

Even their sudden responsibilities, their sudden change of fortune had not forced thought upon Mary and Peter. They had not been trained to think; they did not know how to do it. They had blundered along in inexperience, ignorance and good intention to their present position; they were not thinking now. They were rather doing entirely without motive the nearest thing that meant shelter, food, rest, cleanliness. They were doing only what they were forced to do, and moved to do it rather by their senses than by their minds.

But now, with the introduction of Calvin Tait into her life, Mary found herself essaying serious meditation. For the first time in her life she asked herself: "Who am I? Who is Mary Cadwallader Burleigh? What sort of a character have I got? And what sort of a character has Calvin got? Are we the sort of persons who make a home, and have children and gardens and books and friends, and travel some day, and go on loving each other to the end?"

To these and many other questions she could find no answer. But the mere formation of them made her feel herself consciously growing older, consciously leaving behind the contented little grub that had been Mary Burleigh, and spreading wings into womanhood.

"Are we going to get out of debt, Peter and I, and somehow keep the children fed and get them educated, and be proud of ourselves some day, or are we the sort that goes on down and down, that once had everything and now has nothing?

"What do I know about Calvin?" she would ask herself. "Lots of girls who marry even under the happiest of circumstances are mistaken; they get out of it as soon as they can. Suppose he and I were married and then he had to go away, and Bart got sick, or Chris got into some sort of trouble, then what?"

Sitting on the top step of the kitchen porch with Calvin, going with him occasionally to a late movie, laughing with him in the kitchen on a Sunday evening, when she was making a Spanish omelet and hot biscuits for supper, she presently came to see that even Calvin, while he thought forcefully and clearly about the future, was not thinking of it from her angle. He was thinking in terms of a clear-headed, deft-handed young teller in the Meyers First National Bank; thinking of winning a pretty, intelligent, popular wife, a bungalow in Los Angeles, a car, a club, a kindly and helpful attitude toward his wife's sisters and brothers; he was thinking, in short, in the natural and admirable way to think, and she loved him for his happy confidence over the whole problem. But that did not mean that she could quite share that confidence!

The situation at home was brightened by the irrepressibly gay spirits of the Burleighs. They were young, and they had a way of bursting into wild laughter over crises in the larder or the money stringency, or bursting into song when all went well. Nothing could suppress them long; they had inherited from the long-ago Irish forebear whose name they bore a keen sense of the utter unimportance of reason in the great affairs of life, and they never reasoned. But of Mary, Mary herself felt, Calvin quite naturally sometimes expected reason.

"It's just this," she would say to him on the breathless June nights when they walked through the flat lanes of Green Oaks under a hot, white moon. "You're the man of the whole world that I love, but there are things I just *can't* do. I couldn't go away from them all. You haven't an idea what mix-ups we get into here, every day, a dozen times a day! With my aunt, and with the children, and with meals—there's no end to it!"

"Look here, you've given the whole thing seven months," Calvin would answer. "How much longer d'you think you'll have to give it? You can't waste your whole life!"

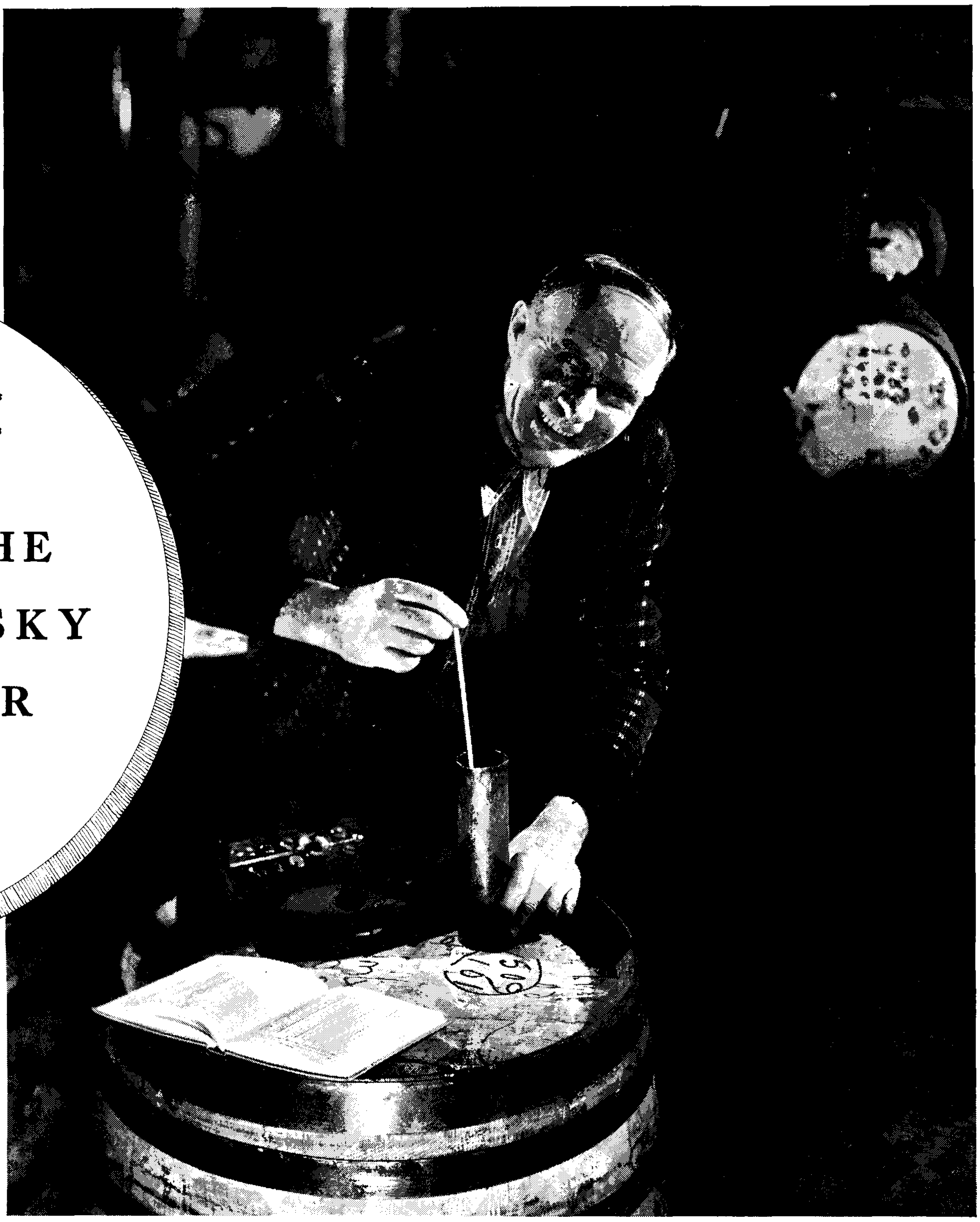
MARY had no answer to this. It distressed her that in the very first glow of discovered love she and Calvin must think of such things. But she knew she had no choice.

It was Calvin who on one of their evening walks suggested a secret marriage. Why shouldn't he and she quietly be married in San José some day? Then he could go off to Los Angeles with a more contented mind, and she could stay at home to settle with her obligations to the family as long as she liked. He would promise her never to try to hurry her or coerce her.

They leaned on the fence of the Garrison's pasture. The world was swimming mistily in moonlight; the oaks stood each in its pattern of lacy shadow; the mountains were dim and far away. Mary heard a windmill creak; on the Foothill Boulevard an occasional car showed a pair of eyes in the night, flashed and was gone.

"Let me think. Give me five minutes to think," she said slowly.

(To be continued next week)



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Hiram Walker's BONDED WHISKIES

The Invisible Army

Continued from page 17

His favorite exercise is horseback riding. Any morning he may be seen cantering along the bridle paths of the Tiergarten, Berlin's big park, which is a stone's throw from his office. Sometimes he starts his morning ride as early as six o'clock.

He is a tireless worker. Yet, despite his cold temperament and his devotion to duty, he is possessed of social graces which make him a valuable asset to Germany's present government in drawing-rooms and banquet halls. Even in his most relaxed moments, though, he remains uncommunicative. "What do you remember best about your talk with von Blomberg?" I asked one who had just been with him. "That he said nothing," was the reply.

He is a widower. He has a son, who is an army officer, and a daughter, who keeps house for him.

Five years ago, he went to the United States, on a German military mission, and spent two months there. He visited several of our cities, inspected the battlefield at Gettysburg, learned much concerning our army's methods. He sent back to Berlin an interesting photograph, which shows him wearing rough-and-ready clothes and a cap resembling that of an aviator, seated on the step of a huge military tank, while an American officer, diagram in hand, explains to him the intricacies of the tank's construction.

During part of his sojourn in the United States, he was the guest of an ex-American military attaché, with whom he had become good friends in Berlin.

Behind the Scenes

General von Blomberg is fifty-six years old. He was born at Stargard, in Pomerania, a part of Prussia which has given the German army some of its most efficient officers. At the age of eighteen he entered the Kaiser's army with the rank of lieutenant.

At the outbreak of the war he was a captain. Having attracted the attention of his superiors through his organizing ability, he was attached to the staff of a division. Later he was transferred to the staff of a corps, and, in 1917, to that of the 7th German Army, then at the front in Northern France.

Despite his duties, which kept him far from the front lines, von Blomberg managed to get himself a taste of close-range fighting. His commander, General von Reinhardt, who liked and trusted him, used to say, in giving him orders to be transmitted to somebody in the thick of battle: "Now I want you to see personally that these orders are carried out." So young von Blomberg would go right out to the firing-lines; so far out, in fact, that, one day, he got himself wounded. As a result of his combined staff and front-line work, he received the Pour le mérite, highest of German military decorations.

After the war, again thanks to his admirer, von Reinhardt, he got a job at the War Ministry. There, with interludes, he has remained ever since.

One of his assignments elsewhere was as head of the army's department of military training, in which he proved himself a wizard at turning raw peasant boys into disciplined soldiers. In 1925 he became a colonel, in 1927 a major-general. He was Germany's representative at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva. At the time of his appointment to the post of War Minister he was promoted by President von Hindenburg to the rank of General of Infantry.

Von Blomberg played a leading role—though he stayed, as usual, behind the scenes—in the events leading up to the bloody Nazi "purge" of June 30, 1934. Bitterly opposed to the scheme of Roehm, Hitler's chief of staff, to compel the heads of the regular army to take into its ranks a whole mass of the "Brown Shirts" of the Hitler private army, von Blomberg placed himself among the foremost of the regulars who went to Hitler and demanded a showdown.

"Are you with Roehm or against him?" they asked the Nazi chieftain. Hitler looked at their stern faces—thought of the solid regiments of the regular army ready to obey whatever commands their officers might give—and replied: "I am against him." Whereupon Roehm, in a fury, turned squarely to opposing his chief, and eventually landed himself in front of a firing squad.

Ever since, the importance and influence of the cold, silent leaders of the army in the workings of the Nazi State have been enormous. Hitler loses no chance to keep their support.

"The army is the only military force in the Third Reich," he tells them. And he reduces drastically the numbers of his brown-shirted private army, snubs it publicly, obliges it to go unarmed. And von Blomberg, well satisfied that the Brown Shirts are no longer "playing soldiers"—as he once scornfully dubbed their activities—makes a point of affirming his loyalty, and that of his soldiers, to the Fuehrer. The latter, so far, has had no good reason to doubt the word of his War Minister—though he took care, immediately after the death of old von Hindenburg, to strengthen that given word by exacting a solemn oath of fealty to himself from von Blomberg, from the other two members of the Big Three, and from every officer, non-com and plain private in the entire German army. Adolf is taking no unnecessary chances.

Von Blomberg speaks English fluently and likes to read books in English. Not long ago he sent his daughter to England, to learn English by living with a family there, while, in exchange, an English girl was sent to live for a time in Germany.

Despite the severity usually tingeing his demeanor, he has a kind heart. Recently, an American newspaperman, who had been granted an interview with him, entered his office with a marked limp.

"What's the matter?" inquired the War Minister.

"I hurt my foot in an accident," the American replied.

"Well, look here, you must prop it up on a chair in front of you while we are talking," insisted the general. And he did not rest until he had made his visitor really comfortable.

A Soldier's Idol

Also, despite his severity, he can joke. "When I was seriously ill some weeks ago," he said recently in Berlin, "I received a personal call from the Fuehrer. Many people refused to believe that it was just a friendly visit; they were sure it had deep significance. Some said it meant that I was dying. Others were convinced that I was about to be fired, that Hitler had come to my bedside to discuss the question of my successor.

"Well, here I am as well as ever—so, you see, I wasn't dying. And I'm still sitting at my desk—so, you see, I wasn't getting fired."

Number Two in the Big Three, General Werner Freiherr von Fritsch, commander-in-chief of the new German army, is the perfect type of the strong, silent soldier. If, in the course of a conversation, he says "yes" or "no" three or four times, those who know him well marvel at his chattiness.

He seldom smiles. His manner is icy. Polite he is, when he wishes to be; but behind his politeness is the hardness of iron. In his quiet strength and Sphinx-like silences, he reminds one of von Seeckt, under whom he served after the war—the general who fashioned, out of the little army allowed Germany by those who had crushed her in battle, a perfect model of military compactness and precision.

The severity of von Fritsch is proverbial. When he inspects troops, his capacity for finding the slightest speck on a uniform is uncanny, his effectiveness in calling attention to it simply devastating.

Belief in the Bayonet

Yet the men adore him. In his severity they sense none of the bluff which often masks incompetence. In Berlin, the army keeps an elite force, the personnel of which never remains long the same, since it is drawn from the ranks of regiments which are regularly stationed in other cities—the idea being to give thousands of different soldiers, in the course of a year or so, a few weeks of service in the German metropolis.

This constantly changing force, which is, in its way, a cross-section of the whole army, soon gets to know von Fritsch well; on the parade ground of its barracks, out in the Moabit district of Berlin, its soldiers, very soon after their arrival, become acquainted with his cold eyes and cutting comments. Yet, in their quarters, over the bed of practically every one of them, hangs the picture of von Fritsch. His soldiers seem to feel instinctively that he is a leader to be trusted.

He is in his fifty-fifth year. He comes of an old and noble family (the "Freiherr" in his name is a title of nobility, equivalent to the "baron" of other European countries). That he should become a soldier was perfectly natural, since he is the son of a man who served in the army most of his life and retired with the rank of general.

From his home at Benrath in the Rhineland, he went, as a boy, to one of the leading German cadet schools. Soon after, he entered the regular army; when the World War started he was a captain. Throughout his war service he was on some staff or other, including, finally, the German General Staff. One of his billets was on the staff of the German air forces, an experience which is proving invaluable to him in these days of sensational development in military aviation. In his early career, moreover, he qualified as an airplane observer.

After the armistice, he moved from one important position in the army to another. In 1927 he was made a colonel, in 1930 a major-general, two years later a lieutenant-general. In 1934, when General von Hammerstein was ousted from the post of commander-in-chief of the German army (because he was thought to be too close politically to those who had preceded the Nazis in running Germany), General von Fritsch succeeded him.

Already he had shown himself thoroughly averse to playing politics.

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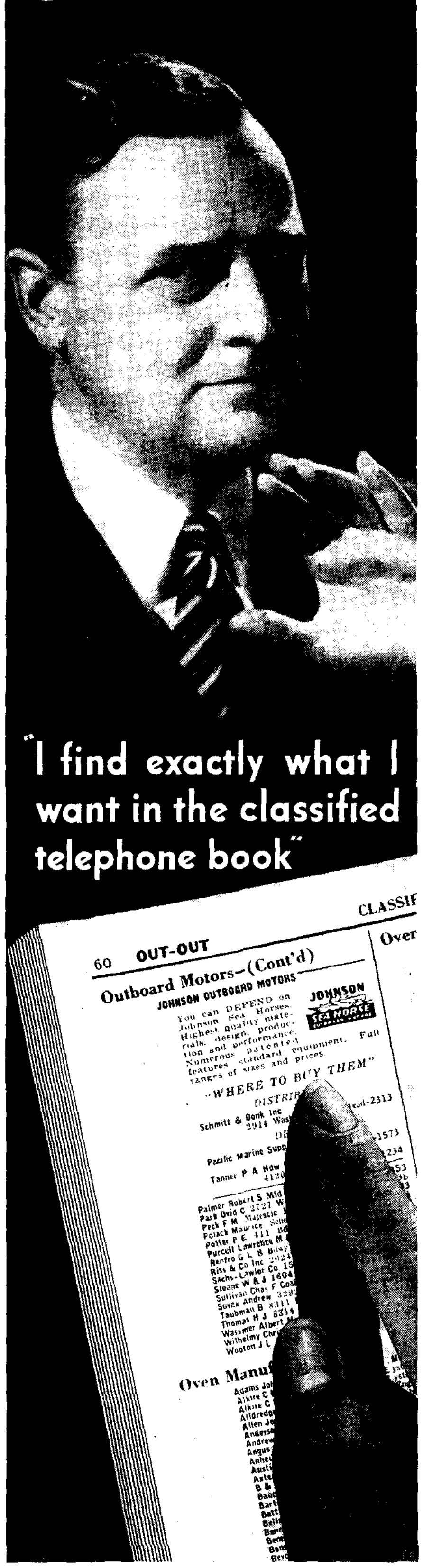
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"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

Though he had served under von Schleicher at a time when that unfortunate commander was busy at his wire-pulling, von Fritsch would have none of it, though he could not completely escape the hatreds which culminated in the massacre of June 30th of last year. It is said that von Fritsch, on that day, was marked for assassination and was saved from von Schleicher's fate only because other Reichswehr officers, getting wind of the murder that was brewing, kept him under guard until the danger was past.

Von Fritsch is a man of novel and striking ideas, several of which are now being applied in the training of Germany's big new army. One is dependence, to a degree unheard of in recent years, on the use of cold steel in battle.

Whereas, in France, England and elsewhere, emphasis has been laid more and more on the importance of artillery fire as the decisive factor in warfare, von Fritsch believes that the bayonet should return to its old-time prominence in case of another war. This idea is a development of the famous "theory of infiltration" evolved by the German general, von Hutier, which was applied effectively by the Germans in the storming of Riga in 1917 and in their great offensive on the western front in the spring of 1918.

Its basis was the "filtering" of picked men with machine guns through the Allied lines and the establishment, behind those lines, of as many machine-gun "nests" as possible. The method being taught at present by von Fritsch combines infiltration of machine gunners with that of squads of infantrymen. The latter are instructed to join up with the machine gunners in the "nests" and await the right moment for charging, with fixed bayonets, on their opponents.

Concerning the third member of the new Germany's military triumvirate, the following little story is typical:

One morning two men, walking in the Tiergarten Park of Berlin, saw a tall figure, in the togs of a runner, swinging along at a lively pace, drawing deep breaths—a genuine athlete. One of the two walkers looked at him disdainfully, as if he disapproved of such scanty garb and youthful activity in the principal park of a big metropolis.

"How old do you think that chap is?" his companion asked him.

"Oh, thirty-five or so."

"He's fifty. And what do you think he is?"

"Some crank, who's so crazy about fresh air and exercise he can think of nothing else."

"Wrong. He's a general. A general in the German army. One of the best."

In Solid Ranks

The runner was General Walter von Reichenau. With von Blomberg and von Fritsch he often works around the clock. Yet, no matter how many hours daily his work may keep him at his desk in the War Ministry, he always finds time for athletics, especially running.

In the whole German army there is no more enthusiastic athlete. He began to train athletically many years ago, when such doings were almost unknown among German officers; and now, though in his fifty-first year and one of the busiest men in the Reich, he still keeps so fit physically that he even takes part in relay races, in which every other participant is twenty or more years younger than he is. He also plays association football and tennis.

His official title—Chief of the Army Department in the War Ministry—might rather be "Executive Liaison Chief," since it is a sort of bridge between the political heads of Germany and her military leaders. It is a job which General von Schleicher created for himself a few years before his violent death last June, in which his political leanings and military efficiency both found congenial soil. Von Reichenau is peculiarly fitted for this post, since he, too, unlike his colleagues, von Blomberg and especially von Fritsch, has no aversion to politics.

Incidentally, he is strong for the Nazis in general and Adolf Hitler in particular. "We of the army love Hitler," he declared recently, "because he has shown himself a true soldier. The army admires him because of his personal courage. Our fidelity to the government is unlimited. In solid ranks we of the army stand behind the Fuehrer."

Von Reichenau, though soldierly enough in bearing, is no cold military machine like von Fritsch. He has elegance and personal charm. Though not tall, he carries himself so well as to convey the impression of greater height; and, when he moves, he gives evidence of the steel muscles with which his passion for athletics has endowed him.

An Enthusiastic Athlete

His manner is unaffected, his voice quiet. But, if he gets excited in conversation, he is apt to raise it. Everything about him speaks of latent energy, of a youthfulness taking no account of the fact that he is well along in middle age.

Youth, to his mind, must be a hallmark of Germany's new army.

"Only a young officer," he said recently, "can solve the many problems with which every officer of the present day is confronted." Many German officers, according to him, have grown too old for their jobs and should be retired.

"Which is deplorable," he added, "but necessary."

He, too, has been in the United States. He went there in 1913, as a member of a German officers' athletic team. Then, as now, he was an enthusiastic athlete, deeply interested in spreading his enthusiasm throughout the German army. For this reason he was instrumental in getting the German-American, Kraenzlein, prominent at the time in athletics, appointed head trainer for the Olympic Games planned for Berlin in 1916.

The war upset all plans for these games. But now, twenty years later, von Reichenau is just as enthusiastic in anticipation of the 1936 Olympic Games to be held in Berlin. He has worked actively toward the building of an "Olympic Village" at Doeberitz, a few miles outside the German capital, where athletes from many nations are to be housed during the games. After these are over, the village, thanks to him, is to be used as a permanent adjunct to athletic competitions between soldiers of the Reichswehr.

Von Reichenau was born in 1884 at Karlsruhe, in southern Germany. His father, a well-known general and authority on ballistics, became, after his retirement from the army, a director in a big arms-making firm in the Rhineland. The son, who was a captain at the outbreak of the war, did staff work during most of its four years. He saw some of the hardest fighting on both the western and eastern fronts, especially in Flanders, and at the great "breakthrough" battles against the Russians on the Dunajec in 1915. True to his sporting proclivities, he found time to learn to fly an airplane. Among his decorations is a medal awarded to him for saving the life of a comrade.

He owes his present prominence to the lively admiration which War Minister von Blomberg has for his ability. When von Blomberg was stationed at Koenigsberg, before the advent of Hitler to power, von Reichenau was

(Continued on page 58)

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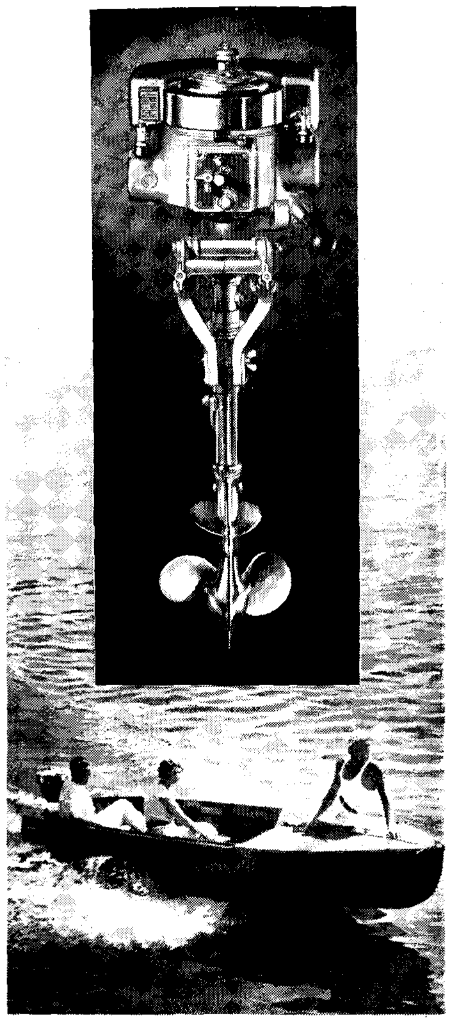

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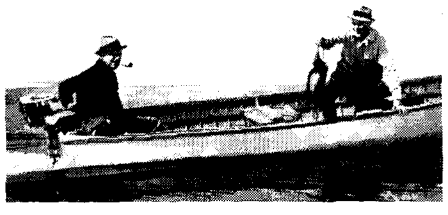

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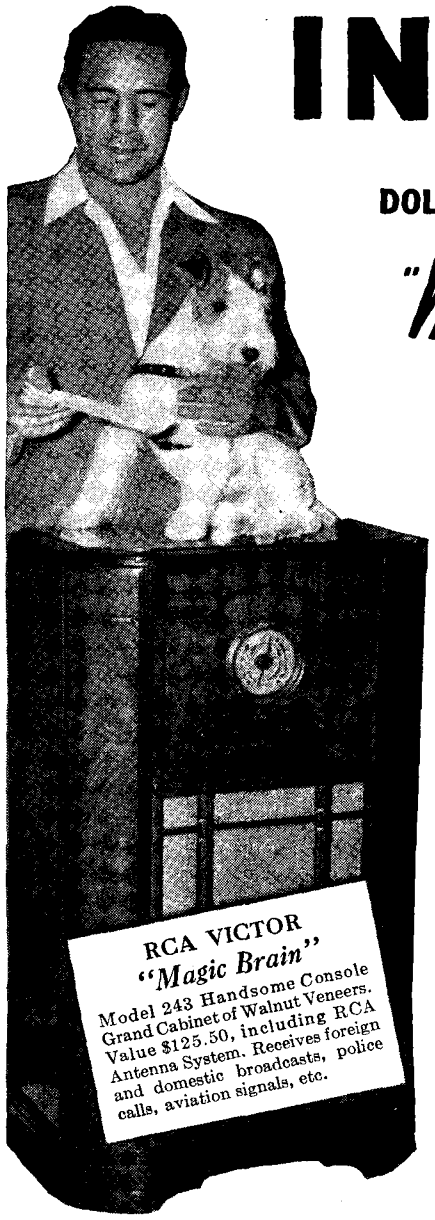
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The Grand Prize of $1000 goes to the person sending in the best name submitted during the entire contest. Hurry! This contest offers you a wonderful opportunity to win big money. Also a chance each week to win an up-to-the-minute, all-wave radio that will bring world-wide entertainment into your home. Read these easy contest rules and enter NOW!

CONTEST RULES

1. Suggest a name for Max Baer's dog. Each name must be accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package. To qualify you must mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades.

2. Each week from June 17th until July 22nd the 10 persons who submit the best names received up to noon Saturday of the preceding week will receive a $125.50 RCA Victor All-Wave 1935 "Magic Brain" Radio including RCA Antenna System.

3. In addition, 40 people submitting the next best names each week will receive a Gillette $4.00 Aristocrat One Piece Razor. At the conclusion of the contest a grand prize of $1,000.00 in cash will be awarded for the name judged to be the most appropriate submitted during the entire contest.

4. Names will be judged for originality, uniqueness and aptness. Judges' decisions are final. No entries returned. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. Everyone is eligible to enter except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company and their families, or employees of Gillette's advertising agency and their families.

5. Send in as many names as you wish provided each is accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package and the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades. If you use Probak blades (another Gillette product), you may accompany your name suggestion with an empty Probak package. All other rules apply.

6. Winners will be announced every Monday night on Gillette's Max Baer "Lucky Smith" broadcast over WEAF and associated NBC stations coast-to-coast.

7. Hurry! Mail your entry now. Submit as many names as you please but be sure to enclose an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" (or Probak) package with each name. Mail your entry to Gillette Safety Razor Company, Dept. C.O.L., Box 20, Boston, Mass.

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

LISTEN IN! *Max Baer, heavyweight fighter, stars every Monday night in Gillette radio drama "Lucky Smith". WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations.*

(Continued from page 57)

serving as a colonel in the same division. The transfer of his chief to Berlin was soon followed by a like change for himself. And his promotion to general came within less than a year.

Under the eyes of those three, the tremendous work of rearming Germany by land, sea and air, proceeds at top speed.

They must keep the country's factories active day and night turning out planes, tanks, cannon, rifles and machine guns. As thousands of young Germans reach military age, these three men must provide the machinery for selecting those best qualified for army service. Even before the start of Hitler's rule, the little German postwar army was secretly expanding in violation of the Versailles Treaty. Since he became supreme dictator its expansion has been at a feverish rate. He said recently that Germany needed half a million soldiers. Most observers are sure that she already has that number; some think she has more.

Upon the shoulders of that quiet trio of men at the War Ministry in Berlin falls the crushing burden of seeing that these masses of men are drilled and trained and disciplined to the last notch of super-efficiency. On them devolves the job of building barracks for multitudes of new recruits; of giving them arms and equipment and uniforms. As their efforts multiply, the streets of German cities, where soldiers were rare in the first postwar years, become dotted more and more with sinewy, upstanding youths, wearing the khaki of the army. A slight idea of what it means to change all these from raw boys to seasoned soldiers may be gained from this little item:

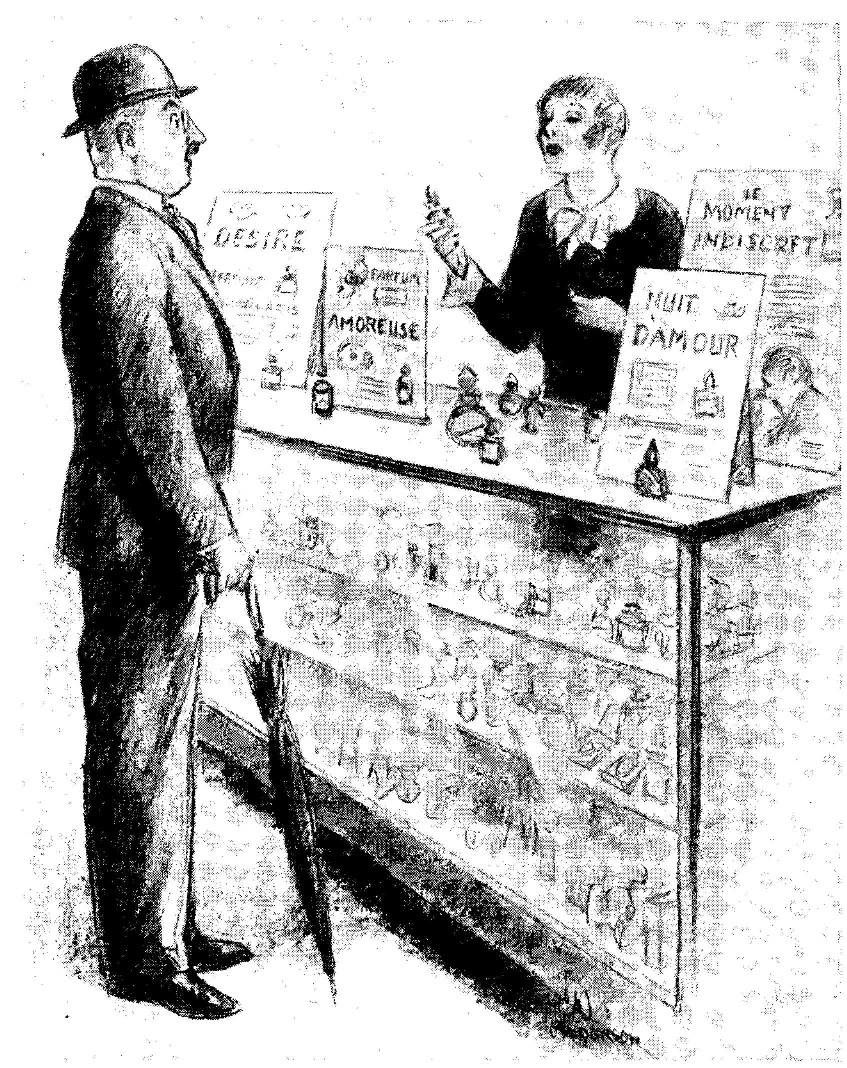
Owing to the fact that the regular German army, after the war, dwindled almost to nothing, the profession of military tailoring slowly died out in Germany. As the older men in it disappeared, the younger, who, under ordinary conditions, would have taken their places, turned to other work.

Brass Button Boom

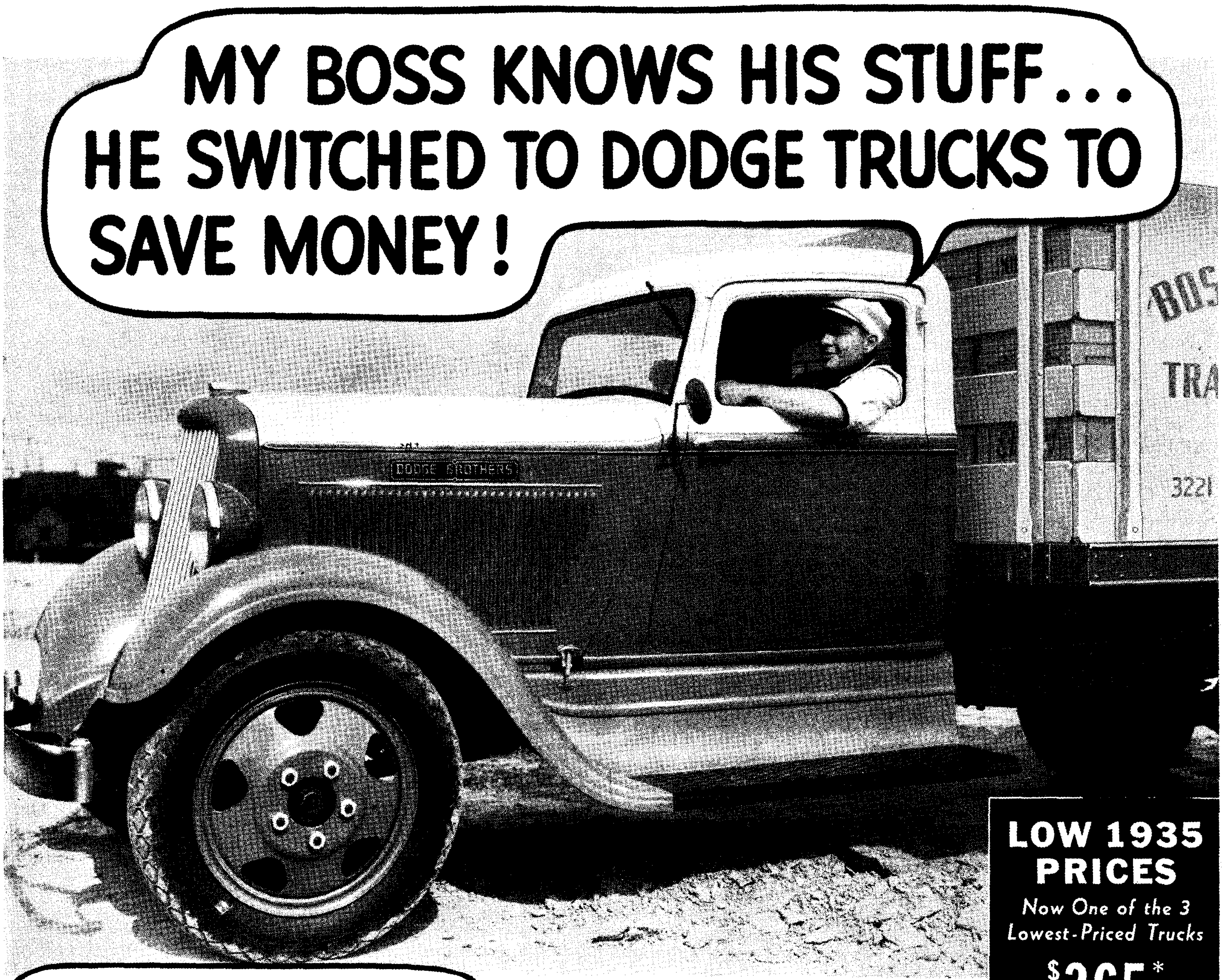
Now, however, with the German army swelling rapidly to prewar size and beyond, a frantic call has been sent out for tailors who know how to make uniforms. Every one of these—in striking contrast to civilian tailors, many of whom can find no employment—is back in his old calling, working overtime. Even so, the demand so far outruns the supply of skilled labor that the army leaders have arranged for the establishment of a school of military tailoring, which, it is hoped, will soon be turning out graduates by the hundred, to meet the urgent need of the new army for uniforms.

Von Blomberg, von Fritsch, von Reichenau. They are the trio of silent workers whom Adolf Hitler had in mind when he struck his hardest blow at the Treaty of Versailles.

In the chronicles of the new German army which they are creating, more space may be given in future to others than to them; officers, unknown as yet, may eventually dim or eclipse their fame. But there is no getting around the fact that the gigantic task of transforming the puny force, allowed to Germany by the Versailles Treaty, into the big army with which Adolf Hitler hopes to destroy that treaty *once* and for all, was accomplished, in its opening stages—and is still being accomplished—by Werner von Blomberg, Werner von Fritsch and Walter von Reichenau. Credit—or discredit—for that must go to them. No matter what may happen tomorrow, they are today the military Big Three of Nazi Germany.



"Haven't you something that's merely intended to smell pleasant?"


MY BOSS KNOWS HIS STUFF... HE SWITCHED TO DODGE TRUCKS TO SAVE MONEY!
DODGE BROTHERS

Dodge 1½-ton Stake, 137" w. b.—$680*

LOW 1935 PRICES

Now One of the 3 Lowest-Priced Trucks

$365*

½-TON CHASSIS—111¼" w. b.—6-cyl. Now priced right down with the lowest—but look at the extra features you get!

$495*

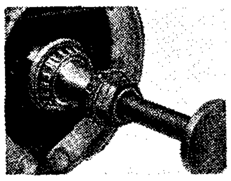
1½-TON CHASSIS—137" w. b.—6-cyl. gives you 18 high-quality features that save gas, oil, tires, upkeep make your truck last longer. See your Dodge dealer today.

HYDRAULIC BRAKES SAVE MONEY!

IT'S hard to believe... but true... your most limited truck budget will now buy a Dodge! Dodge is famous everywhere for quality... dependability. Yet Dodge extra-quality trucks today are priced right down with the two lowest-priced trucks. And look at the extra money-saving features Dodge gives you... many features like those you find on only highest-priced trucks!

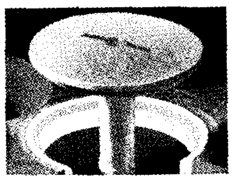
Dodge gives you genuine hydraulic brakes... stay equalized... stop quick and safe, without swerving... save you money on tires, brake linings and adjusting expense.

FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE SAVES MONEY



Dodge pioneered the full-floating rear axle in low-priced trucks. This type of construction saves time and upkeep expense. Check Dodge against the other two lowest-priced trucks and you will quickly see which one has the best rear end!

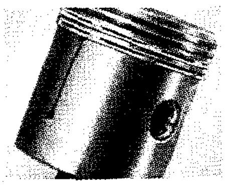
VALVE SEAT INSERTS SAVE MONEY



Here's another feature of high-priced trucks that Dodge pioneered in the low-priced field. Valve seat inserts make valves seat better... save gas... postpone valve grinding for thousands of extra miles.

4 PISTON RINGS SAVE MONEY

Only Dodge of the three lowest-priced trucks gives you 4 piston rings... the others give you only 3... another Dodge advantage that saves both gas and oil.

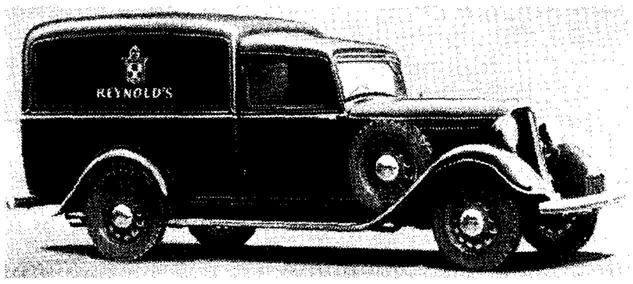


GAS ECONOMY SAVES MONEY

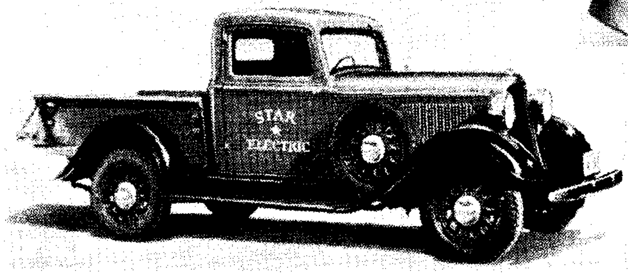
Dodge alone of the three lowest-priced trucks gives you a simple, powerful "L-Head" engine... with full-length water jackets... spray-cooled exhaust valves... 4-bearing crankshaft... many features that are outstanding in the lowest-priced truck field! Users report these features give amazing gas savings in new 1935 Dodge trucks. See your Dodge dealer at once.

DODGE DIVISION — CHRYSLER MOTORS

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan. (Dodge Passenger Cars $645* and up.)*

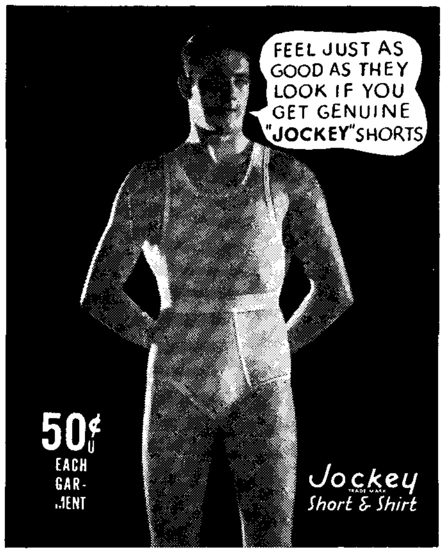


DODGE COMMERCIAL PANEL—119" w. b.—6-cyl.—America's handsomest commercial car! Gives you 18 high-priced, money-saving features. See your Dodge dealer.... **$595***



DODGE COMMERCIAL EXPRESS—111¼" w. b.—6-cyl.—priced right down with the lowest—yet check it for high-priced, money-saving features! See your Dodge dealer **$485***

Dependable **DODGE TRUCKS**


FEEL JUST AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK IF YOU GET GENUINE "JOCKEY" SHORTS
50¢ EACH GARMENT
Jockey Short & Shirt

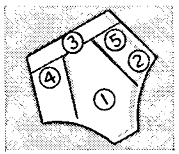
COOL!

New Kind of Underwear Adopted by Millions

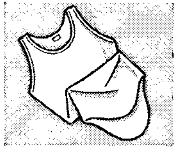
GIVES 5-POINT COMFORT

"Jockey" Short and Shirt Originated by Coopers Proves Most Popular Because of Its Five Features

For comfort, coolness, ease—millions of men are changing to the new kind of underwear—"Jockey" Shorts and Shirts. Just try "Jockey!" Every man, every age, says instantly: "Say! these 'Jockeys' feel swell!" But only in original "Jockey" do you get your full money's worth because . . .



For wear with light suitings. No shadow



Wear "Jockey" shirt, too, for cool comfort

Only "JOCKEY" Has All 5

1. **Cradle Support.** Scientific suspension; restful buoyancy.
2. **Lastex Snugger.** Holds cradle to inner leg. No bulking.
3. **Broadlastic Waistband.** Holds short up, shirt down.
4. **SnugKnit Fabric.** Porous, absorbent, quick drying.
5. **Flexsecure Design.** Body freedom in any position.

Jockey Shirts: Specially designed and cut out at thighs for wear with Jockey Shorts. Wear both!

Jockey Jr.: For boys and girls. No buttons—so easy to launder. *For name of nearest dealer write to:*

Coopers INC.
Dept. 15 Kenosha, Wis.

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Use a System That Works

MORE people are getting ahead financially through life insurance than by any other means. The progress is faster because life insurance always goes forward. It is a system that works, in boom times and depressions.

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JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet, "Answering an Important Question."
Name............................
Street and No.......................
City.................*State*..........
C. 7-35

The Silver Mirage

Continued from page 13

American Mining Congress to find out what men who are actually in the business of mining think about the future of silver production in this country. What I there learned seems to me to be entirely conclusive. The miners themselves do not believe that any new, rich, free silver mines of any importance will ever again be located in the United States, and therefore they are of the opinion, no matter how high the price goes, that nearly all of our silver must forever hereafter continue to be a by-product.

Consequently, if you are thinking about taking a flyer in silver, please consider yourself as already warned, and in any event pay no attention whatever to any representations made to you by any stock salesman or any mining prospectus regarding the intentions of the United States government towards silver. They are probably highly honorable, but "no man knoweth the mind of a king," and neither, so far as I could discover, does any man know definitely just what Congress really expects.

Certain items, however, may be of very great interest. They are as follows: I learned after I had inquired directly into the matter that political expediency had had a great deal to do with shaping the course that we have now taken regarding silver. It was a comparatively harmless way, it was indicated, to cool off the ardor of the silverites and calm down their rantings, and at the same time, yield slightly to the pressure of the inflationists. Under the circumstances the move would thus seem to be in accord with both good politics and good finance, but what about this? In the same office I was also told that we are accumulating silver so that eventually we shall be in a position to tackle the problem of an international currency based on a symmetallic dollar: one composed partly of gold and partly of silver but with no fixed ratio of value between the two metals.

But as that symmetallic idea, which by the way was given the air quite thoroughly about a year ago by the Financial Wizard of the Little Flower, is entirely too mystical for this writer to handle, we will immediately abandon it and turn our attention to presenting further facts regarding silver.

An Old Oriental Custom

To begin with, until we began to try to buy all of it, the world demand for silver, like Gaul in the time of Caesar, was divided into three parts. First, purchases by the people of India and China for monetary and decorative uses and for hoarding as an investment. Second, consumption in the industries and arts of other countries. Third, mint purchases. Under such distribution then, except at such times as we chose to alter it with a law, the price of silver has, for probably a couple of centuries, been fixed in London by four brokers who meet every afternoon at two o'clock, sip a dish of tea, and determine it. In this way, as London is both logically and traditionally the real center of the world's silver bullion market, its market value has generally followed very closely its real worth as determined by the law of supply and demand.

But now listen. During the World War Great Britain became so heavily indebted to India for both men and supplies that when the conflict was over the balance of trade, for the first time in history, was decided in favor of the Orientals, who in direct accord with their ingrained custom of a thousand years, rejected paper money and demanded hard silver. The debt amounted to something in excess of two hundred million ounces and as there didn't happen to be that much bullion kicking around loose in His Majesty's vaults at that time it just so befell that a certain titled gentleman boarded a steamer, came to the United States, and casually toured the country, looking, so he said, into the possibilities of investing in coal mines.

America Makes the Price

His Lordship, however, was not interested in coal at all. What he was looking for, as happened to leak out just a few days before he returned to London, was silver with which to pay off the King's Indians, and naturally no sooner did this news break than the "alarm was sent out to the silver men," who at once foregathered in Washington and, to their great delight, for once in their lives forestalled London by putting their own price on their own product.

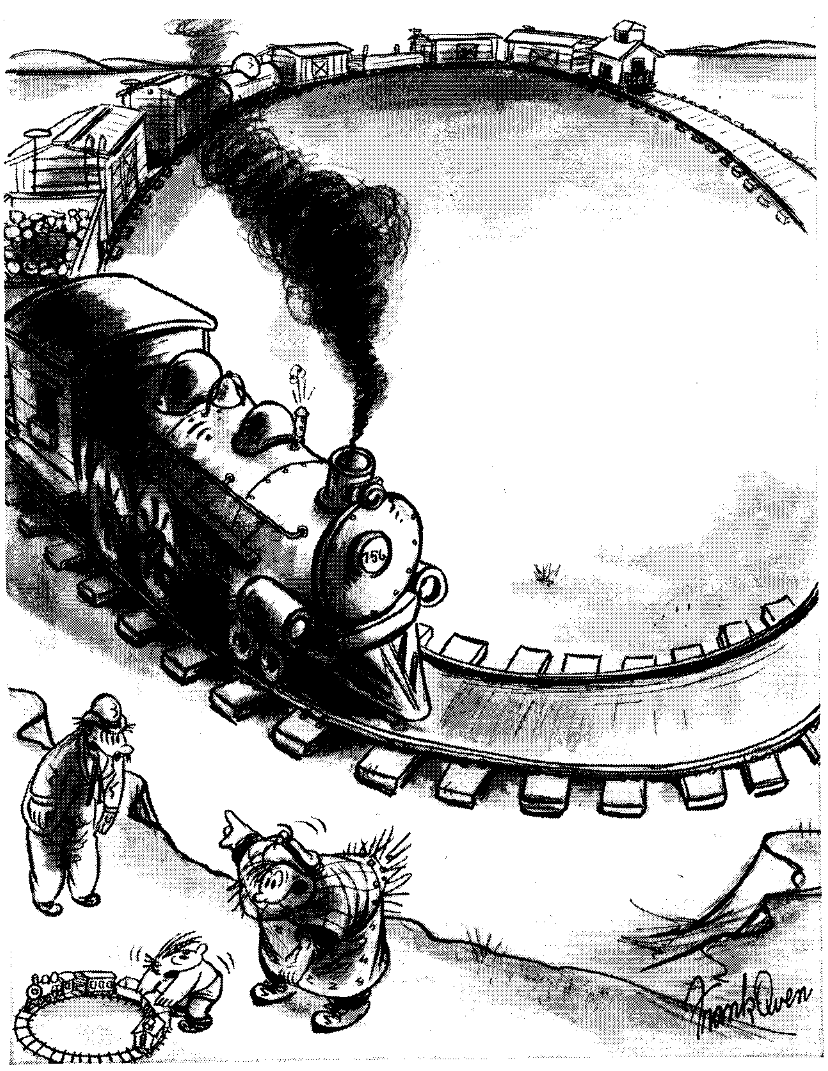
At that time silver here was worth considerably less than a dollar an ounce. "But," said my informant, who incidentally is the man who sent out the alarm, "Great Britain had to have it even if it had to pay two dollars an ounce, and so, despite the willingness of some of the silver men to sell as low as eighty-five cents, I insisted on the dollar price. The result of this was," he continued, "that we sold the British government 200,000,000 ounces at a dollar and that then our government, in order to stimulate replacement of our exhausted domestic supply, passed the Pittman Act authorizing our Treasury to purchase the same amount of domestically-mined silver at the same figure."

Now follow the thing on through. Under the Pittman Act, which was distinctly a price-raising, not a stabilizing, measure, silver in this country remained at a high level until May, 1923, by which time our Treasury had completed its authorized purchases. Elsewhere, however, the situation was not so happy. Great Britain, for example—and it is probably fair to assume that His Majesty's government did so because it had lost rather handsomely on its silver trade with us—took occasion, in 1920, to cut the silver content of its coinage, including Indian rupees, from ninety-six to fifty per cent. It even went so far as to erect a refinery in India so that the flood of rupees made from silver recently bought from us might be melted up and debased and the excess of precious metal put on the market in competition with our mine production.

Other European nations did the same thing. A terrific shake-up in the silver market ensued. For the first time in the memory of man the *Indian Government*, using the salvage from its debased coinage for the purpose, was selling, not buying, silver, and conse-

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"If you knew the trouble we had getting it for you, you'd at least go play with it!"

quently the world's price for the white metal kept on declining until in 1933 it finally touched bottom at 24½ cents.

Up to this point we have only touched on the Occidental side of this intriguing tale of high silver finance. Let us now glance for a moment at its Oriental aspect. As far as the people of China were concerned, the low price of silver made little difference to them. In fact they probably benefited by it because, as their currency is based on silver anyhow, and as most of them are very poor, a low exchange rate for their money placed more of it within reach of the average coolie. But in India, whose monetary policy is framed for it in Great Britain, it was all very different.

As already stated, the Hindus have an abiding faith in the sanctity of silver that is too solid to be easily destroyed, or even shaken, and so no sooner did fine silver get down to a point where they could buy more of it, either in the form of a bar, a bracelet or a bangle, for a rupee than was contained in the rupee itself, than they made the trade and added the purchase to their hoarded wealth. On the other hand, in the fluctuating market, whenever the silver price went so high that it was profitable to melt up their rupees they immediately did that. Therefore, with its silver market in such a chaotic state that its Indian subjects were profiteering on it no matter which way it went, and furthermore because between hoarding and melting it was almost impossible for it to keep enough coins in circulation to carry on current business, the British government, in 1926 and in spite of loud wails of agonized protest from Mr. Gandhi and all his followers, hooked the money of India to the pound sterling and thereby put the country, technically speaking, on a gold bullion basis.

Curbing a Runaway Metal

But even that didn't help. It couldn't. The "folkways of myriads of people who want metallic wealth," cannot be changed overnight by the passage of a law. And so, although their own government was actually selling silver abroad, the people of India themselves, using their gold-basis paper to do it with, now began to buy silver so heavily that once again, despite an import duty put upon it by Great Britain, India resumed its place as a world customer for the white metal.

And was this annoying! Think of it! Silver, which as a money metal was neither one thing nor the other to the financial colossi of Europe and America, had gotten completely out of control and was behaving in such an eccentric fashion that something certainly had to be done about it. And something certainly was done. On July 30, 1933, at the suggestion of the United States—because apparently our miners were getting tired of competing with silver they had already produced once and had sold abroad—sixty-six governments, at the London Monetary Conference, solemnly agreed not to melt up and debase any more silver coin, and not to pass any more legislation that would depreciate the value of the metal in the world market.

In addition to that, and again at our suggestion, another arrangement was made between China, India and Spain, as holders of large quantities of silver on the one hand, and the United States, Australia, Canada, Mexico and Peru as producers, on the other. Under this arrangement China agreed not to dispose of any silver derived from the melting pot, while India and Spain limited their annual sales for the coming four years to 35,000,000 and 5,000,000 ounces respectively. In consideration of that limitation it was next agreed that the five producing countries, with the United States taking 24,421,410 ounces as its yearly share, were to buy from their respective miners 35,000,000 ounces annually up to December 31, 1937, all of which was to be kept off the world market.

In accordance then with this agreement, in December, 1933, President Roosevelt, after promulgating a price for our limited quota, ordered the Treasury to begin buying. At that time the world price was only 43 cents an ounce, and so, although our price was intended solely for our own personal use, it nevertheless had the effect of raising the value of the metal in other countries to a higher point than they wanted it to go. For example, the sudden rise instantly caused the business structure of China, which is on an exclusive silver basis, to become shaky, and then, six months later, when we nationalized silver and elevated the *world* price to 71.11 by openly purchasing from everywhere, it actually began to crumble and has kept on doing so ever since until now, with the price at 77.57, the country is in a deplorable state.

China Takes the Rap

In order to maintain her foreign credit, China was forced not only to export large quantities of goods but also, for the first time in her history, instead of importing from 50 to 150 million ounces of silver, actually to export 15 million ounces.

Now, despite the assertions of Senators Wheeler and Thomas to the contrary, it doesn't do any country any good to drain it of its currency. We have drained China of hers. Money over there is today so scarce, and so little of it can a coolie or a farmer get his hands on, that two coins that have not been in use for many, many years because the poor people have been holding them for their intrinsic value, are appearing in circulation. They are the Carolus dollar, issued during the Napoleonic Wars, and our trade dollar, which we coined 60 years ago expressly to stimulate our Oriental commerce. It would thus seem that we have definitely robbed some very, very helpless people of the savings of generations.

Our advance in the price of silver has also done Mexico considerable damage. That country, as you perhaps know, although ostensibly on a gold basis, has always used a tremendous quantity of silver pesos as its circulating medium, the result being that when we upped the price until a peso got to be worth less as a peso than it was in the melting pot, the peons, and everybody else, too, for that matter, began to put them there. Mexico, of course, had to stop this and did so, first by calling in all its silver circulation and issuing paper therefor.

On the other hand, the people of India, whose English-supported currency has not been affected to any extent by our manipulation of silver, stand to make a tremendous winning out of it in case we finally decide that silver actually is a money metal and that the rest of the world must so recognize it.

But will we do that? Your guess is as good as mine or that of anyone else. Take all of the foregoing facts into consideration and it seems that there may be two explanations of our silver activity. It may be, as was hinted to this writer, that we will eventually wind up by experimenting with a symmetallic dollar. If we do, look out for fireworks from Europe. Also it is, of course, possible that we really do intend to try to carry out "the mandate of Congress" in regard to the three-to-one ratio. In that case, just settle yourself down to a good long spell of watchful waiting, because we won't be through with the job for quite some years yet.

It's time for Pabst-

When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.

● When you are bearing down a bit too hard—and the sun is hotter than hot—IT'S TIME FOR PABST. Relax a moment. It's time for the cool refreshment and fine flavor that has been carefully brewed into pure, wholesome Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

In any sport—golf, tennis, baseball, swimming—you will make pleasant moments pleasanter with a bottle of cheerful Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

For more than ninety summers, the makers of Pabst have offered the very finest in hot weather relief—a thirst-satisfying brew that is pure, wholesome and healthful. Ask the quality dealer who displays the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign to send a case home. Stock your refrigerator—and let Pabst help keep you cool.

BLUE RIBBON
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
BLUE RIBBON Genuine ALE

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Beer and Ale

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Collier's

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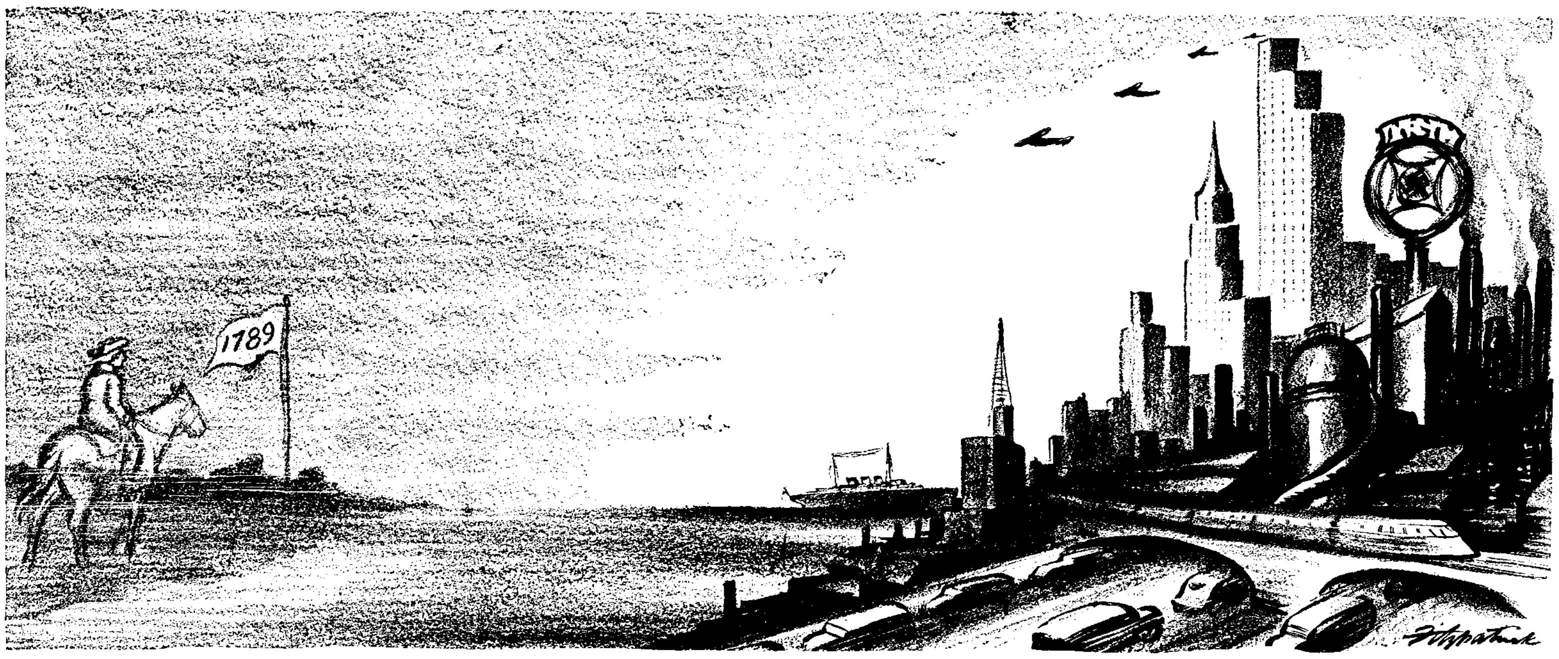

Today's Constitution

THE worst industrial depression in our history is receding into the past and the Constitution stands unimpaired. Just thirty-nine men signed the Constitution, which went into effect on the first Wednesday of March, 1789. They were strong men. George Washington was their leader. Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris and James Madison were among them.

If we were to assemble our wisest leaders today, unquestionably they would write a constitution very different from that proclaimed one hundred and forty-six years ago after nine states had ratified the original document. Conditions of life have changed more radically during this past century and a half than in any comparable period.

The separate colonies which became states were considered sovereign governments. The ties which bound them together were stronger than the bonds which united the Allies in the World War. The colonists spoke a common language, had inherited common laws, similar customs, a common literature, and a common dependence upon a single central authority—first the English government and afterwards the Continental Congress. Still the states regarded themselves as separate and free.

Our national government had only as much authority as the states were willing to grant. The Constitution is precise as to this. Definite powers are given Congress in twenty-nine short paragraphs.

Even so, the states and public opinion were uneasy over the possibilities of the power granted the national government. Consequently, at the very first session of the first Congress, held in New York on September 25, 1789, twelve reassuring amendments were proposed. Ten were ratified by the states and became in memory our Bill of Rights. The Tenth Amendment still reads:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

This is the Constitution under which we operated when the depression hit us. The depression was compared with war and it is an ancient maxim that in the midst of war the laws are silent. In any great emergency laws may be administered freely by popular leaders. But as the emergency gives way to normal living, laws again are asserted.

The NRA served its emergency purposes before it was declared unconstitutional. Congress had threatened to end the recovery administration long before the Supreme Court brought it down. There is no present "Dred Scott" decision to breed hostility between the Supreme Court and the Administration.

The Court recognizes relevant facts as well as pertinent laws. Its decisions concerning the New Deal came opportunely after recovery was well under way. Earlier decisions at a time of unrest or panic would have been much more disturbing.

Still the fact remains that much of the New Deal legislation was designed for long-time purposes rather than for one emergency. So far as social legislation is a measure of progress we are in many respects a backward nation.

We lacked the social insurance protection possessed by most other industrial nations. Our anti-trust laws are relics of the prejudiced and superficial economic thinking of another era. The New Deal sought in many ways to modernize our laws and our economic practices.

Recovery and reform were almost inextricably confused. Everyone knew that much of the fundamental reform might require constitutional amendment. Twice the Supreme Court had overruled laws prohibiting the employment of child labor in interstate commerce. It was, however, fondly hoped that the emergency might bring about the approval of laws which could not be sustained in normal times.

Thanks to the improvement in our economic affairs, the Supreme Court was able to take a long-time view of the work of Congress. Clearly Congress was going far beyond the limits set by the Constitution.

We have amended the Constitution twenty-one times. The last time we found that we were not free to deal rationally with the traffic in alcohol without changing our Constitution. We changed it without delay, once we made up our minds. We have the opportunity now to consider other changes.

The preamble says that we established the Constitution in order, among other things, to "promote the general welfare." The preamble grants no power to Congress or to the President. The authority allowed is specifically described in other paragraphs. No mention is made among them of promoting the general welfare.

During many years occasional proposals of a new "general welfare" amendment have been made. Congress, it is argued, ought to have the authority to pass well-considered laws which do promote the general welfare.

Business men ought not to be compelled to meet any competition however menacing to the maintenance of the standards of decent living. Child labor ought to be prevented. The progress made toward making the public welfare one of the essential objectives of business enterprise ought not to be lost.

We can do all these things under the Constitution if we care enough about them to amend that basic document. The way to amendment is wide and easy. We don't have to ignore or violate the Constitution.

We can march forward if we choose to do so. We shall be well advised to bring our Constitution up to date. We have gotten by this crisis, but others may arise. In any event the national government ought to have the authority to pass laws not because of an economic emergency but because the public welfare demands such action.

A public welfare amendment is the next necessary step in the modernization of our Constitution.

For long hard mileage

and economy spread over the years

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A SUIT of shoddiest materials may stand the test of a sunny afternoon's parade. But what of its condition after a month of hard everyday wear?

And, likewise, what about the *truck* you buy, at the end of a year's hard service?

A short try-it-on-the-job demonstration cannot tell you what you're going to find out after long mileage. And that's what you want to know when you buy. Brilliant performance is common enough in most new trucks today, but not all trucks can *continue* to give you trouble-free, low-cost service for long.

By far the greater part of a truck's economy is in lasting *stamina*—a steady procession of ton-miles delivered over a period of years. That is being proved by *Internationals,* at the hands of thousands upon thousands of owners.

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KEEPING IN "CONDITION" means much to every one in enjoying life more. Smoke Camels, the cigarette athletes say never upsets the nerves or disturbs the wind.

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The fact that athletes smoke Camels freely shows how mild Camels are. For athletes put mildness first. As Carl Hubbell says: "Camels are so mild that no matter how many I smoke they never get my wind or ruffle my nerves."

Here's Bill Mehlhorn, the veteran golfer: "From years of experience, I know that Camels will never get my wind."

And George M. Lott, Jr., dynamic tennis star: "Camels never take the edge off my condition or get my wind, because they are mild."

Sam Howard and Susan Vilas, among the diving and swimming champions, and George Barker, the track star—all agree that Camels do not disturb their nerves or wind.

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SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT Camels

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